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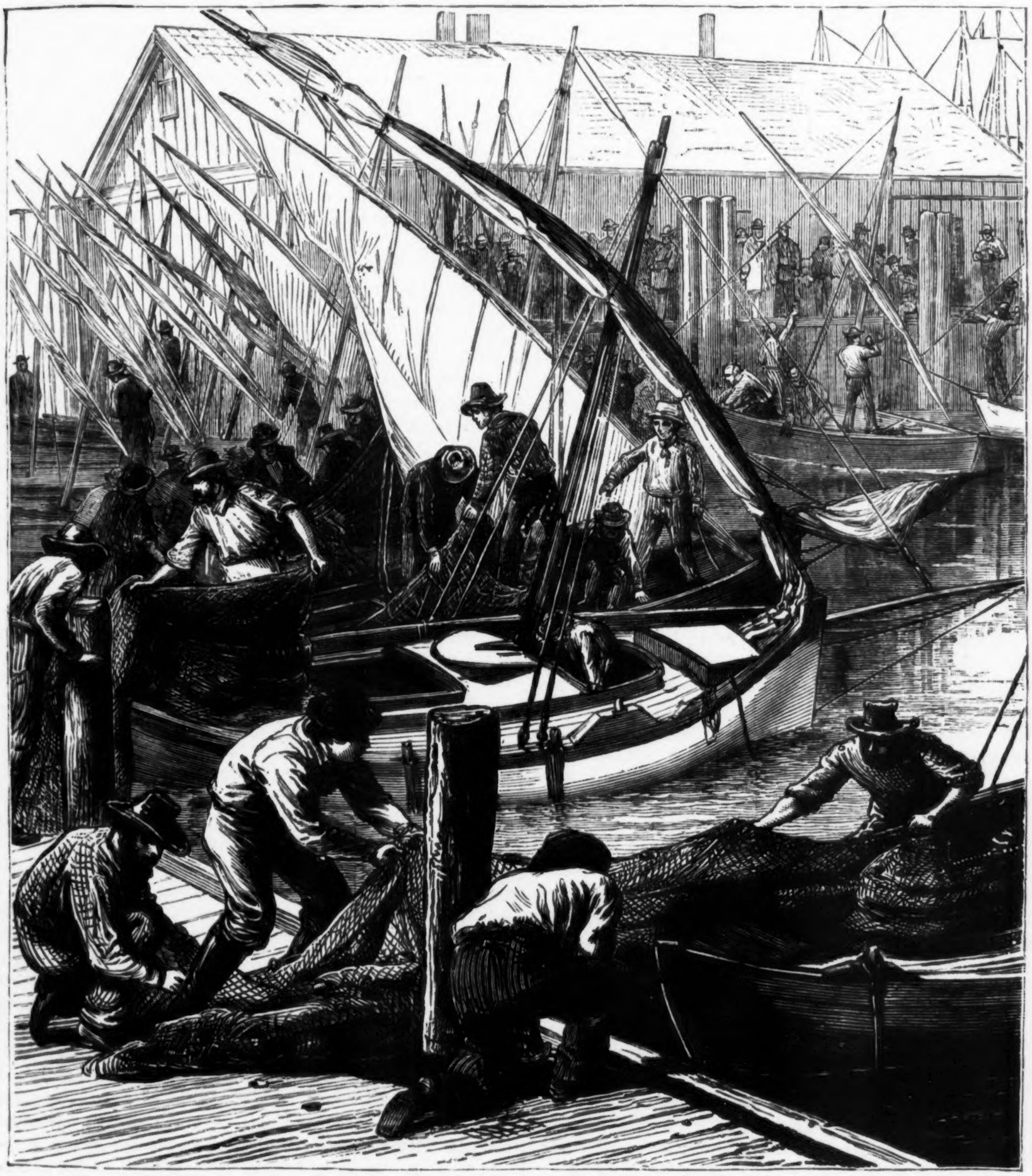


OUR IMMIGRANTS.—ITALIAN FISHERMEN AT SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

OUR IMMIGRANTS.

By H. W. Domett.

Every day during the past six months there has been an unusual amount of interest and excitement among the families of the laboring classes in many countries of Europe, with regard to the United States. The relatives or friends who have already crossed the ocean, and perhaps made their way to the Far West, have sent home encouraging reports of the new life upon which they have entered, and great numbers of those who, being left behind, only needed a little encouragement to decide them, now make ready to join the throng of emigrants to the New World. So each morning finds all over Germany and Sweden and Italy and Ireland and England, and, indeed, every country of Europe, thousands of families just about starting on the long journey whose destination is the City of New York, or the State of Texas, or the fertile fields of the great Northwest.

Let us go with one of these families for a little while on their way. The simple preparations have been made. The earthly possessions which it is not desirable to transport so far have been turned into money; the chests and boxes have been packed; the children fitted with new clothes; the tickets bought; and bidding friends and neighbors farewell, the emigrants, father, mother and children, by one form of conveyance or another, make their way to the seacoast, where the steamships are ready for them.

What a novel experience all this is to the European peasant or day laborer and his family! The American is used to change. But the Old World inhabitant seldom moves from his dwelling-place, and it must be with a strange sensation that he finds himself, with wife and children, in a crowd of emigrants on board of an ocean steamer. Everything around them is so different from what they have been accustomed to in their inland home, that parents and children are alike surprised at the new life upon which they have entered, and the novel scenes which are constantly around them.

The journey from their native village has had its curious experiences for young and old. The noise and bustle of the seaport to which they have come, the partings between emigrants and kindred and friends left behind, the wistful faces and weeping eyes and last adieus, that show how warm are the affections that abide in humble life, the numberless scenes that are so unfamiliar—all these have given them cause for surprise. But when they are at last on shipboard, and take possession of the narrow quarters allotted them, they have more occasion than ever for wonder at what they see and hear.

The great steamer gets under way, the land is left behind, and for ten days or more the emigrants find what comfort and pleasure they may in their floating home. Slowly, as the days pass by, the novel scene around them becomes a familiar one; friends, perhaps, are made among their fellow-countrymen bound on the same errand as themselves; and storm and sunshine, and, it may be, sickness, having been experienced, at last the voyage is over, and the steamer anchors in the Harbor of New York. Then come still stranger scenes; and along with a thousand or more fellow-passengers the immigrants are taken to Castle Garden, and their life in the New World begins.

One of the most interesting sights of New York, seen by few residents, and seldom seen by visitors to the city, is the interior of Castle Garden. The great building, which for twenty-five years past has been used by the Commissioners of Emigration, is well adapted for the purposes to which it is devoted. The lofty circular hall is approached from the land side through waiting-rooms, and is shut off by a high railing from visitors. These have access to a small balcony, from which one may look upon the busy scene beneath. The immigrants are brought from the ocean steamers in barges and tugs, and on entering the building from the side toward the water, find themselves in what must be, in every way, a new world to them. On a day when several steamers have arrived, some thousands of men, women and children of various nationalities will be gathered in the rotunda, to pass through the necessary formalities before taking passage for the West, or joining their friends, who may be waiting for them outside the walls of the garden.

To a visitor for the first time, Castle Garden under these circumstances is a novel and interesting one. The great circular hall, lighted from above, is filled with a motley throng of odd-looking people. Some are moving around slowly, some are seated on the benches along the sides. There is a group at the ticket-office, another at the money-changer's counter, and another at the registration desk. Here and there a little company have gathered around the meagre household effects brought from the forsaken home across the Atlantic; the men smoking their pipes, the women, perhaps, hushing their babes to rest, the children gazing at the strange sights around them or stretched out on the floor asleep. All are in quaint Old World costume. If a German or a White Star steamer has arrived, the men one sees will be dressed in queer, short-waisted coats, with caps on their heads, and will have a somewhat stolid look; the women sometimes bareheaded, or with a shawl in place of a bonnet, and wearing coarse, plain dresses; the children chubby, hearty little urchins, evidently well fitted for the life before them in the Far Northwest. Sometimes in a group of Scandinavians we see a woman with a gay headdress and quaint earrings, but for the most part they wear a sober garb.

The Italians are the most picturesque in appearance of any of the new-comers. When a thousand or more of these have landed the floor of the rotunda looks like the stage of the opera-house while the gypsies in "Il Trovatore" are making ready for the anvil chorus. The women are decked in their little finery, some holding poor little drowsy babes like sleepy black moths in their arms.

Every day there is the same routine; the crowd of strange-looking people, so comparatively helpless in their ignorance of what to do and where to go, so docile and patient. It is a very pathetic scene. This is the land of hope for all these myriads. The chief end of man is to dig; and doubtless this is the country for all who will get to the soil; not for most of those who linger in the cities. And the kindly and hospitable reception which awaits them is their first experience of the New World, to which they have looked forward with longing and hope.

The system which has been devised for the protection of the immigrants begins its supervision of them as soon as the steamer reaches the Quarantine ground, six miles below New York. Here an officer of the "boarding" department, stationed there, takes account of the number of passengers, the amount and character of sickness among them, the deaths, if any, during the voyage; examines the vessel as respects cleanliness, and receives any complaints that may be made, and reports them to the superintendent at Castle Garden. He also examines the passengers, to ascertain if any of them are subject to special bonds, as blind persons, cripples, or lunatics, or are in any other way likely in the future to become a public charge. He remains on board the ship during its passage up the harbor, to prevent any communication between the outside world and the vessel. On casting anchor in the stream, the steerage passengers are transferred to barges and landed at Castle Garden pier. They then enter the rotunda—a circular space in the centre of the building containing about 50,000 square feet, with a dome 75 feet high—and their names, nationality, former place of residence, and intended destination, are recorded. An officer calls out the names of such persons as may have letters, money, or friends awaiting them, and the newcomers are made glad by the receipt of their property, or are permitted to join their friends—whose credentials have first been rigidly scrutinized.

Every facility is afforded to those who wish to communicate with persons at a distance, to leave the city for other points, or to find some suitable place of sojourn here. Clerks are at hand to write letters in any European language, and a telegraph operator to forward telegrams. All the main trunk-lines of railway have offices, at which the immigrant can buy tickets at the regular rates, and have his baggage checked. There is an exchange office, at which American money is given for foreign paper or coin; and, when the outward-bound immigrants have completed their arrangements, they are sent without charge to the railway or steamboat, to begin their journey.

Those who remain are also well cared for. There is a restaurant where, at small cost, the immigrant can comfort himself with *roggen brod*, *käse* and *kuchen*, or begin his dietetic education in the New World by eating the omnipresent American pie. For the sick, a physician is always in attendance, and a temporary hospital provided where they can remain until they are conveyed to the larger establishment on Ward's Island. Such of the immigrants as desire immediate employment can obtain it, if they are eligible, at the labor bureau within the walls of the Garden. The bureau undertakes to supply all sorts of mechanical and agricultural laborers to employers throughout the United States who furnish satisfactory guarantees of their fitness to be trusted with the care of the newcomers. If it be necessary, the immigrants may remain over night in the building, or they can obtain board with the regularly licensed boarding-house keepers, who are permitted to enter the rotunda, and whose establishments are under the constant supervision of the commissioners.

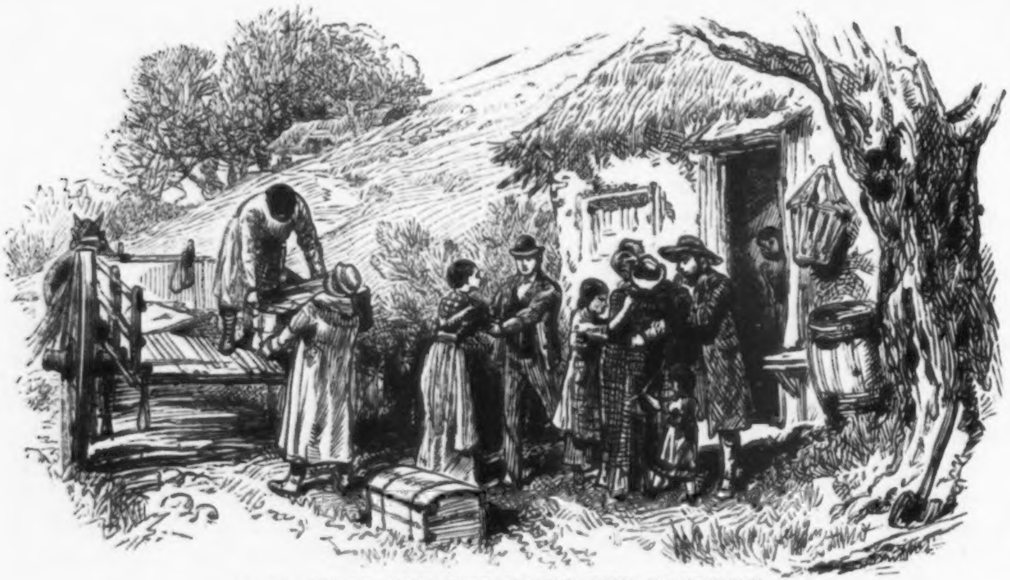
All these services, the expense of which for the present year is estimated at $150,000 for Castle Garden and $85,000 for Ward's Island, are given to those who receive them without any charge whatever. In fact, the immigrants are protected and assisted, without any cost to themselves, from the time they come into the harbor until they join their friends, or leave for their destination. If they are destitute, they are furnished with food and lodging until they can find employment. During the past year, the Bureau of Information enabled 25,162 immigrants to communicate with or discover their relatives, without expense or trouble to themselves; and at the reception hospital in Castle Garden, 1,543 patients were treated. The Free Labor Bureau, which, since 1875, has been maintained by the German and Irish Emigrant Societies—the commissioners not having any funds available for the purpose—provided employment for 39,311 persons. Of these, 28,896 were males, and 10,905 females. The demand for labor was such from all parts of the country, that the bureau could give situations to all who needed them up to November last. There was a special demand for families with children, all to work in mills; and to the close of the year, the bureau had unfilled orders for that class of labor. The demand for miners, furnace hands, and skilled workers in iron, as well as for farm-hands in the earlier months of the year, was in excess of the supply. There was also a constant inquiry for house-servants; and all who were competent found immediate employment and good wages, as well as a great many, doubtless, who were not.

The contrast between such paternal care and the treatment to which the immigrants were subjected before the creation of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, is striking in the extreme. The cruel wrongs which it was formerly the lot of the immigrants to undergo, from the time they set foot on board the sailing vessel until, after landing, they got beyond the reach of the scoundrels at sea and on shore who deceived and plundered them, seem almost incredible. Yet the sworn statements of witnesses before the Legislative Committee, in 1847, show a system of trickery, brutality and imposition which was a disgrace to civilization.

At that time the accommodations on shipboard were entirely insufficient for the number of passengers taken. By an ingenious evasion of the law an emigrant ship which legally could carry but two hundred emigrants, would take four hundred. These were sometimes stowed in a steerage five feet high, which was considered sufficient to accommodate two rows of berths; and the hole beneath this hole was called the orlop deck, and was also made a lodging-place for passengers. The hatches, which afforded the only means of ventilation, were generally closed during the night, and in times of bad weather. One may imagine the condition of such a place, crowded with passengers, the greater part of whom were strangers to the virtue of cleanliness, and many of them helpless from sea-sickness or some form of disease.

The emigrants on board many of the ships were expected to supply their own food, and to cook it as they might find opportunity at the steerage galley. The consequence of this arrangement was not only a deficiency of wholesome food, but also the impossibility of properly preparing the little that was available. The passengers were illy fitted to withstand the pestiferous influences which surrounded them. The result was inevitable. From the miasma of the hold, the excretions and exhalations from the bodies of the persons confined in the scanty quarters provided for them, and the imperfect ventilation, a foul atmosphere was created that engendered ship fever in a greater or less degree. At times this would be developed with frightful and fatal rapidity. In 1851 the deaths at sea between Liverpool and New York rose to the astounding number of 1,879, almost wholly the result of ship fever. Those who escaped from these floating pest-houses often carried the seeds of the disease, if not the disease itself, with them. Thus, there were treated in the Marine Hospital, at Staten Island, in 1852, 3,040 cases of ship fever, 520 of which proved fatal.

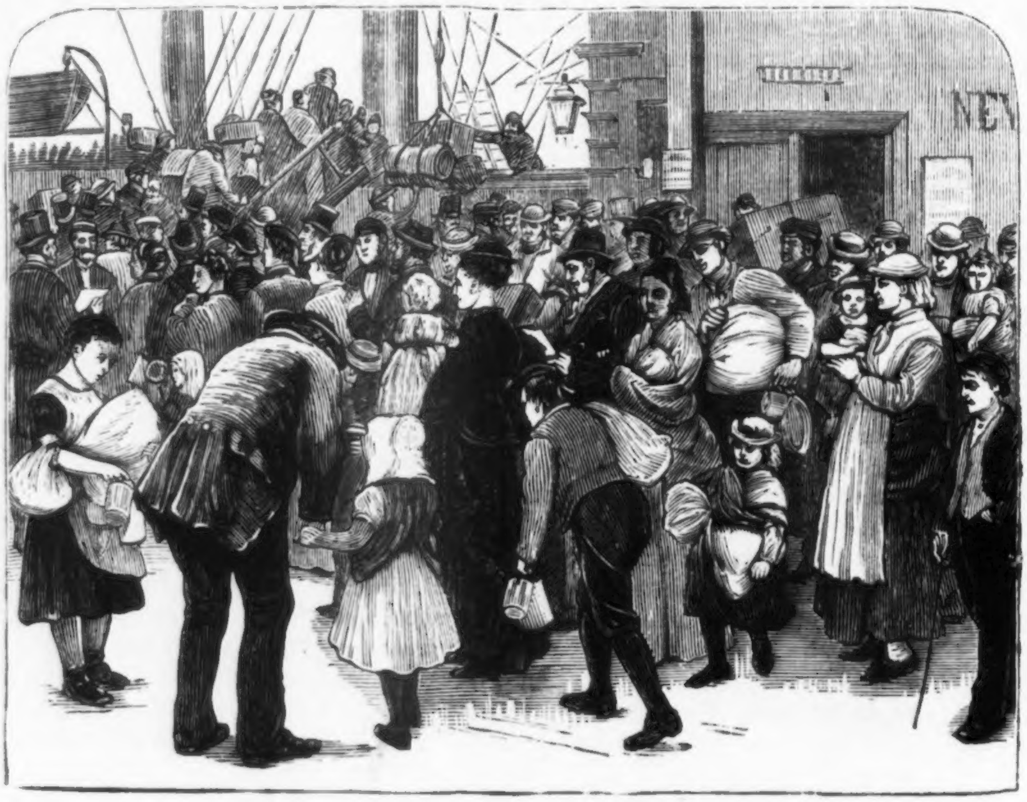
When the emigrant ship reached the harbor the passengers were surrounded by new enemies. The runners for the boarding-house keepers, at that time free from any supervision or responsibility, enticed them by specious promises to their dens, where they were subjected to the most flagrant overcharges and abuses. Then the forwarding agents had their turn. They sold at exorbitant rates to such of the immigrants as wished to go West, through tickets, which often proved not to be good beyond a point midway on the journey; and thus the victims were again plundered. They cheated them by means of false scales in the weighing of their luggage, and charged them exorbitant rates for its transportation; and the passenger would



EMIGRANTS LEAVING HOME IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

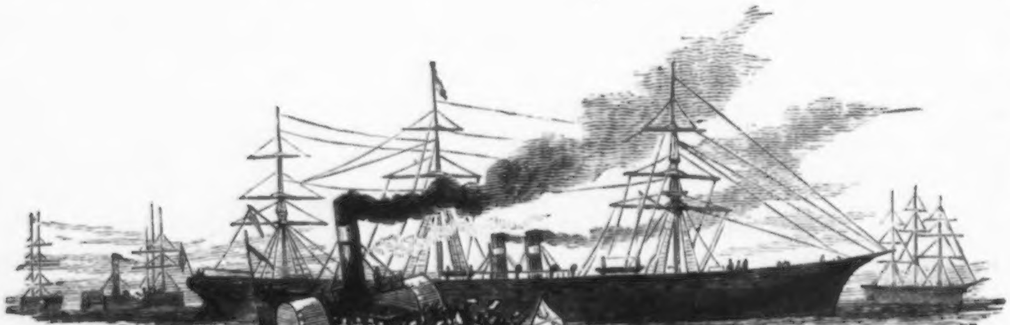
often be subjected to a repetition of the imposition at some station on his way to the far West. Remonstrance or complaint in such cases was useless, and the poor emigrant was forced to submit. Sometimes he would be met at Albany with the pretense that there was a balance due on his passage-ticket, which must be paid on pain of its forfeiture, or an expensive and inconvenient detention.

All these nefarious operations were committed with unblushing audacity. The helpless immigrants were passed from the grip of one swindler to that of another, who cheated them in turn. But the shipping houses, steamboats and railroads shared in the profits accruing from the business, and their representatives were indifferent to the iniquities connected with it. Everybody knew that the runners for the transportation companies were cheating the unfortunate immigrants. The newspapers almost daily reported some villainous transaction, but the public authorities took no notice of them. Occasionally a complaint would be made by one of the victims, but, unacquainted as he was with the language and the laws of the country, it was difficult for him to obtain redress. If necessary, the matter would be hushed up, the immigrant satisfied and sent on his way. Such was the influence at Albany of the ring of emigrant runners and those connected with them, that the bill providing for the creation of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration was passed only after persistent and for a long time successful opposition.



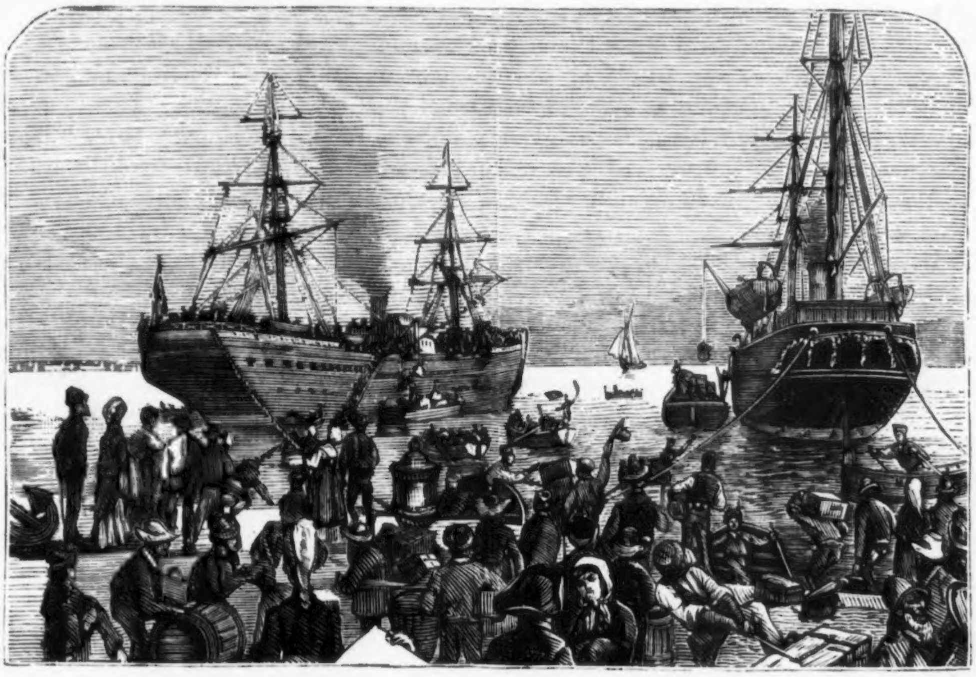
ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL EMIGRANTS EMBARKING AT LONDON.

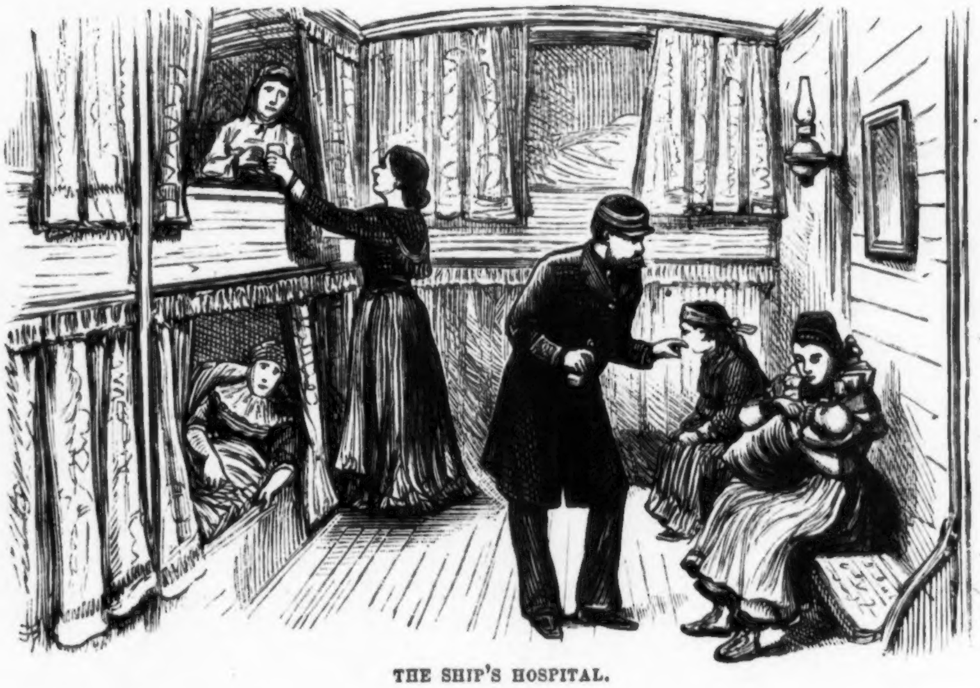
But in 1847 the Bill became a law, and a better state of affairs began. There was a prospect that the extortions and frauds which, in all the forms that rapacity could invent or suggest, had been practiced, and which had assumed such fearful proportions, would no longer disgrace the land to which the emigrant looked as a place of refuge. Yet the opposition of the

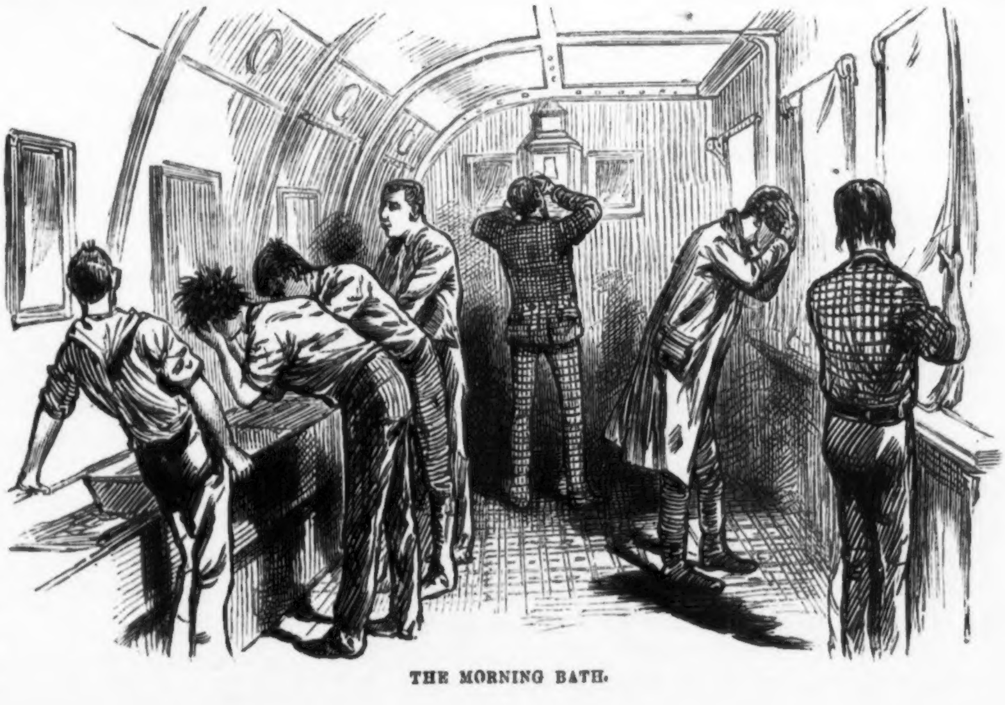


AN EMIGRANT VESSEL LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

parties interested still continued. They were loath to relinquish their prey. Owing to the inability of the commissioners to obtain a pier where all the immigrants might be landed, and where no outside parties could enter without proper permission, they were for some time unable to protect the immigrant against the forwarding agents and the boarding-house keepers and their runners; and it took eight years to accomplish that result. But in 1855 the commissioners took possession of Castle Garden, and on the 1st of August of that year the place was formally opened as the Emigrant Landing Depot.


ITALIANS AT NAPLES STARTING FOR THE UNITED STATES.


THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL.


THE MORNING BATH.

Since that time the beneficent results of the system adopted by the commissioners have been evident to any one who has given the slightest attention to the subject. Not only is the immigrant cared for while under the immediate charge of the commissioners, but those who have passed out of the State of New York to other States, and who may fall sick and become destitute, will be taken in charge at the hospital on Ward's Island. During the year 1880 the number of patients at this establishment amounted to 3,933, of whom 657 remained on the last day of the year.

A serious difficulty has arisen with regard to the fund heretofore relied upon for meeting the expenses connected with the establishments at Castle Garden and Ward's Island. By an Act of the Legislature passed in 1847, the captain, owner or consignee of every vessel arriving at the port of New York was obliged to give a bond, in the sum of $300, to indemnify the State against any expense arising from such passengers. The privilege of commuting this bond by paying to the commissioners a fixed sum, varying from $1.50 to $2.50 for each passenger, was given by the law, and the receipts from this source have, until within a few years past, defrayed the expenses of taking charge of the immigrants. But since 1877, when the Supreme Court of the United States pronounced the statutes which required the bond and permitted the commutation of it to be unconstitutional and void, the steamship companies have refused to give any bonds or pay any commutation money to the commissioners. The Legislature of the State, however, has made provision for the expenses of the establishments under the charge of the commissioners, and doubtless will continue to do so until satisfactory national legislation is obtained.

During the last session of Congress a bill was introduced, appropriating the sum of $250,000 per annum for the benefit of the immigrants, but it failed to become a law. While the fund created by the tax on each immigrant was in existence, it was, under one pretext or another, devoted to other objects than that to which it belonged. On one occasion $75,000 was appropriated from it to the "Colored Home," an institution which had not the slightest claim to a dollar of the money. Under these circumstances it is not unjust that the State should for a time defray the expenses of the Commission. During the past Spring a law was enacted at Albany, levying a tax of one dollar on each immigrant passenger arriving at this port. But the steamship companies are yet in doubt as to what action should be taken as to resisting or conforming to this new law.

About sixty per cent of all the immigrants that reach our shores from Europe are landed in New York. They are brought by twelve different lines of steamers, the proportion of those coming by sailing vessels not amounting to one-half of one per cent of the total number of arrivals. Those brought by the White Star Line are usually in the proportion of two-thirds Scandinavians, English and Welsh, and one-third Irish. The Cunard steamers bring mostly Irish, with some English and Scotch; the Inman one-half Irish, and the other half Scandinavian and English; the Guion about the same proportion of those nationalities; the Anchor, from Glasgow and London, mostly Scotch and Irish; the State, from Glasgow, Scotch and Irish; the French steamers from Havre, Frenchmen, Germans and Italians; the North German Lloyd from Bremen, almost exclusively Germans; the Hamburg from Hamburg, Germans, Russians, Poles and Danes; the Red Star, from Antwerp, Germans and Italians; and the Rotterdam from Rotterdam, Germans and Dutch. It is stated at Castle Garden that three-quarters of the new-comers who are Germans or Scandinavians go to the Western or Northwestern States, the Scandinavians mostly preferring the Northwestern. In former years a large proportion of the Irish immigrants remained in the East; but latterly a much greater number have gone to the West and Northwest. The immigrants during the present year have generally been of a better class than in preceding years.

The fields of employment which have been occupied by our immigrants present striking results to the eyes of those who come suddenly upon them. Incomers from Portugal and Madeira throng the fishing towns of New England; Canadians fill the factory towns; Swiss and Italians bask under vines and live in the warmer States, and the Bay of San Francisco is enlivened by fishing-boats of the Mediterranean, with the lateen sails of striped stuff so familiar to us in paintings; and the docks near the fish-market resound with the musical chant of the songs of sunny Italy.

The prosperity of the United States has naturally attracted the attention of European nations, and the stream of immigration during the past year attained an unprecedented volume. It has been approached in our history only by the remarkable influx of immigrants in 1873, which has not been equaled until 1880. In no other year except 1880 has the aggregate of immigrants ever exceeded 400,000. But the report just prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, shows the total number of immigrants arriving in the United States during 1880 to have been 586,068. This is more than the total of the three preceding years, there having been but 250,565 arrivals in 1879, 153,207 in 1878, and 130,525 in 1877. As many as 5,000 immigrants have reached the port of New York in a single day during the past year, and on one occasion, several years ago, the arrivals during twenty-four hours were upward of 8,000.

The total immigration during the present year promises to greatly exceed in numbers even that of 1880, and the arrivals thus far have been largely in excess of those during the corresponding period last year. The proportions of the different nationalities among the immigrants who have helped to people the United States during the last thirty years, will be seen by the following figures. Of the total number of immigrants registered at Castle Garden from 1847 to 1880, there were from—

Germany	2,195,398	Belgium	10,866
Ireland	2,042,046	Spain	9,694
England	761,751	Poland	11,201
Scotland	167,180	Russia	30,966
France	112,910	Bohemia	17,239
Sweden	136,920	Austria	13,470
Switzerland	89,827	China	1,602
Denmark	39,728	Mexico	1,359
Norway	51,050	South America	3,509
Holland	41,100	Hungary	4,338
Wales	32,383	Portugal	1,846
Italy	57,028		

But of late years the proportion of immigrants arriving at New York from Ireland as compared with those from Germany has been decreasing. Thus, the nationalities of the 327,371 aliens who arrived at this port in 1880 were as follows:

Germany	104,264	Denmark	5,577
Ireland	65,309	Austria	4,461
England	33,768	France	4,087
Sweden	35,217	Wales	3,588
Italy	11,190	Netherlands	3,259
Norway	9,937	Belgium	1,309
Switzerland	8,223	West Indies	1,298
Russia	7,693	Spain	931
Bohemia	7,606	Scotland	9,625
Hungary	6,672		

This list is a suggestive one. To the immigration from Great Britain must be added a large part of the migration from Canada, which amounted during the past year to 134,789. This doubtless was mostly of persons who crossed the Atlantic in vessels to Canadian ports, and by that route made their way to their new homes in the far West, and of those who, originally intending to settle in Canada, changed their purpose after a residence there. The small number of immigrants from France, as compared with that of other nationalities, is remarkable. It shows how averse the French are, as a people, to emigration. They are content with their own land, and have no longing for a change of scene.

The increase of arrivals at Castle Garden in 1880 over those of 1879 was 186,611. Of the immigrants, 112,119 went to the Western States, and 63,368 to the Eastern States, while 137,561 remained in the State of New York. But 6,497 went to the Southern States, and to Canada 1,627. To other States the number was as follows: Illinois, 32,641; Wisconsin, 9,847; Ohio, 13,869; Iowa, 7,649; Minnesota, 12,640; Nebraska, 4,237; Michigan, 11,303; Kansas, 3,546.

The importance to the United States of the immigration from Europe since the beginning of the present century is not fully appreciated by the public. Few persons realize how much the progress and prosperity of our country during that time are due, directly and indirectly, to this cause. What would be the population at the present time if all immigration had been prevented since the century began, and the growth of the country numbers had been limited to the natural increase of its population ? In that event, of course, the annual increase would be simply the excess of births over deaths. This increase is given by Mr. Friedrich Kapp, in his valuable work on Immigration, as at the rate of 1.38 per cent. Mr. Kapp's estimate cannot be far out of the way, as trustworthy authorities give the yearly rate of increase in England to be 1.25 ; in France, 0.44 ; in Prussia, 1.17 ; in Holland, 1.23 ; and in Saxony, 1.08. This increase of 1.38, added last year to the aggregate of the preceding years from 1800, would give us the present population of the United States under these conditions at 11,096,280. Immigration, therefore, has made a difference to this country of nearly forty millions, since the beginning of the century, in the number of its inhabitants. And the increase of wealth in every branch of industrial pursuit has been in the exact ratio of this increase of population.

The average amount of means brought by each immigrant, and the economic value which he or she represents, are subjects of great interest and importance. Some attempts have been made to obtain trustworthy statistics respecting the money in the possession of each person on his arrival. The matter, however, is attended with a good many difficulties, and the results obtained are not conclusive. In 1856, the Commissioners of Emigration inquired of every immigrant the extent of his means, and found the average amount of cash in the possession of each of the 142,342 who arrived during that year to be $68.08. But it was ascertained that the rule among those questioned was to understate the amount in their possession, and subsequent investigation showed that the real average was at least double the amount given. In addition to the money brought by them, there is the value of their tools, wearing apparel, watches and jewelry. Mr. Kapp estimates the property to average $50, and the cash $100, for each immigrant ; and inquiry at the offices of the steamship companies, and of those who are well calculated to form an accurate judgment in the matter, seems to confirm this estimate. The addition to the national wealth in this way from the 586,068 arrivals during the last fiscal year was, therefore, $87,910,200.

The greater part of the benefit arising from this source accrues to other States than New York ; for it is the industrious, enterprising, well-to-do immigrant that takes his capital and his labor to swell the increasing wealth of the growing West. The lazy and the needy are apt to remain at the East.

But the addition to the nation's wealth from this source is trifling, in comparison with the result of the labor of immigrants. What is the economic value of each immigrant to this country ? This is a question of great importance, and on this point there is a difference of opinion. It must be remembered that a very small percentage of the immigrants to the United States are helpless and incapable. Apart from the law which prohibits the landing of cripples, and blind, deaf and aged persons, it is evident that it is mostly the strong, the most enterprising and courageous men and women who emigrate to a foreign land; but of the entire number of immigrants to this country from 1819 to 1880, more than 60 per cent. were from fifteen to thirty-five, and nearly 90 per cent. less than forty years old. So that it is a vigorous element that is thus added to the producing power of our population.

Mr. Kapp estimates the average value of each male and female immigrant to be $1,500 and $750 respectively, for every person of either sex, making an average for both of $1,125.

The London *Economist* believes the average value of each immigrant to be $940, and that $35,000,000 in specie was brought here by immigrants during the past year. This would make an actual or potential addition to the wealth of the country of $585,840,000. Other writers place the valuation at a still higher figure, arguing that if, in slave-holding times, an able-bodied man adult was worth from $1,000 to $1,500, the free laborers who now come to us from foreign lands with their enterprise, thrift and economy, add to the net product of this country more than the interest on $2,000 each.

The New York *Tribune* sets the amount of gold brought by the new-comers in 1880 at $30,000,000, and their value as producers at $1,200,000,000, making the country $1,230,000,000 the richer by the year's immigration. On the basis of Mr. Kapp's estimate, which is probably not far out of the way, the increase of national wealth from this source would be nearly $700,000,000.

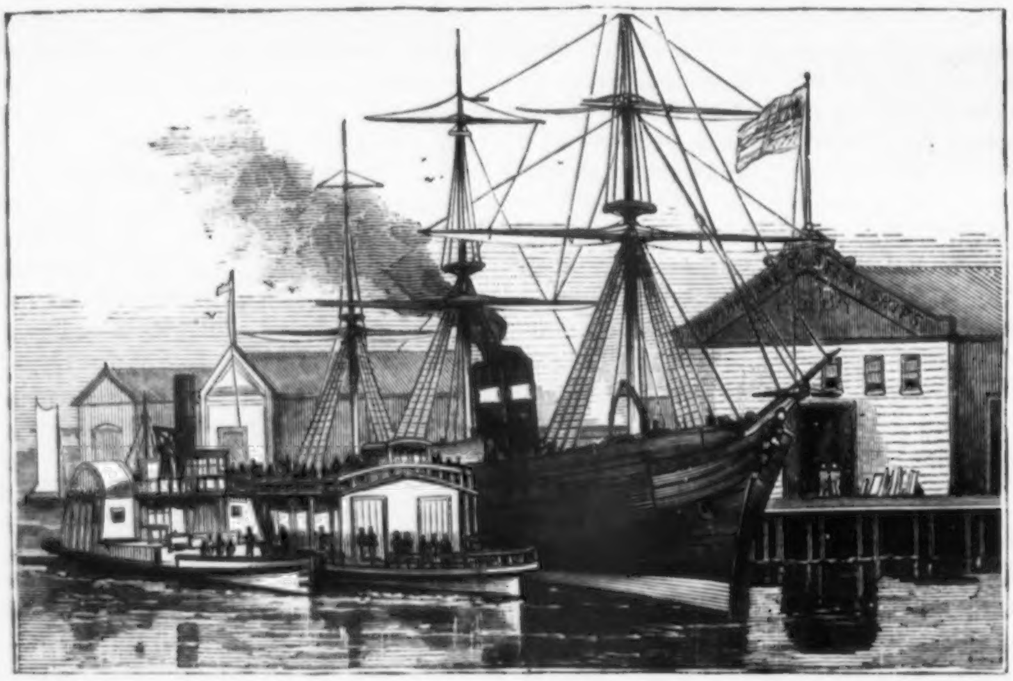
The facts and figures given in this article afford some index to the value, in many ways, of the immigration from Europe to the United States, and the reader may find in them ample material for speculation as to the future influence of the causes that have already been so potent in developing and enriching this rapidly growing and prosperous country. There is every reason to believe that the tide of immigration will continue to flow with increasing volume through the portal which the City of New York supplies, and to spread itself over the vast and fertile West. It is important, therefore, that whatever national legislation can furnish toward its proper encouragement and regulation should not be wanting.

Thus much for the statistics of immigration. Let us now follow the family, whose departure from an inland village in the Old World we fancied we could see, and whose kindly reception at Castle Garden, in common with the great body of immigrants, has been described. A few days and nights of railway travel bring the strangers to the great West, of whose attractions they heard so much in their distant home, tempting them to leave kindred and friends and seek their fortune in a far-off, unknown land. Their experience on the road is very different from that of those who took a similar journey under the condition of affairs already described. If the trip is not an especially luxurious one, it is at least tolerably comfortable ; and the immigrants are no longer imposed upon and defrauded. And when the fertile fields, whose future harvests of waving grain await the labor of the immigrant to call them into existence, are reached, there is no lack of opportunity for immediate and profitable occupation. If the new-comer has the means to buy for himself a piece of land, and build a house upon it, he can soon have a comfortable home in a forest-clearing or on the broad prairie. And then he can see his little ones grow up, while all around him the new country, in whose prosperity he takes a pride, is increasing in wealth and population. Or, if he cannot be a landowner, and has only his labor to depend upon, there is no lack of demand for it. Farmers or manufacturers will be glad to give him employment. Neither old nor young have reason to be idle. The girls, as well as the boys, can find plenty to do in one way or another.

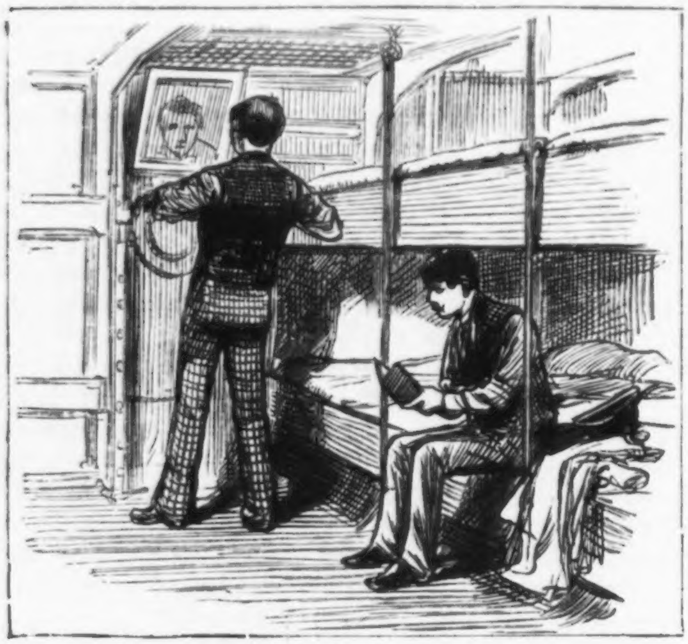
In many cases large parties of the same nation come together and form settlements, where, for a time, their own language is preserved, as is the case with the Mennonites from Russia. In others, as in Minnesota, Irish settlements are formed, to give the immigrants the religious advantages and educational facilities they desire.

And so, having journeyed in imagination with the European emigrant, from his native village to the seacoast, then in the great steamship across the ocean, and thousands of miles overland, to where in the Far West he has made his home, we will leave him to make a future for himself.

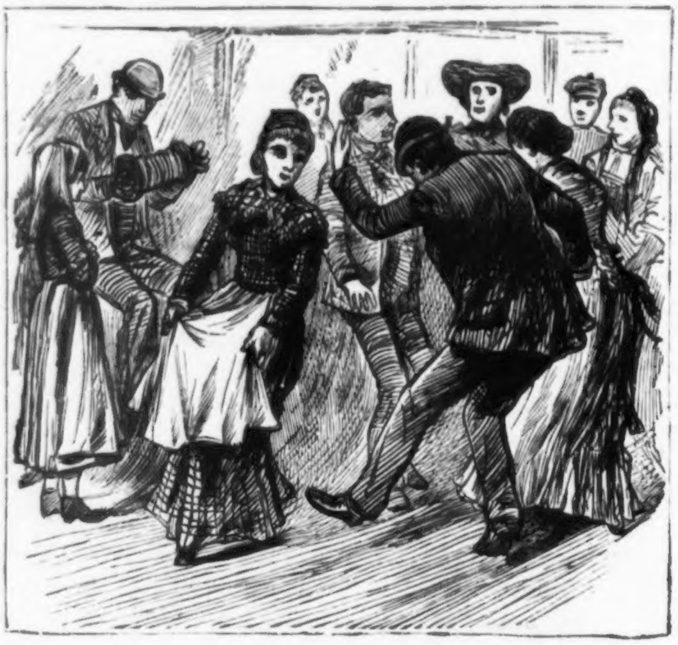
And what possibilities lie within the reach of the immigrant who becomes an American citizen, and still more within the reach of his children! For his children, with the educational advantages within their reach, the opportunities for fame and fortune are such as never could have been given them amidst their parents' old surroundings. It may be that the highest office within the gift of the American people will one day be the reward of the services of some statesman whose parents have, during this pleasant Summertime, just landed upon our shores.



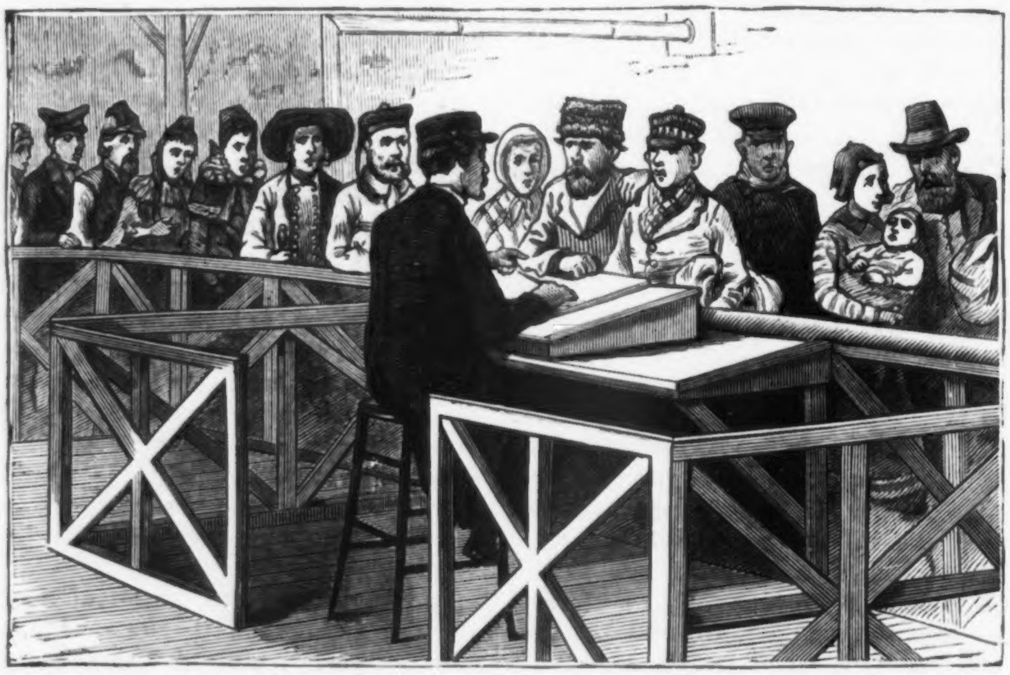
TRANSFERRING IMMIGRANTS FROM A STEAMER TO THE CASTLE GARDEN BARGE.



UNMARRIED MEN'S SLEEPING-BERTH.

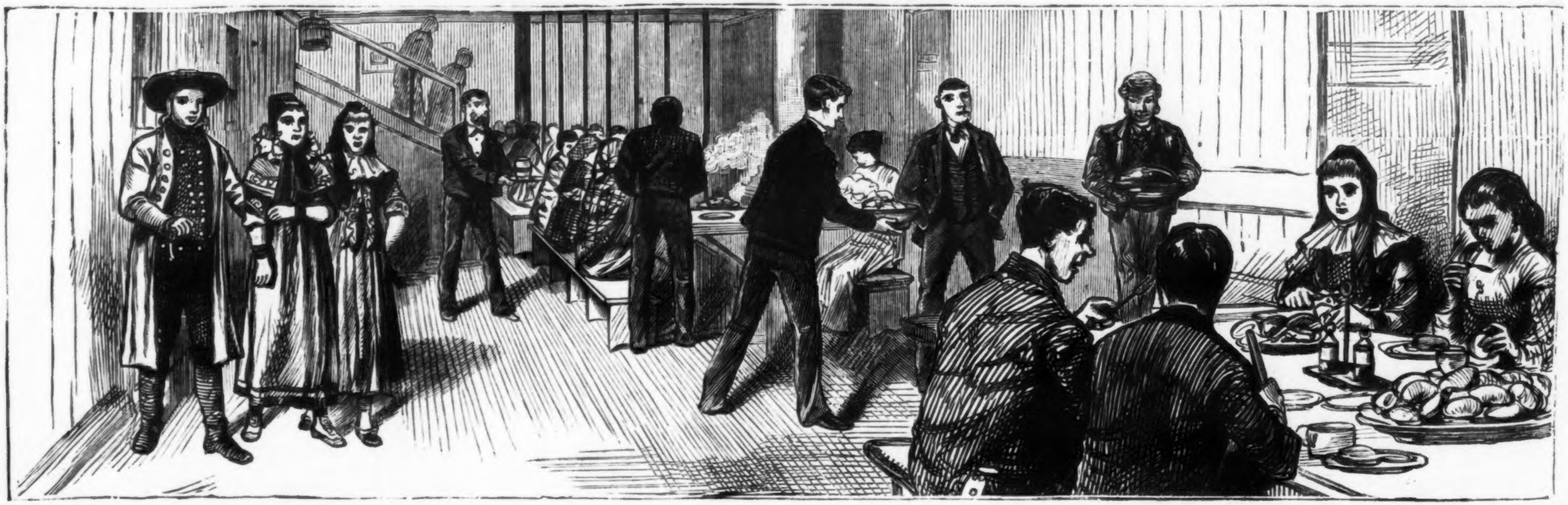


EMIGRANTS ON DECK.

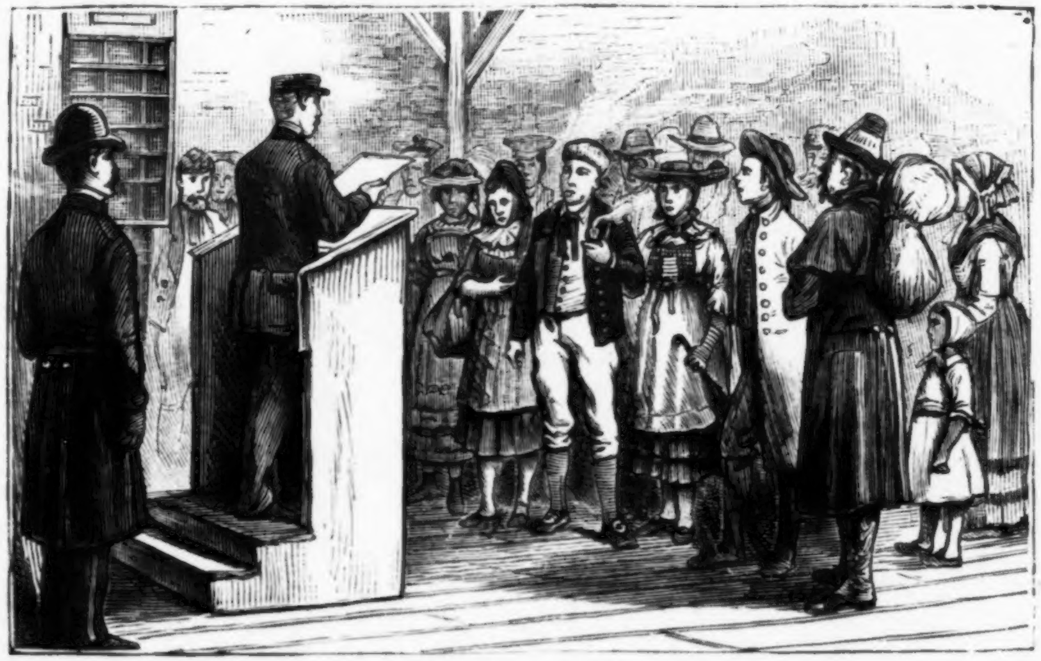


EXAMINING IMMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

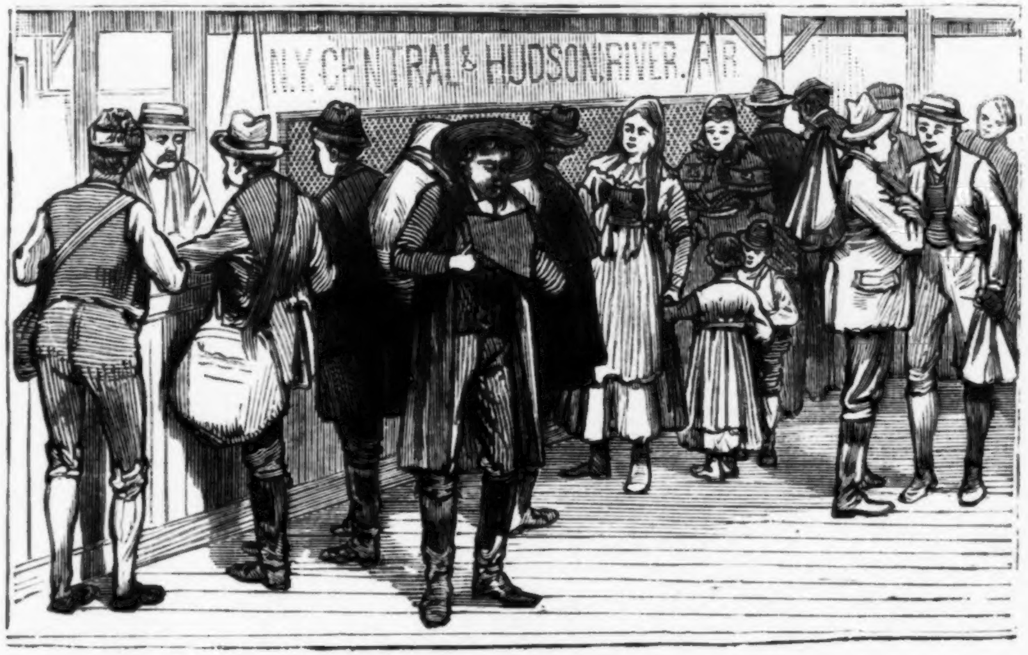
THE mind is nourished at a cheap rate. Neither cold, heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise. Give, then, all you can to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age.



STEERAGE DINING-SALOON ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.



REGISTERING EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.


N.Y. CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R.R.

RAILROAD TICKET-OFFICE IN THE GARDEN.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER STREAM.

By Frances R. Havergal.

A few months ago
I was singing through the snow,
Though the dead, brown boughs gave no hope of Summer shoots;
And my persevering fall
Seemed to be no use at all,
For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach the roots.

Then the mists hung chill
All along the wooded hill,
And the cold, sad fog through my lonely dingles crept;
I was glad I had no power
To awake one tender flower
To a sure, swift doom! I would rather that it slept.

Still I sang all alone,
In the sweet old Summer tone,
For the strong, white ice could not hush me for a day;
Though no other voice was heard,
Save the bitter breeze that whirred
Past the gaunt, gray trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,
While everything seemed dead,
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign;
And the keen stars shone,
When the freezing night came on,
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

* * * * * * *

A few months ago,
I was singing through the snow!
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the land!
And the memories are lost
Of the Winter fog and frost
In the presence of the Summer with her full and glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink
At my cool and pearly brink,
And the lady-fern is bending to kiss my rainbow foam;
And the wild-rose buds entwine
With the dark-leaved bramble vine,
And the centuried oak is green around the bright-eyed squirrel's home.

Oh, the full and glad content
That my little song is blent
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers around!
I no longer sing alone,
Through a chill, pervading moan,
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of Summer sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred
Ere the south wind's whisper heard,
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary Winter days;
Yet the blessing was secure,
For the Summer-time was sure,
When the lonely songs are gathered in a mighty choir of praise.

THE PANIC IN THE DESERT.

A Tale of Seven Years Since.

"I am afraid, sir, it is true."

"Upon my word, Mr. Marston, I am very sorry to hear it."

The second speaker was, like myself, an Englishman—a tall, dignified old man, who, as he spoke, cast a quick, anxious glance toward a bright-eyed, slender girl of nineteen, who stood at the tent door watching the picturesque process of saddling and loading the kneeling camels for the start.

Mr. Wynne was a widower, with an entailed estate, a large income, and but two children, one of whom was the son in England, heir to the property, and M. P. for some borough; and the other his young daughter, Ethel, with whom, after traveling in the Holy Land, the father had ventured so far as Bagdad. As for myself, I was simply a young English civil engineer, lately employed by Midhat Pasha in some of his magnificent projects for irrigating neglected Mesopotamia, and now homeward-bound. There were rumors of war and disturbance among the Anayze Bedouins, and consequently both the Wynne family and myself had been glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of joining the Bagdad and Damascus caravan, which was under the protection of a Turkish military guard.

Caravan-travel is tedious, but full of interest to those whose curiosity as to Eastern manners and Eastern costumes is not yet dulled by custom; and Miss Wynne never seemed tired of sketching some group of pilgrims in flowing robes and turbans of the sacred green, some knot of the irregular soldiery as they cooked their pilaff or groomed their horses; or a party of solemn Arabs shrouded in their white haicks. All went on prosperously until, on the evening of the fourth day, ugly rumors began to circulate through the camp; and the inquiries which Mr. Wynne, more anxious on his daughter's account than on his own, requested me to make, had but served to prove their truth. The plague was among us, and two members of our migratory community—one a Kurdish horse-dealer, the other a Syrian Christian—had died in the night. To return, however, was impossible; not merely on account of the desert robbers who dogged our course, but because Bagdad itself was already a hotbed of disease, to which fatalistic apathy might render Mohammedans indifferent, but from which Europeans were glad to escape.

I knew but too well—for I had spent three years already in the East—that when once sickness breaks out in a caravan, it is a grisly companion, very difficult to shake off. And so, in this instance, it proved itself to be. Never a day passed without fresh victims being claimed by the Destroyer that shared our march and bivouac; never a halting-place but was marked, when we left it, by mounds of sand heaped hastily over the shallow graves scooped in the yellow soil, and in some cases protected by thorn-bushes and loose stones from the jackals that prowled in the rear of our motley multitude, and the vultures that hovered high aloft in the sunny sky, and which followed us as sharks pursue some water-logged ship in the tropic seas. Familiar faces were constantly missed from the circles that formed at evening around the camp-fires. Now it was some gallant soldier, whose gay Albanian garb and bronzed features Miss Wynne had transferred to her sketch-book; now a venerable Hadji, with silver beard and flowing robes; and anon a fat Parsee merchant from Bombay, or a shrewd, supple young Greek, who was left behind in the wilderness. None seemed exempt save the brown-skinned, scantily-clad camel-drivers, who plodded on—true children of the sun—unconcernedly, under the sultry glare.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that my casual acquaintance with my fellow-travelers of my own speech and race should have rapidly ripened into a close intimacy. Mr. Wynne was a proud man, and, like most old-fashioned Englishman, reluctant to make new friends without the formality of an introduction; but it so happened that he had, at Bagdad, dismissed his roguish dragoman for peculation beyond the traditional percentage which such interpreters are allowed to levy, and was therefore glad to avail himself of the smattering of Arabic and Turkish which I had picked up. Ever since the outbreak of the plague I had observed the old man to be thoughtful and anxious; and at times he would glance apprehensively at his daughter, as if he feared to see the first signs of the deadly blight dim her girlish beauty. Miss Ethel's own high spirits began to decline—not from fear, but from sympathy with the distress that reigned around us. There were bereaved fathers and orphaned children in the caravan; and sadder still, perhaps, were the last hours of those who were journeying alone, and to whom care and burial had to be rendered by the hands of strangers.

"Poor people, I wish I could help them!" said the English girl, more than once, to me as I reined up my horse beside the camel on whose high saddle, trapped with embroidered cloth, she was mounted.

"Indeed, Miss Wynne, it would be useless," I replied. "These poor creatures have an almost superstitious faith in European medical skill, but we have neither doctor nor medicine-chest; and from the moment of the seizure there is little hope of recovery. All we can do is to struggle on."

The Wynnes were rich, and traveled, as people of means and station usually do, comfortably. Their tent—with its gilded ball towering aloft, and its compartments walled in with snowy canvas carefully pegged down—was large and handsome; whereas the black little covering under which I slept, with my good horse, which had for years been the comrade of my rambles, tethered outside, was just such a shelter as a Kurd or an Arab requires. They had servants, too, such as they were—a set of rascally Levantines—half of whom, more scared by the hardships of the desert than by the plague, absconded, and went off with anything salable and portable toward the fleshpots of Bagdad. On the evening of the seventh day, as I was picqueting my horse, I received an urgent message from Miss Wynne, begging me to come at once. I did not lose a moment in obeying the summons.

My worst fears were confirmed. Mr. Wynne, who had on that day repeatedly complained of headache and lassitude, was very ill, and there could be no doubt as to his symptoms being those of the fell disorder to which so many of our company had already succumbed. All that care and loving kindness could do was to alleviate the pains of impending death—for, from the first, it was evident that the case was hopeless. Before Mr. Wynne died he took my hand.

"You are our friend," he said, in his weak voice, "and our countryman. I am obliged to leave my girl alone here. Promise me, Harold Marston, on the word of a Christian gentleman, that you will—see her safe—home."

He ceased to speak, and said no other articulate word; but I gave the pledge he asked of me, and performed it faithfully.

Those were sad and toilsome days that succeeded. Ethel's grief was deep and bitter, and it had needed all the arguments and entreaties which I could conjure up to induce her to accompany the inexorable onward movement of the caravan, leaving her father in the hurriedly-made grave beneath a cairn of loose stones, in which my hands had helped to lay him. In the long, slow march I was now always by her side, doing my best to rouse her flagging spirits by speaking of England, of her old home, her absent brother, and the friends who loved her. She seemed grateful for my kindness, and reposed full confidence in me; and, indeed, I had enough to do in keeping her father's remaining servants to their duty, and in providing for her comfort at the halting-places, as with diminished numbers we staggered on—the jackal's doleful howl our lullaby, the vultures ever hovering over our doomed heads.

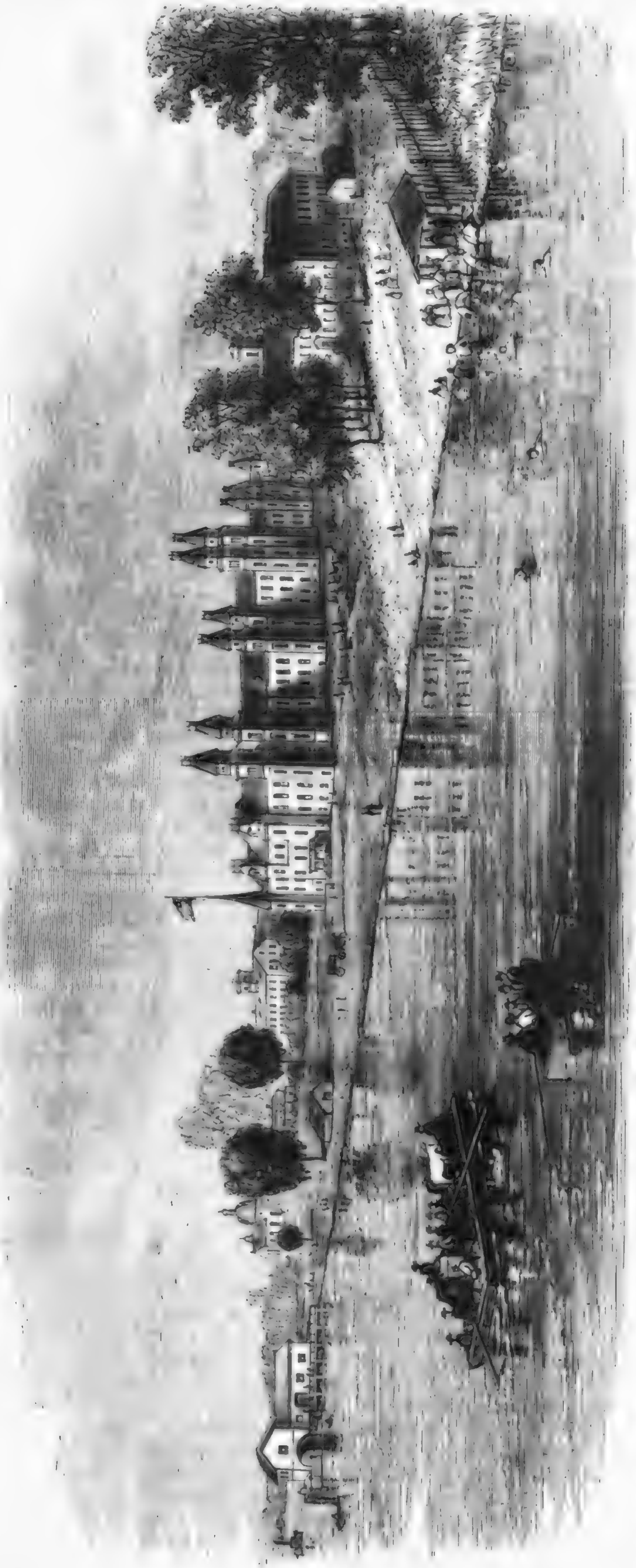
It was on the twelfth day's march that we reached, in straggling order, the River Khabour—a swift but shallow feeder of the mighty Euphrates—and, as we forded it, a party of mounted Bedouins dashed out from among the sand-hills, and made a swoop upon us, in quest of captives and booty. I see the scene yet—the long lines of laden camels, the wild horsemen brandishing their spears or pointing their guns, the panic among the merchants and pilgrims, and the spurring forward of the Turkish irregular cavalry to clear the way. The marauders were balked of their prey. They had probably heard rumors of our condition, and had over-estimated our helplessness, for a volley from the Hyta Bashis of the escort put them to flight, and they dispersed at once, scouring over the sands, and mocking with derisive gestures the efforts of the heavily-accoutred troopers to overtake them.

All the Bedouins, however, did not take their disappointment as a jesting matter, for two or three of those who had gained the opposite bank dismounted, and took deliberate shots with their long guns at the foremost of us. One matchlock ball, and one only, seemed to take effect, for Ethel's camel reared suddenly, with the screaming cry which these huge beasts utter when under the influence of rage or pain, and fell, crushing down the camel-driver who held it by the halter, and hurling his fair burden into the rocky bed of the stream that brawled and raved as it made its way past, fed by a late rain-storm among the Kurdish Mountains, toward the great river. Fortunately I was within earshot, and hearing Miss Wynne's cry of alarm, I dashed my spurs into my horse's flanks, and half swimming, half stumbling among the loose stones, reached the place where the girl's bright hair floated on the turbid water, and by a great exertion was able to rescue her from the fate that seemed imminent, and to bear her, pale and insensible, like some drooping lily that has been beaten down by hail and rain, to the shore.

The firing had ceased, save that our soldiers sometimes sent a bullet after the flying robbers, and all danger was over, so far as the attack was concerned; but Ethel had been partially stunned by the shock of the fall, and she lay helpless, with half-closed eyes, moaning slightly. As I tried, assisted by one of the Arab camel-drivers who had just come up, to raise and revive her, an exclamation from my rude companion made me start.

"She, too—the Frangi princess!" muttered the Arab. "Well, it was written."

And, following the direction of the man's gaze, I saw, with a horror that words are too weak to express, on Ethel Wynne's bare white wrist a dark, discolored spot, somewhat swelled, and of a bluish tint, edged with angry red. The camel-driver had been the first to note this. There was a strange sort of pity in his hardy eyes as they met mine, which confirmed my fears. Yes, I had saved Ethel from one death only to lose her by one more dreadful; for the plague—I knew it but too well—had set its mark upon her, and she was, all unwittingly, sickening of the direful pestilence that had deprived her of her father. Then, too, for the first time I learned to read my own heart, and to know how very, very dear the sweet girl



OUR IMMIGRANTS.—EMIGRANT BUILDINGS, WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 130.

had become to me. I had protected and served her loyally as a brother might have done; but now I felt that I loved her, at the very instant when it was certain that nothing short of a miracle could save her from an early grave.

"There is a Hakhim at Der, if we could carry her so far," said the good-natured but somewhat apathetic Sheikh of the caravan as he rode up; "but, Effendi, medicine and doctors can do nothing if it is one's kismet to die."

However, by bribes and entreaties I managed to get a litter constructed of spears and palm-branches, and persuaded four of the sturdy camel-men to take turns in carrying Ethel's still inanimate form over the weary leagues that yet lay between us and the frontier town.

It was black night when we saw before us, looming over the dead flat of the desert — never so level as where it trenches on cultivated lands—the crumbling bastions, the slim minarets, and the green gardens of Der. It was like the scene of a perturbed dream, when the tired bearers of the litter stumbled up the narrow street, lit with a red and smoky glare from the torches of the townspeople, Moslem and Christian, who came forth from their dwellings, in Oriental fashion, shouting out their comments, advice, and ejaculations of wonder and pity, as we passed by.

It was easy to find the Great Doctor's door. Fifty volunteer guides undertook to guide us to it.

"The Hakhim," said one tall old crone, whose black vail was heedfully drawn across her wrinkled face, "can call the dead to life. See the cure he wrought of my grandchild Fatima!"

"He patched me up," said a sturdy fellow, whose arm was yet in a sling and his head bandaged, "when the Turkish tax-gatherer's men cut me down with their sabres, just because——"

I did not hear the rest, for already we had reached the Hakhim's house, and the bearers were conveying the litter through the huge wooden gate, clamped with iron and studded with nails, which gave admittance to the courtyard. I stood still as if my feet were rooted to the pavement, not daring to advance—waiting, like a criminal who waits to hear his sentence.

"He is her husband," said a bystander, compassionately.

"No, no; her brother," said a second.

"Fools! he is a lover," exclaimed the shriller voice of a woman; "and my heart bleeds for him, poor lad!"

Presently I heard myself addressed in English, spoken with a German accent, and, looking up, saw the famous Hakhim himself—a kind, thoughtful-eyed, elderly professor, whose colored spectacles and bald forehead consorted strangely with his flowing Oriental robes and long, gray beard.

"I bear good news, sir," said the Hakhim. "My patient, now under my wife's care, will recover. It is not the plague that has seized her."

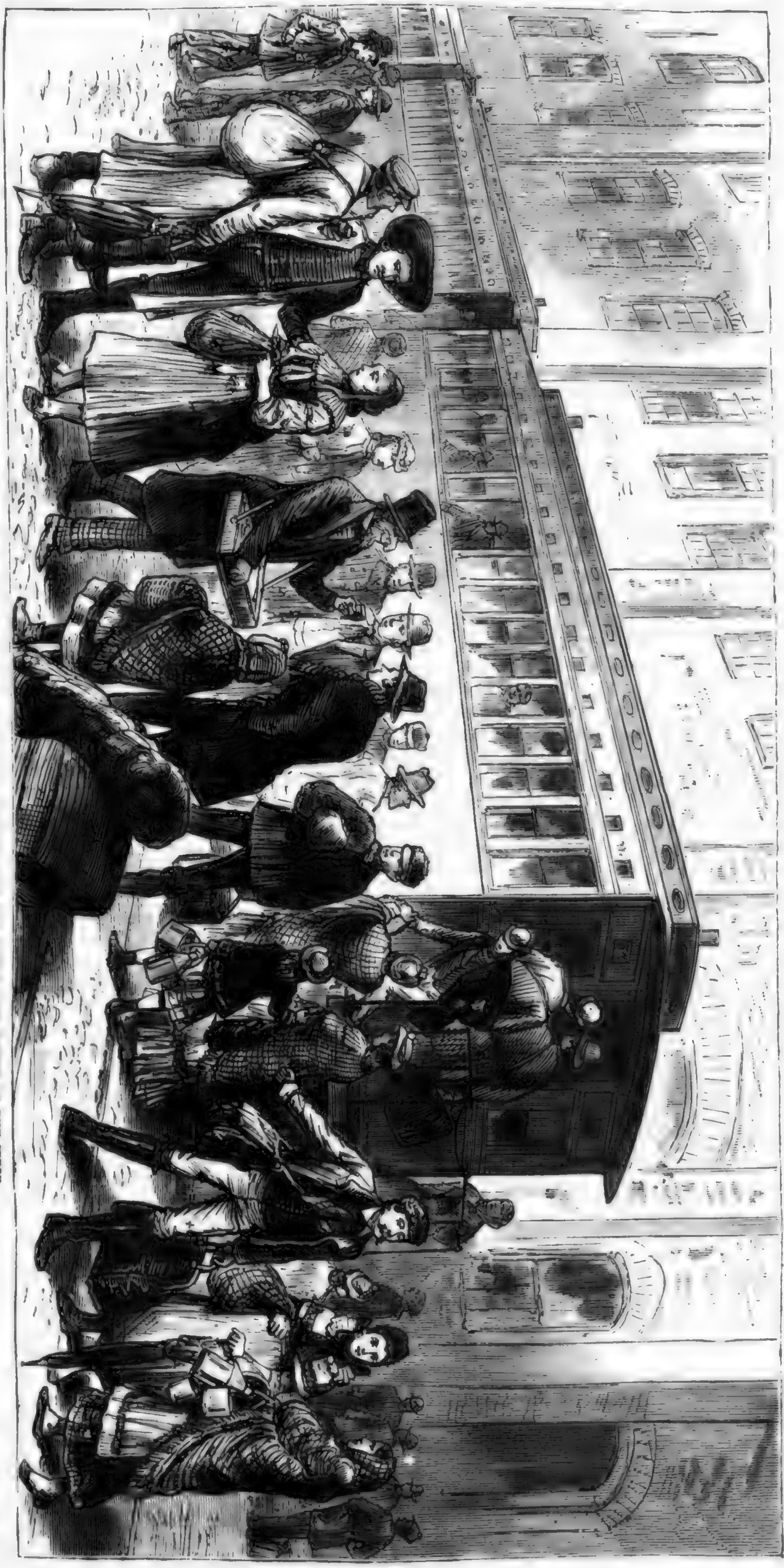
"Not the plague?" repeated I, half stupidly.

"No, mein Herr," said the doctor, in his gentle, weighty voice. "The Fräulein has been bitten by a venomous fly, and will have a fever, from which, with God's help, I can venture to say——"

But here everything seemed to swim around me, and I remember nothing more until, supported by the Hakhim's arm, I entered his spacious house, to find his kind wife ministering, with all a woman's instinctive tenderness, to the comfort of her guest.

The mark which I and others more experienced had believed to be the dreaded plague-spot, really turned out to be produced by the bite of one of those poisonous flies which in Syria are often found in proximity to water; while from the fever which resulted, Miss Wynne, well nursed and cared for, speedily recovered, and, under my escort, reached Damascus first and Beyrout afterward in safety. At the seaport I was fortunate enough to find a respectable old Scotchwoman from Aberdeen, widow of a sergeant who had died in India, and who, in consideration of a passage home to Southampton by the P. and O. packet, then due, gladly undertook the charge of Miss Wynne on the homeward voyage.

We reached England in due course, where Ethel's brother was ready to receive us on the landing-stage. Ethel's brother has been my brother-in-law these six years now, and darling Ethel my wife.



OUR IMMIGRANTS.—EMBARKING AT THE RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK FOR THEIR NEW HOMES IN THE WEST.

"I feel, Mr. Marston, as if you were the oldest friend I had in the world, and the best," was Wilfred Wynne's hearty greeting to me at our first meeting at Southampton.

And, thanks to his persevering friendship, I obtained four years ago the comfortable Government appointment in my own line, which will suffice to keep my unworthy self and those who are dearer far—my wife and little ones—free from the pinch of want.

THE DARKEST DAY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

PAGE OF TURKISH HISTORY.

By David Ker.

There are few prettier excursions in the whole of Roumelia, picturesque as it is, than a jaunt by steamer from Constantinople to the adjacent islets of Maltepé, Halki, and Prinkipos (collectively known as the Prince's Islands), which are to the Turkish capital what Brighton is to London, Tsarokoë-Selo to St. Petersburg, Ramleh to Alexandria, the Hudson to New York, or Petropolis to Rio de Janeiro.

The place of embarkation at the famous bridge over the Golden Horn is a picture in itself, with the narrow, crooked lanes of Galata massed along the water's edge, and the steep terraces of Pera rising rank on rank above them; while on the right, the great slope of Stamboul stands up against the bright Southern sky, one vast concourse of tall minarets, and round, shining domes, and white-walled palaces, from base to summit. And as the trim little steamer threads her way deftly through the maze of shipping that fills the mouth of the harbor, the endless windings of the Anatolian shore define themselves beyond the blue waters of the bay, with Kadikoi and Scutari lying like patches of snow upon the green, sunny hillside, and, nearer on the view, the vast, many-windowed frontage of the famous barrack where Florence Nightingale tended the heroes of Alma and Inkermann, twenty-three years ago.

Nor are the motley groups on the deck of the steamer itself one whit less picturesque than their marvelous background. Portly English merchants, with the fatness of many a good dinner on their jolly red faces; dapper Frenchmen, in faultless toilet, shooting killing glances at the ladies on the side benches; big, yellow-mustached Germans puffing huge pipes; supple Dalmatians, and keen-eyed, aquiline Jews; stalwart Turkish officers, with the stubborn courage of their race in every line of their hard, stolid, unyielding faces; lithe, handsome, rakish-looking Greeks, whose restless black eyes seem ever on the watch for a stray piastre; tall, sombre Armenians, looking quite spectral in their high black caps and long, dark, shroud-like robes; and gaunt, swarthy *caffedjis*, in white linen jackets, winding in and out of the throng with their little trays, covered with tiny, handleless cups of steaming Mocha, guiltless of either milk or sugar.

The dainty Italian beauty of the three islands themselves might well inspire either poet or painter—more especially Prinkipos, with its trim little jetty, its tiny white villas peeping shyly through the clustering foliage along the sunny slopes above, and, on the highest point of its steep, wooded ridge, the Monastery of St. George, no unworthy miniature of its famous namesake on the southern shore of the Crimea. Little could any one guess that upon this charming spot, the very embodiment of peaceful beauty, was concentrated, within the memory of many men still living, the deadliest peril that ever threatened the Turkish capital—a peril which it is worth while to look back upon and appreciate.

The sun is just rising on a fine breezy morning in the Spring of 1806, when the few peasants who are astir on the heights of Prinkipos Island see with amazement and terror a large vessel of foreign build gliding out from behind the adjacent headland, followed by another and another, till seven stately line-of-battle ships stand out in the morning sunshine. A nearer view shows the flutter of the dreaded Union-Jack, telling that the hated English have actually passed the "impregnable" Dardanelles, and are now within easy reach of the sacred capital itself. What does all this mean?

It means that England's vengeance is at hand for the support given by Turkey to her arch enemy Napoleon, and the successful intrigues of the latter's confidential agent, General Sebastiani. If Constantinople harbors the enemies of King George, Constantinople must be bombarded—a theory which Admiral Duckworth has come with seven men-of-war to carry out, aided by the same Sir Sidney Smith who baffled Napoleon himself, eight years ago, before the walls of Acre.

Before the sun is high in the sky the formidable squadron is anchored off Prinkipos, and the launch of the flagship has carried to Constantinople the stern message which demands the instant surrender of the whole Turkish fleet, the dismissal of General Sebastiani, and the accession of Turkey to the anti-French alliance formed by Russia and Great Britain, with the alternative of instant bombardment in the event of a refusal.

In a moment the whole city is one roaring turmoil of mingled rage and terror. Thousands of furious men, livid with fear or black with rage, rush frantically up and down the streets, clamoring for the heads of the ministers who have brought them into this strait, and of the hated Frenchman who has been its chief cause. And well may they be enraged; for in this supreme crisis there are not ten guns mounted on the seaward batteries, and the once impregnable fortifications have crumbled into shapeless masses of ruin, which a single broadside would suffice to bring down altogether.

Then, in her sorest need, there comes to Turkey the reinforcement which she requires—a reinforcement of one man. Into the circle of trembling ministers gathered around their helpless Sultan, there steps suddenly a slim, sallow, keen-eyed man of middle age, with a calm, inscrutable face, as firm and composed amid the bloodthirsty yells of twenty thousand fanatics as it will be six years hence amid the roar of the five hundred cannon of Borodino. For a mission requiring matchless coolness, and a courage that can look unflinchingly in the face of death, Napoleon has chosen well in choosing General Sebastiani.

The great Envoy sweeps the dismayed group with one flashing glance, and utters, in his clear, unfaltering tones, the memorable words which now live for ever in history:

"My personal danger cannot for an instant occupy my attention when the maintenance of the French alliance and the independence of the Ottoman Empire are at stake. I will not quit Constantinople; and I tell your sovereign that he should not think for one moment of descending from the high rank in which the glorious deeds of his ancestors have placed him, by surrendering to a few English vessels a city well provided with arms and ammunition. Your ramparts are not yet armed, but that can be soon done. Let us set the whole population to work at once. Remember that you fight in defense of your capital, your country, your holy religion; use your arms bravely, and victory is secure."

Like the rush of a mountain breeze through the tainted air of some plague-stricken town, the manly words revive the fainting spirit of the Divan, sweeping away in one

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moment all thought of surrender. Coolly and promptly Sebastiani unfolds his plan of defense,* and the Sultan himself, side by side with the august Sheik-ul-Islam, the spiritual head of Mohammedan Turkey, goes forth to carry it out.

The distracted population are calmed by a confident assurance from the mouth of their own sovereign that all will yet be well; the Sultan's guard turn out, the soldiers gather from every part of the city; proclamation is made that every soul who can handle spade and barrow, whether man, woman or child, shall fall instantly to the work of arming the batteries; while Sebastiani himself dictates to the obedient ministers an answer of studied humility, which sends the British envoy rejoicing back to his master, and fills the latter and all his officers with a glow of delusive triumph.

Short-sighted man! Little does he dream, as he stands triumphant on the deck of his flagship, sternly reiterating the hard terms which he means to exact from the helpless capital, of the terrible activity which is making all Constantinople one hive of busy labor—a match against time such as the world has never seen, with the very existence of the Ottoman Empire for its stake.

From Topkhaneh Arsenal to Seraglio Point men by hundreds and by thousands are scooping trenches, piling up earthworks, filling breaches, planting artillery; children and gray-headed elders are carting and shoveling the loose earth; women, whose faces no stranger's eye has seen till to-day, are tugging with their delicate hands at the dragropes of rumbling cannon; rich merchants in silken caftans toil side by side with grimy beggars in tattered cloaks of camel's hair; and the sacred Moollahs themselves come forth among the crowd to bless the great work. No thought of party feud or deadlier difference of sect to-day; there is but one thought in every heart—to save their country. Forty-eight years hence the people of Sebastopol, threatened by a similar peril, will do a deed equally heroic; and when a nation thus arises as one man, like America in 1776, or France in 1792, or Spain in 1809, or Germany in 1813, that nation is not easily conquered.

And so, day and night, the work goes fiercely on, guided by the subtle brain and iron will of a man in whose eyes human labor and human life are as nothing, compared with the attainment of his object. The laborers snatch their food as they stand, grasping mattock or shovel in one hand while they hold their rations with the other. Many of the weaker sort, worn out by the superhuman struggle, fall to rise no more, and their comrades push them aside and fall to with renewed vigor. No time to think of dead men now! Work, servants of the Prophet! though your limbs stiffen and your fingers bleed, and your mouths are parched with thirst, work still! If the enemy's ships move in before the work is done, nothing remains but for us and our city to perish together in one roaring blaze of ruin. Work, one and all!

In the frenzy of such supreme efforts a whole lifetime seems compressed into a few fevered hours, and it is only by the progress of their labors that the indomitable men can judge how long this delirium of life and death hazard has lasted. See how, already, trenches and redoubts, and batteries and forts have sprung from the earth, as if by magic, along the whole line of the threatened shore. Scores upon scores of heavy guns look grimly seaward through the narrow, cruel eyes of the embrasures, and the streets echo with the rumble of fresh pieces constantly coming up. Nor are the overwrought workers left without encouragement. The weak Sultan, roused by the crisis to an energy beyond his nature, shows himself amid his people in the gorgeous insignia of Eastern royalty, bidding them remember that they labor for the true faith, and that the blessing of Heaven is upon them. And side by side with their sovereign, calm and impassible as ever, but with a gleam of stern triumph in his dark Italian eyes, appears the mysterious man at whose bidding this superhuman enterprise has sprung into being—walking fearlessly amid the savages who lately clamored for his blood, the fiercest of whom now bend their heads in superstitious awe as the inscrutable face passes by.

But all this time, what is passing on board the English fleet? Hour after hour, in the heat of that unparalleled struggle, have the panting laborers on the batteries raised their bloodshot eyes to the terraced slope of Seraglio Point, fearing to see the stately war-ships of the unbeliever come sweeping around it with flags flying and sails spread, to pour upon the doomed city the thunder of their cannon.

Three days have passed, and still there is no sign of the dreaded attack. Has Allah indeed heard the cry of his distressed people, and confounded the devices of the infidels? or has the wonder-working Franki Aga (French general), with whom all things seem to prosper, found means to hold the Giaours at bay till the storm of ruin which he is preparing for them has gathered all its strength?

He has, indeed—else were his cup of triumph but half full; for with the Italian's keenness and subtlety, Sebastiani has likewise an ample measure of the Italian's vindictiveness. In *his* eyes the baffling of the threatened assault is but a tithe of the work which he has to do; his task is not complete till the hostile squadron shall be absolutely destroyed, or at least so utterly disabled as to render a second attack impossible.

Nothing can be more hopelessly submissive than the demeanor of the envoy whom he has sent (carefully tutored by himself) to the English Admiral. The harsh conditions—one of which is the ignominious expulsion of Sebastiani himself—are accepted without a murmur; all that remains to be settled is certain minor points of time and place and manner of fulfillment, the adjustment of which may occupy, at most, three days more. But in those three days lies the fate of the whole expedition.

For now the full significance of Sebastiani's terrible stratagem begins to develop itself apace. The same hour that witnesses the departure from Constantinople of the feigned embassy which is to blind the English to their approaching ruin, sees other messengers hurrying off on a far different errand. The invaders have passed *in* through the Dardanelles unscathed, but how will it be when they *return?* Little do the stout-hearted sailors, as they watch the shining ripples playing around the shores of Prinkipos Island, and bandy rough-hewn English jests against "them lubberly Turks," dream of the fierce activity which is running like wildfire from Gallipoli to the Gates of Xerxes, along either shore of their only avenue of escape. At every available point red-capped soldiers are heaping up earthworks, planting cannon, clearing rubbish-blocked casemates, storing powder and ball for the coming day of vengeance. Yet a few days, and Constantinople is impregnable; and *then* the unbelievers shall pay for all!

So pass three days more—the torpor of careless security on one side, and the fever of vengeful activity on the other. But when the seventh morning comes, General Sebastiani, looking down from the terraced front of the palace upon miles of bristling batteries and thousand

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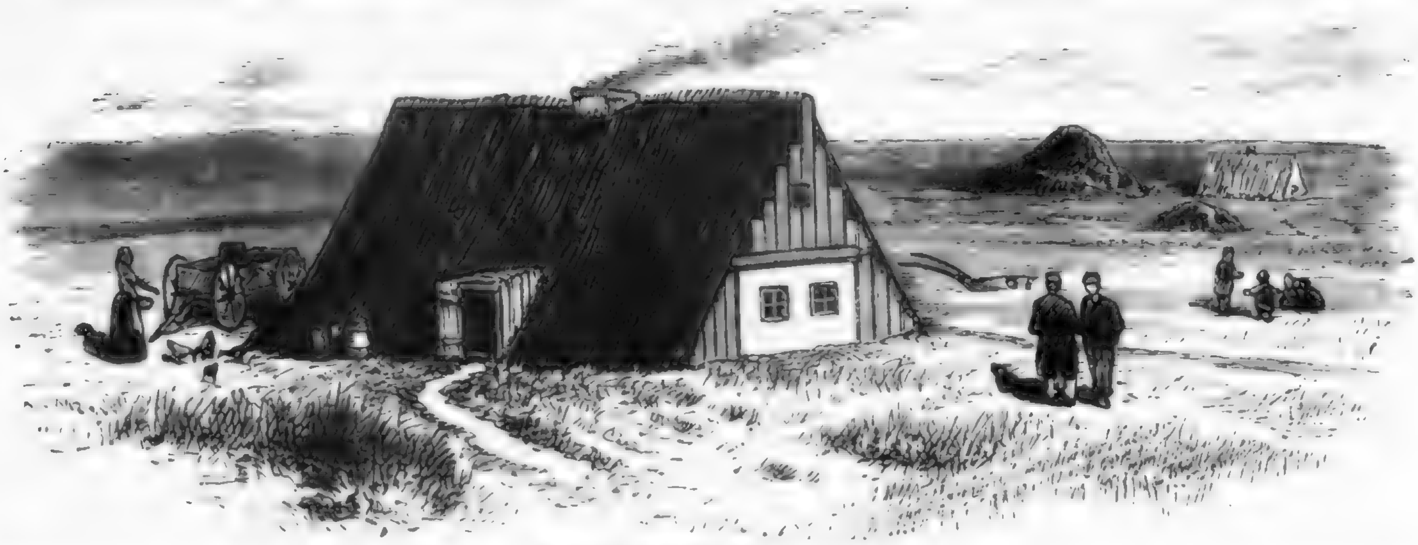
* Sebastiani's former mission to the East, in 1802, had impressed the Turks with a very high opinion of his abilities—an impression which stood him in good stead during the terrible crisis above described.

XUM



TEMPORARY HOMES FOR IMMIGRANTS.

armed men, sees that the time is come at last, and answers the imperious summons of the English envoys with a defiance which, like the crash of unexpected thunder, arouses the deluded admiral from his dream of victory—too late!

Too late, indeed! That one week of unslackening toil has converted the helpless city into an impregnable fortress. Along every foot of the shores of Galata and Stamboul—even upon the heights of distant Scutari and far-off Kadikoi, ranked masses of infantry flash their bayonets in the morning sunshine, and the black muzzles of twelve hundred cannon look grimly over the blue, sparkling sea. Within that fatal circle, nothing mortal can live; the golden opportunity is gone by for ever, and the baffled assailants, burning with impotent rage, turn their prows southward to commence a tardy retreat.

But, alas for them! the seven days of respite have been fatally improved, and the once harmless strait is now one great avenue of hungry cannon. Better ships or braver men there are none on the seas this day; but neither skill nor strength can avail aught against the hot blast of fire and cannon-shot that envelops them throughout the entire passage. Every rock, every ridge, spouts flames upon them as they pass; and the old, poetic mountains echo with a louder uproar than the fabled thunders of Olympus. Down go fluttering pennon and jaunty Union-Jack; down go tall masts, and tapering spars, and snow-white canvas; man on man fall the gallant crew, struck by a death that comes blindly through rolling smoke, no one knows whence or how. And when, at length, the shattered vessels creep wearily out of that fatal Balaklava, into the free, bright sea beyond, the stately squadron that was so recently the terror of Stamboul is but the wreck of its former self.* The darkest hour of Constantinople is past; and when next an English fleet enters the Turkish waters, it will come not as an enemy, but as an ally, to avenge Sinope by chasing the Russian flag from the Black Sea.

AN Italian in Reno, Nevada, boasts that he is the strongest man in the world. His spinal column seems to be double, and his bones and joints are all very large. He has repeatedly lifted with the third finger of his right hand men weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, by placing his finger under the hollow of one of their feet, and thus carrying them round a room. He can strike with his fist a blow with a power of 500 pounds, as measured on a register; and when a couple of big Irishmen attacked him recently, he seized one in each hand and knocked them together until they were insensible and half dead.

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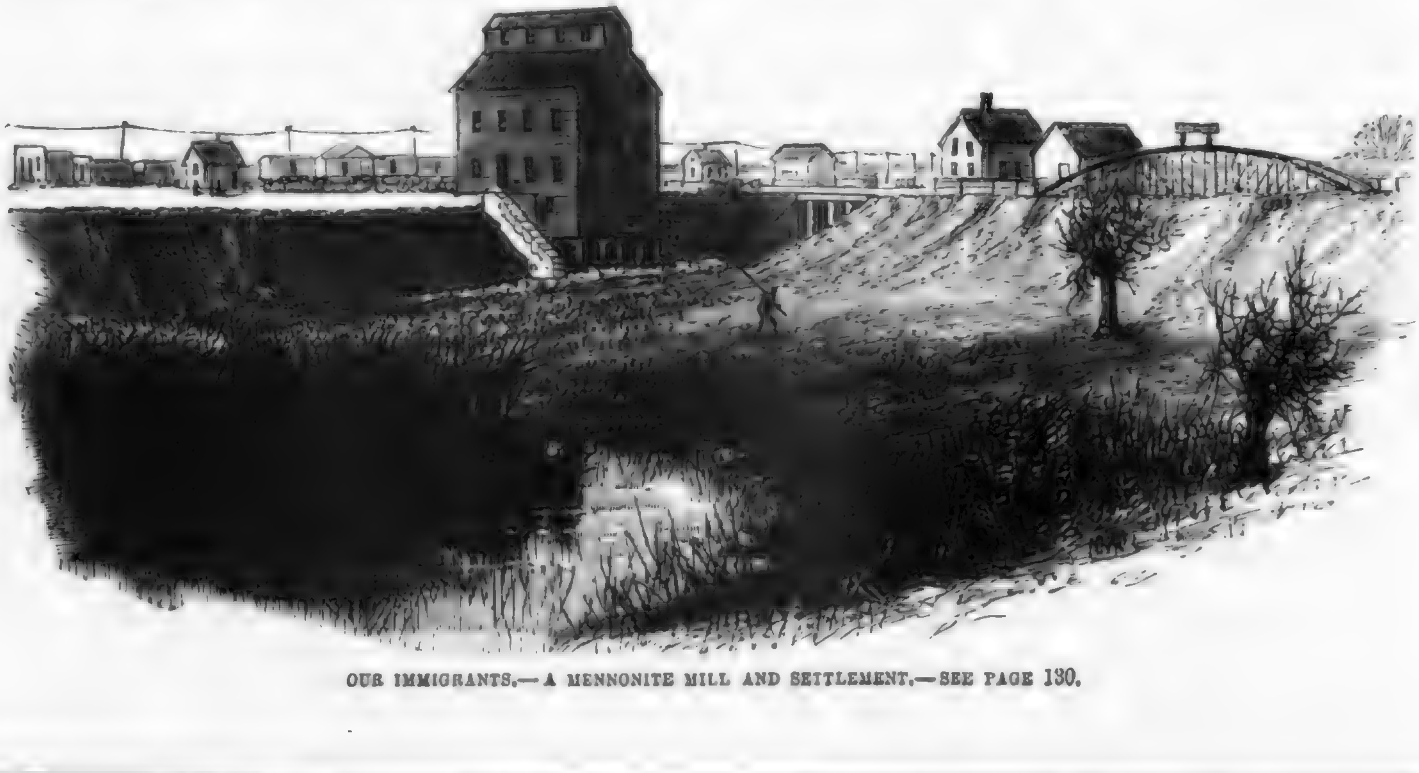
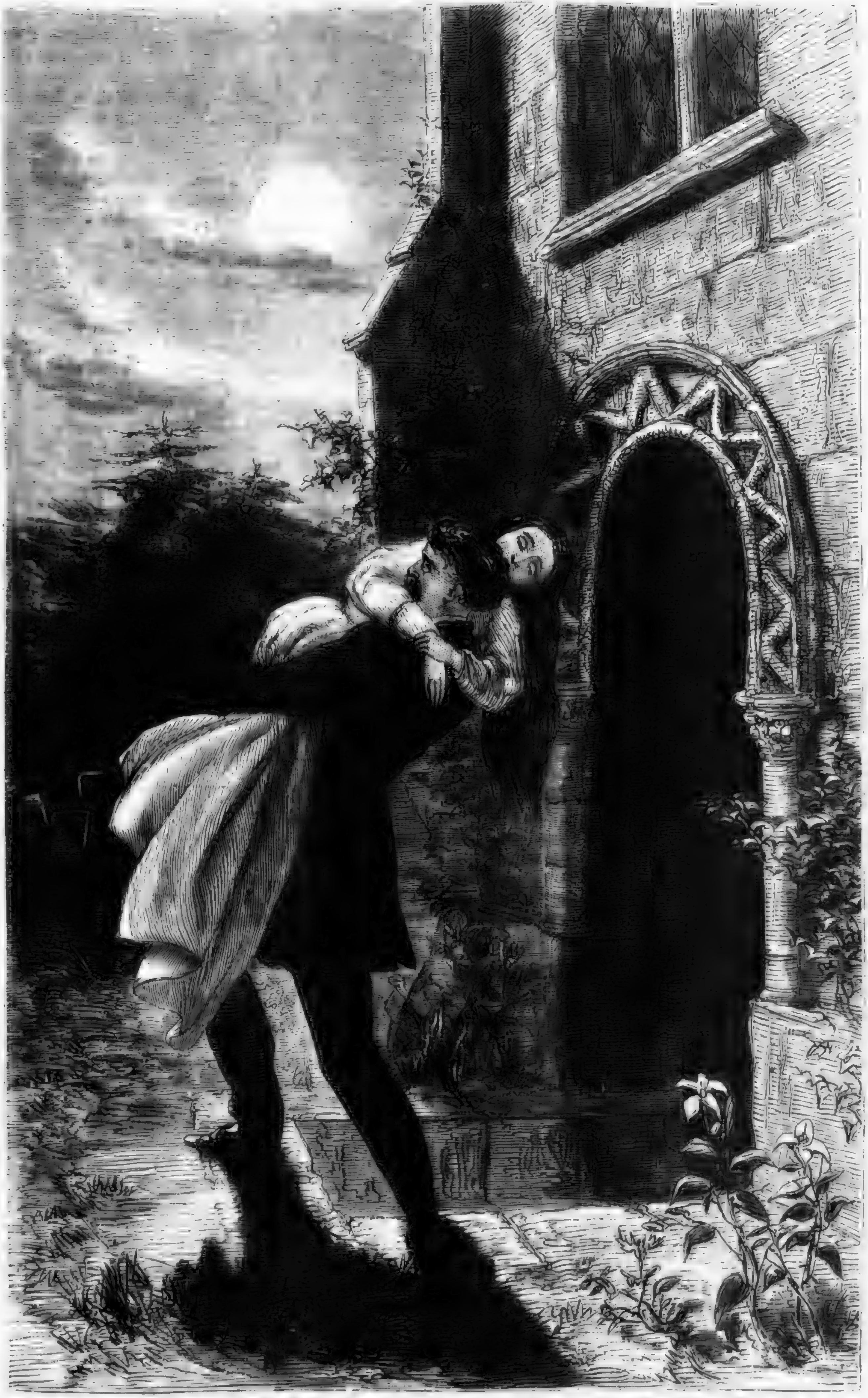
* Several of the ships were struck by 300lb. shot; and the total loss was fully 250 men.



OUR IMMIGRANTS.—A MENNONITE MILL AND SETTLEMENT.—SEE PAGE 130.

XUM



SAVED BY A DREAM.—"HE BORE HER OUT OF THE SUFFOCATING ATMOSPHERE INTO THE FRESH EVENING AIR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

RETROSPECT.

CLING close, my child!
For thou and I are one together,
In Winter's cold, or Summer weather,
Or when the sheaves are piled.

Or in bright Spring;
As yet of care thou nothing knowest—
Naught of the ill that, as thou growest,
The years may bring.

Enough for thee
To bask in sunlight, and to wander
Amongst the flowers, whilst I ponder
On vanished glee.

Yet care must come,
And thou too mayst be sad and lonely,
With memories for thy solace only
Of loved lips dumb.

Pulse of my soul!
Yet, having thee, still lack I him
Who waits me in the twilight dim
At that far goal.

Mayst thou ne'er tell
The ache of living here bereft
Of life's chief bliss! Yet thou art left,
And so 'tis well!

SAVED BY A DREAM.

"LIFT me up, Harry, that I may see the sunset for the last time."

Harry Kensett lifted the girlish form to a sitting posture, and pillowed the golden head, damp with the dews of death, against his shoulder. The window was open, and the breath of Summer, freighted with the odors of clustering roses and pale, drooping lilies from the garden below, floated like an incense into the death-chamber.

Behind the tops of the distant mountains the sun was sinking to rest, and streaks of fiery flame shot upward toward the zenith, while gorgeous piles of clouds, purple and amber and gold, drifted slowly across the crimson west.

Dora Kensett's eyes gazed for a few moments with a look of unutterable longing upon the magnificent picture, then closed wearily as she whispered, with a shuddering sigh:

"How beautiful earth is, Harry! As I sit and look at the clouds we have watched together so many times, and feel that it is for the last time, a horrible fear of the dark and loathsome grave comes over me. We have been so happy, dear, so very happy together, and now I must leave you to go down into the Valley of Shadows, alone. Oh, it seems so cruel, Harry."

The manly form against which she leaned shook with suppressed agony, but he said, with a steady voice:

"But the glories of heaven, Dora. The music of the golden harps, the pleasant fields through which the shining rivers run, the gates of jasper, and the streets of gold—think of that. No more care, no more sorrow, only one long day of perpetual brightness and bloom, and such a little while till we shall share it together, darling."

"Yes, Harry, I know; but what were all the glory and beauty of heaven even, without you? I suppose it is wicked. I have always heard that good people don't feel so, but I *cannot* be reconciled. They always said that when death became inevitable we grew resigned; but, oh, Harry, it is not so! I can't die, Harry—don't let me die!"

The piteous young face, so beautiful, so dearly loved, nestled closer to his breast, and the thin hands, white and soft as snowflakes, moved softly over his bearded cheeks in a mute, childish caress.

It was too much for Harry. His voice was broken with the passionate sob that shook his strong frame from head to foot, and he clasped her closer, uttering brokenly:

"My darling—my wife—how can I give you up?"

"Don't, Harry. Don't let my selfish repinings grieve you. But sometimes, when the daisies blossom above the face you have kissed so many times, and the sweet-pine roses blow, you'll come and sit beside me, dear, and think of your little Dora, who loved you so. And, perhaps, you'll fancy that my voice whispers to you in the Summer winds that sweep the long grasses at your feet, or see a shadowy hand beckon to you from the white, fleecy clouds overhead, and poor Dora will not be entirely forgotten. Something will remind you of her who felt the keenest pang of death to be the separation from you. How dark the room is growing. Call them to bring the lights. I would gaze upon your face till the last moment."

Alas, the moment was drawing very near. The dying sunlight flung its blood-red banner on the wall, but she did not see it.

The hand that wandered slowly over his cheek was icy cold, and around the sweet mouth the unmistakable grayish hue began to gather.

"Hark!" she said, "some one called my name; and listen, there are voices singing afar off."

He bent and pressed his lips to hers, already icy cold, and when he raised his head he saw that the great change which comes but once had passed over her face, and the joy and sunshine of Harry Kensett's life had gone out for ever.

THE funeral rites were over. Theodora Kensett's sweet face, wreathed with syringas and rosebuds, was hid from sight beneath a coffin-lid, and laid in the gloomy old family vault of the Kensetts.

Pitying faces and tearful eyes had bent above the shrouded form, and sympathetic whispers had said a score of times that it seemed cruel for one so young and fair to lay down earth's choicest treasures at the very outset of life.

Up and down beneath the tall larches that shaded his now desolate home, Harry Kensett paced restlessly, his very heart wrung with the anguish of his bereavement.

The June evening, tremulous with the throbbing life of the golden stars, and fragrant with the breath of roses, held no charm for him.

Far in the distance the lofty spire of the old church pierced the sky, the church where they had that day lain his darling, with white hands folded close over a pulseless heart.

Oh, what a desolate place earth would be without her!

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old housekeeper, "but the air is damp to-night, and tea is ready in the library. I thought you might prefer it served there."

"Thank you, Mrs. Milwood, but I do not wish any."

"Oh, sir, grieving never yet did any good in this world, either to the living or the dead, and we must submit to the will of God."

"They talk of submission," he said, bitterly. "What can they know of such sorrow as mine?"

But to escape further importunities and hackneyed phrases meant for consolation, he entered the house, and proceeding to the library, partook slightly of the refreshment prepared for him.

Sitting by the window afterward, he fell into a slumber, from which he did not waken till roused by the clock striking two.

He awoke with a perfectly distinct recollection of every thought and feeling experienced during the time he had slept.

He seemed to stand where the faint light of the Summer stars came through a small, arched window. On each side of him were rows of coffins bearing the name and age of the moldering forms, some of whom had been dust these many years.

Before one of these he stood, and even in the dim light, which scarcely revealed the outlines of different objects, the letters on the plate seemed perfectly distinct:

Theodora,
Well-beloved Wife
of
Harry Kensett.
Æt. 20.

Upon these words his eyes were riveted. As he gazed, the coffin-lid turned backward on its hinges, and the face of Dora appeared, no longer pale and marble-like in death, but arch and dimpled, with a radiant smile wreathing the sweet lips.

And as he stood, overcome with wonder at seeing her in such a place, she reached out her hands, saying:

"Come, Harry."

With the words yet ringing in his ears, he suddenly awoke.

And, as he sat upright in the easy-chair in which he had been reclining, and looked out into the starlit night, he heard the words again, further off this time, but clear and distinct:

"Come, Harry."

A sudden impulse which he could neither explain nor resist, seemed to urge him out into the garden in the direction from which the voice had seemed to proceed.

A moment later, and he found himself walking hurriedly along in the direction of the church, half inclined to resist the impulse which urged him onward, and yet walking on at a rapid pace, which he never slackened till he paused a moment in front of the little church, whose outlines looked weird and ghostlike in the faint starlight.

As he stood irresolute a moment, a faint cry from the vault underneath the church caused his heart to throb with terror.

Scarcely knowing why he did it, or, in fact, what he was doing, he burst open the locked door, which resisted his first efforts to open it, and descended the short flight of steps which led to the subterranean room used as a vault.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, it flashed upon him that this was the scene of which he had dreamed.

There was the dim outline of coffins ranged on either side, the white tablets gleaming in the semi-darkness around him.

At this moment the moon, hitherto obscured by clouds, shone forth in silvery glory for one moment only—the next the clouds swept over it again.

But in that one brief moment he saw—merciful God!—what was it?

Was it a spectre, or was it Theodora?

Theodora, sitting upright in her coffin, no longer rigid and ghastly in the pallor of death, but with the tints of life glowing on lip and cheek, and a look of wonder and fear in her childish blue eyes.

He darted forward, caught her in his arms, and bore her out of the damp, suffocating atmosphere into the fresh evening air, fragrant with the odor of clover-blossoms and flowery meadows.

The suddenness of the shock on finding herself in that horrible place had for a moment overcome her strength, and she lay in his arms in a death-like swoon, which lasted till he laid her on her own bed in the chamber from whence they had borne her robed for the tomb.

Dora Kensett lived many years after this, happy in the love of her faithful husband and the dutiful respect and affection of noble sons and blooming daughters, who grew up to call her blessed; and when at last she heard the inevitable summons, she obeyed the call as one who had proven the vanities of earth, and would gladly seek the glories of that land whose "splendor passeth not away."

THE CHAUDIERE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.

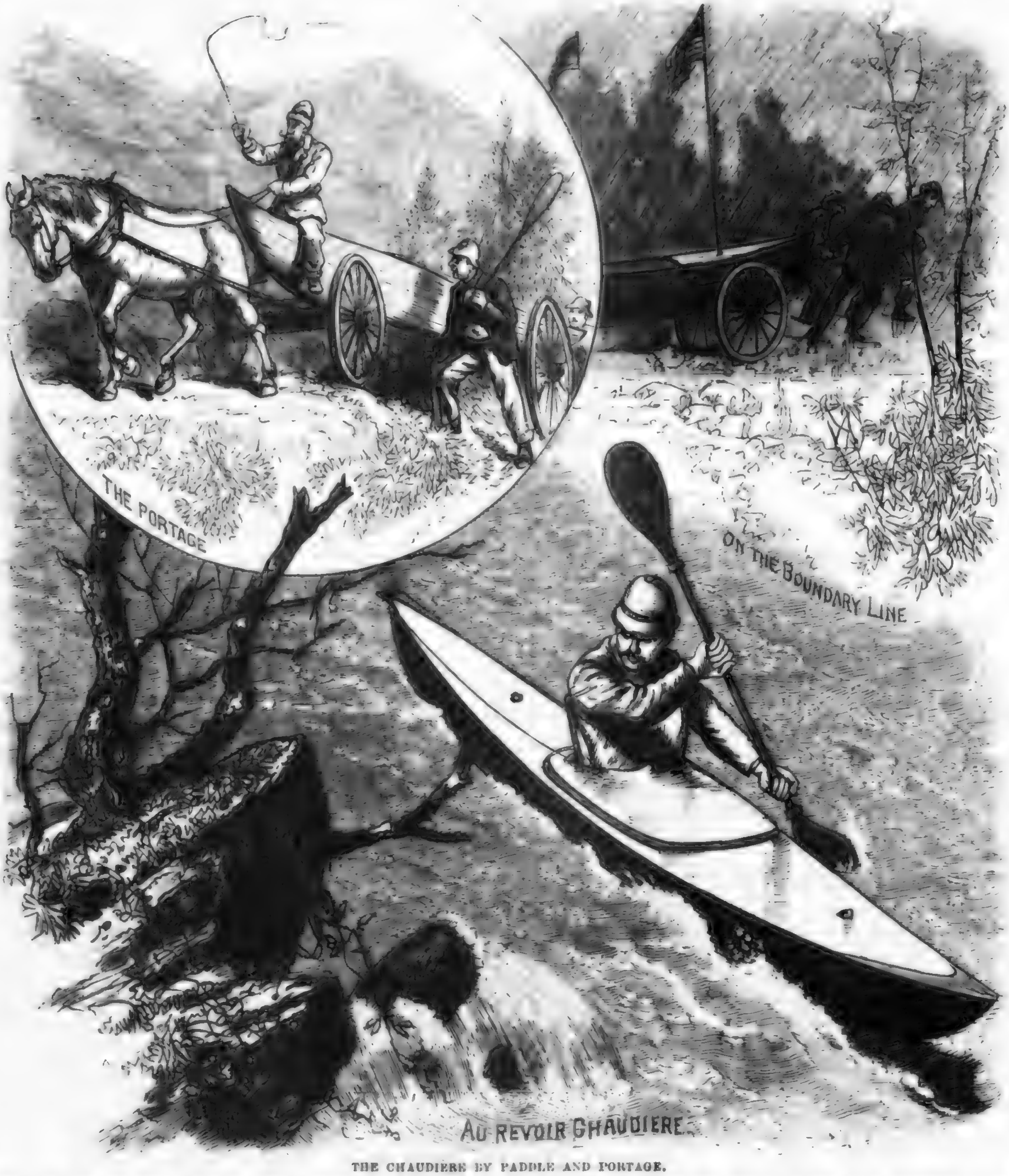
By Charles E. Chase.

The view from the summit of the bluffs that seem to be trying to crowd the little, unattractive town of Point Levis into the St. Lawrence, is one of rare loveliness. Across the river, that is here something over two miles wide, is the grand old City of Quebec—the Gibraltar of America. It is a city built upon a rock, and has been well described as an ancient Norman fortress, that, incased in amber, had been transported to Canada by magic. Along the water-front there are warehouses, and on the high bluffs beyond, the shops, residences, churches and fortifications. Overlooking the city, from the westward, is the citadel, a fortalice that stands on Cape Diamond—an abrupt rock battlement that rises from the water's edge—three hundred and forty-five feet above the river.

The river presents a scene of restless activity. Little puffing tugs are hurrying hither and thither, scurrying across the bows of antiquated, wheezing ferryboats, and leaving on the waves a zigzag line of white foam. Ocean ships and steamers are at anchor in the stream, and sailing craft, from lively open boats with main jib and dandy to ship-shape schooner yachts, are dashing along merrily. In the bays or coves under the bluffs there are great rafts, that have been floated down-stream from the forests in the interior. Along both banks of the river there is a methodical tangle of masts and rigging, enlivened by the flags of many nations, and here and there by a gorgeous display of nautical holiday attire. To the eastward is the Isle of Orleans, that once was known as Bacchus Island, because of its production of grapes.

Quebec is a unique city—a rich, populous town in the midst of a wilderness. A day's tramp to the northward the country is as wild as when Caron, Le Jeune and Madeleine de Chauvigny first landed. The country to the southward, I found, after diligent inquiry, was not a subject of local information. Local information, every cruising canoeist knows, is generally scanty and unreliable. In Quebec everybody knows everything relating to the city—its history, commerce, industries and geography—but nothing of the country outside. One said that there was a river, another that he believed there was a new railroad from Point Levis, and all the rest frankly declared that they knew nothing about it.

The canoe *Bubble*, with her crew of one, had accomplished the first half of her voyage. She left the City of



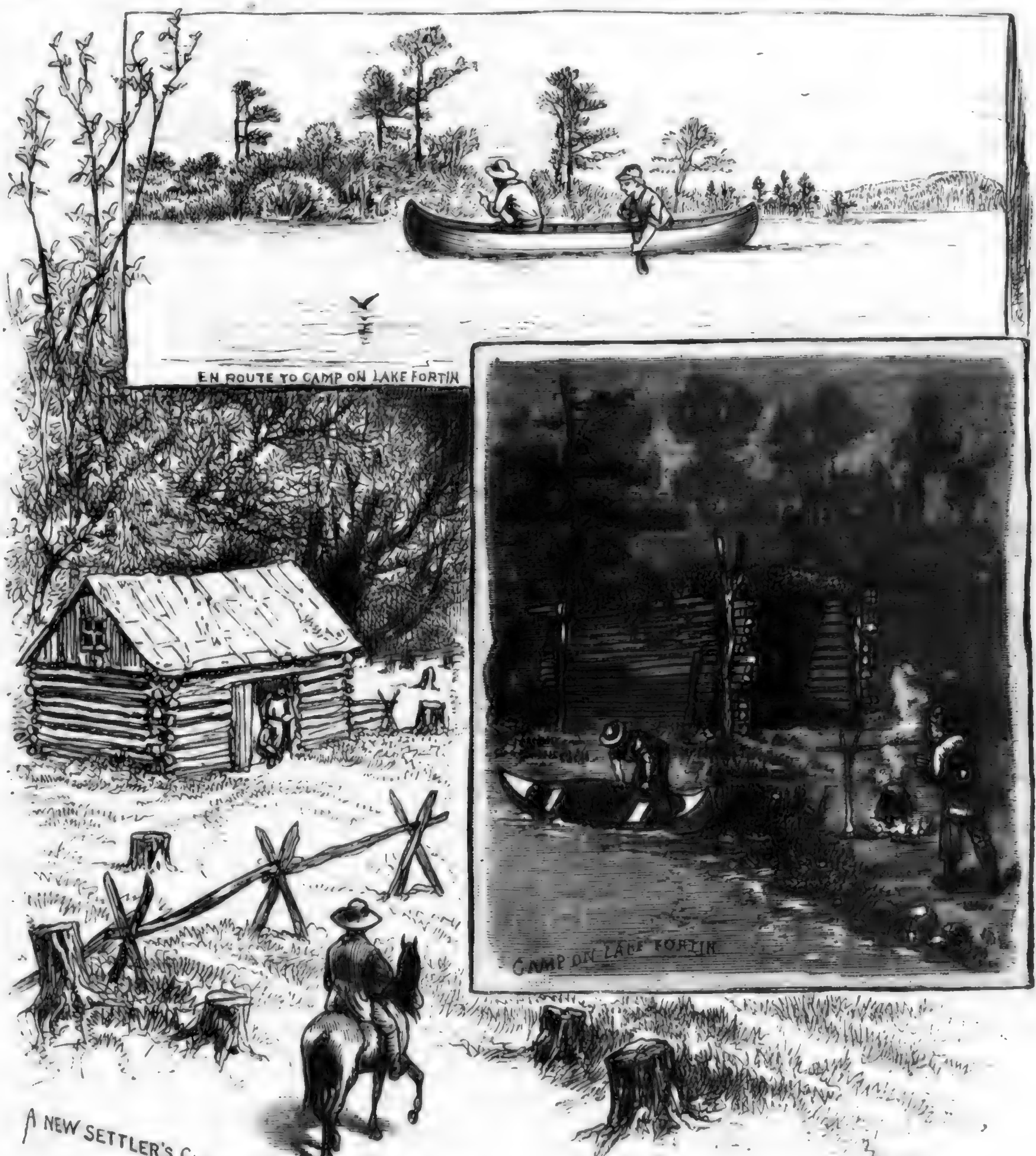
THE CHAUDIERE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.

New York in May, 1878, sailed and paddled up the Hudson River to Waterford, N. Y., thence *via* the Champlain Canal, Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River to the St. Lawrence, at Sorel, and thence down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The remaining half of the voyage was from Quebec to the headwaters of and down the Connecticut River, to and through Long Island Sound to New York. From Quebec to the headwaters of the Connecticut River the route was to be, as far as possible, through the valley of the Chaudière.

The name Chaudière—meaning *cauldron*—indicates the character of the river. It is the outlet of Lake Megantic, a picturesque sheet of water, on the north slope of the range of mountains that divides Western Maine from the Province of Quebec. Lake Megantic affords excellent fishing and hunting, and is the favorite resort of the Scotch-Canadian farmers. The Chaudière flows north about one hundred and twenty miles, and empties into the St. Lawrence seven miles above Quebec. Its average width is about four hundred yards. Its entire course is through a rocky, hilly and wooded country. Its current is rapid. Here and there it is forced through narrow gorges, forming picturesque falls and miniature cataracts. At rare intervals the water is smooth and deep, but the rips, rapids and falls give the river its distinctive character. About two and a half miles from its mouth it contracts somewhat, and plunges over a precipice one hundred feet high—a torrent that is first broken by projecting rocks, and then, sweeping everything before it, rushes over to the quiet water beneath. The Upper Chaudière Falls are at St. George, about seventy miles above, in a wild gorge. They have a sheer descent of about twelve feet, over irregular salient rocks, and are very picturesque. Below Scott's Junction the river is nearly an unbroken chain of rapids and falls, ranging from a few inches to ten feet in height. The Chaudière was discovered about three centuries ago, and, however little is known of it in Quebec, it was, a century ago, a thoroughfare from that city to the seaboard. An account of a journey from Quebec to the coast of Maine, made by Père Druillettes in 1646, by the Chaudière and Kennebec Rivers, is extant. It was through the valleys of these rivers that Benedict Arnold made his march, to join Montgomery, in 1775. The present commercial importance of the river is due to its lumber resources, and the cheap transportation for log-drives that it affords.

The Levis and Kennebec Railroad, now completed from Point Levis to St. Joseph—a distance of forty-five miles—it is proposed shall follow the old thoroughfare, and thus form a link between the Maine coast and the chief city of the Province.

The *Bubble* was ensconced in a car specially provided for her use, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon the train started for St. Joseph. It was a day in midsummer, but there was none of that oppressive sultriness that stifles one further south. The sun shone brightly, and lighted up everything, bringing out the fresh, warm colors of Summer in rare beauty. If a leaf, here and there, had been tinged with brown or yellow, it might have seemed a day in early Autumn. Nobody was in a hurry, and the train moved along contentedly at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, stops not included. It was just the country and just the day to enjoy in indolent content. It is not grand, but the rolling hills, covered with forest or carpeted with rich green grass, and the long reaches of valley and intervale, possess in a high degree the charms of the picturesque. Climate, the fertility of the soil, and the scenery, all combine to render it an attractive



THE CHAUDIÈRE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.

country. The Summers are delightful, and the Winters healthful, even if they are rugged.

The wars between England and France for Canada have been contemptuously alluded to as contests for a few acres of snow. The very name Canada signifies "nothingness." La Potherie says that, on the arrival of Jacques Cartier, the Indians frequently pronounced the words, "*Acanata,*" that mean "Nothing here." Others maintain that it is derived from *kanata,* a collection of huts. All this is mere misnomer, and might, no less warrantably, have been applied to either of the Eastern States. Canada is rich in all the material elements of great national prosperity, except a progressive population. The aggressive energy and intelligence that has made the prosperity of the United States may yet give to Canada a first place among nations.

The Chaudière is one of the smaller rivers of the Dominion, but it affords a water-power that is in no degree inferior to that of the Merrimac.

At St. Joseph, the voyage under paddle was resumed, and, after two miles of work against the current, I landed before the house of a *habitant*—a veritable type of an important class of the population of Canada. Short in stature; a wrinkled, stolid, but good-natured face; a guttural voice, that seemed to have been attuned for an abominable *patois* that bears about the same relation to language that the croaking of a frog bears to the warblings of a nightingale; clad in coarse, home-made stuff—for the Canadian peasant produces nearly everything he requires, even tea and tobacco; adorned with the *bonnet-rouge,* a knit red woolen fool's-cap; and shod with the *bottes sauvages,* moccasins with boot-tops—he presents an artistic study. He is stubborn to the last degree, as conservative as he is stubborn, simply because he is ignorant. Personal cleanliness is one of the virtues that he has not assiduously cultivated. He is as honest as mankind generally, and, above all, thoroughly hospitable—a quality that is especially commendable because he is poor in purse. He is rigidly devoted to his religious faith.

In the rural districts the churches are far apart, often fifteen miles, thus giving to each an extent of country equal in area to a county. Each church is like the others—large and often expensively adorned, but chiefly noticeable for its glaring tin-covered roof and spire, that in the day-time is a beacon that can be seen for miles around. The church at St. François, shown in the sketch, was reached after vigorous dragging and paddling against the stream, that was broken by rocks and snags. On Sunday, the people for miles around congregate at the church. Notices of auctions and other noticeable events are given by the parish clerk, after service, from a sort of pulpit-box that stands near the church. The curé exercises an almost absolute authority. He is the mutual friend, the arbiter and adviser of the peasant class. He is more powerful than the Dominion officers, because he governs the consciences of his people. He is a powerful friend, but woe to the luckless peasant who incurs his displeasure.

The feudal system was early established in Canada, and the lands along the Chaudière are now to a large extent held of "seigneurs." The seigneur receives a nominal rent, beyond which he has little or no interest in the land. In 1854, the seigneuries in certain districts were abolished, compensation being made to the persons beneficially interested.

At the foot of Devil's Rapids, about two miles above St. François and fifty-seven from Point Levis, the *Bubble* was landed, and her crew, hungry from hard work, speedily made comfortable by a hospitable English family—the only English-speaking family within a circle of twelve miles.

There are days that, even in the rush and hurry of an everyday busy life, are remembered gratefully—days that bring no care, but come freighted with pleasure. Such days are too short; and such were my ten days at the English home on the Chaudière. The fishing; the dinners on the rocks at the foot of the rapids; the excursions to the gorge and the upper falls; the camping parties, and the delightful evenings, are treasured memories that are freshened without the aid of the *Bubble's* log.

The Chaudière and the lakes in its vicinity afford the angler rare sport. Lake Fortin nestles among the hills, and was reached by a buckboard journey—more tramping than riding—of ten miles, over a rough and often very hilly road. At rare intervals we passed peasant houses. There were forests in all directions, and now and then a rough clearing, made by a new settler.

The life of the pioneer settler of Canada would be to any other than a stolid, sturdy and ambitious peasantry a life of hardships and privations, without the promise of adequate rewards. The Canadian settler often begins with nothing save his land, that has been purchased at a nominal price. His neighbors help him, with their labor, in making a clearing and building a small log hut. From one he borrows a few boards, from another an old window-sash, perhaps. All lend him something, and upon a credit of six months or a year he buys at the nearest store a few nails and household utensils. Tables, chairs and other such articles of household use he makes, borrows or buys on long credit. What he borrows he returns, and unlike some of his more luxurious neighbors, what he buys he pays for.

The out-of-door recreations in Canada are not confined to Summer. Tobogganing, snowshoeing, fishing, hunting and camping are popular Winter pastimes. *Cabanes* are built by camping parties of logs, and beds made on the ground of fresh *sapan* boughs.

The section of country drained by the Upper Chaudière is rich in mineral resources. This is true of its tributaries, the Gilbert, Famine and Du Loup. Extensive gold-mining operations have been in progress near St. François for several years, and are now conducted under the management of William P. Lockwood, Esq. Those mines are now yielding paying returns. Labor is cheap, and fuel and water abundant.

At St. François it was determined to portage the canoe on a buckboard to Wheeler's Mills, on Hall's Stream, one of the upper tributaries of the Connecticut River, a distance of one hundred and six miles. The ascent of the river above St. François must largely be made by towing against a strong and often shallow current, over a rocky bed, and involves a number of portages or carries that cannot be easily made by the solitary voyager.

It therefore became necessary to hire a horse, and I entered into negotiations with a Kanuck peasant. I have the most profound respect for the Kanuck peasant, and a vivid remembrance of my obligations to him for courtesies that added much to the pleasure of my voyage. I admire him for his abundant good humor, and more for his hospitality; but candor compels the admission that he is terribly prone to drive a profitable bargain.

Seventy-five cents per day was the price charged for his nag—just fifty per cent. above the usual rate. The habitant, however, had a monopoly of the market, and I was compelled to submit to an extortion of one dollar—a sum, I have since concluded, about equal to the value of the horse.

The Kanuck horse, like his owner, has a distinctive character—a character even more stubborn and perverse. It may have been because he had no knowledge of the English language; but when I addressed to that nag a *whoa!* respectful or otherwise, he resolutely turned out of the road, with the evident purpose of dragging buckboard, canoe and driver over the rocks, and finally throwing them over the fence. One evening we erred in judgment and treated our nag to oats, and next morning it was with difficulty that we prevented his killing himself and demolishing wagon and canoe in his wild antics.

I was accompanied on this portage by Mr. Arthur Lockwood and Mr. James Drummond. Our route was through a hilly country, and often over rough roads. We passed through the towns of Tring, Adstock, Forsyth, Winslow, Lingwick, Bury, Newport, Eaton, Clifton, and Hereford. Some of the villages are attractive, others nothing more than collections of huts. At Lampton, we caught a glimpse of Lake St. Francis. It was about ten miles to the southward of Lake St. Francis that we encountered a party of frontiersmen returning from a fishing excursion. There are—charitable liberality dictates the admission—two classes of dwellers upon the frontier: the one not differing essentially from the good people of the interior, the other so far different to them that its existence anywhere, save on the boundary line between two countries that are chary of extradition, would be hazardous and uncongenial. It may be that the great criminals do not live near the boundary line between the United States and Canada; but some of the dwellers thereabouts number among their blessings the fact that transit from the United States is a matter of minutes and brisk running only. The judgment passed by a traveler, that these frontier people "are neither one thing nor the other," may express the political tendencies, but it fails to describe the moral character. It may be that there can be no condition of total moral depravity, but it is approached by the class of frontier dwellers to which I allude. Thoroughly selfish and unprincipled, with the modicum of intelligence and cunning, they are naturally petty smugglers and thieves. They are inhospitable to the last degree—indeed, the canoeist may congratulate himself if a sharp watch enables him to keep his outfit intact. The fishing party embraced certain types of this class. One of them—a fugitive from justice, with a circumlocution that was as characteristic as it was distrustful—broached to the navigator of the *Bubble* a coöperative counterfeit-money scheme, that, as I was informed, had been evolved only by a year's planning.

It should not be assumed that all, or even the greater part, of the people along the border line are of this order. There is a large and thrifty class, but it is undoubtedly true that near the boundary line the traveler meets fewer genial, hospitable people than in the interior. A Vermont farmer will graciously provide the canoeist with supper, lodging and breakfast for about fifty cents—often without charge if permitted to do so—while the average border dweller will sullenly refuse to sell him a loaf of bread, a measure of potatoes, or a quart of milk.

There were brisk showers every day, and we were drenched by each of them. It is not enough to say that the country is picturesque. From the summits of many of the hills over which we passed we commanded a view fifty miles in extent—a view of grand hills and mountains clothed with forests primeval.

At about forty miles north of Wheeler's Mills the tourist parts with the French-Canadian peasant and meets the thrifty Scotch farmer. The line between the two classes is sharply drawn, and is indicated by the difference in the appearance of their farms. The former class is inert and conservative, the latter aggressive, enterprising, and frugal.

The last ten miles of the portage was through dense forest, the trees of which formed an unbroken arch over our heads. We stabled our jaded nag, and drew the canoe over to a cheery farmhouse on the New Hampshire side of Hall's Stream, delighted by the happy ending of the long portage, and our sonorous rendering of "Yankee Doodle" as we crossed the boundary line. It was raining vigorously, but our ardor was not dampened, if our jackets were.

Next morning the *Bubble* was re-stowed, launched on Hall's Stream, and under paddle began her voyage down the Connecticut River—a voyage of about eight hundred miles. From Quebec she had been railroaded forty-five miles, paddled fourteen, and carted one hundred and six. The fifteen days had been exceptionally pleasant, and it was regretfully that we dipped the paddle into the rapid stream, and said, "Au revoir, Chaudière."

MORGAN, "THE THUNDERBOLT"

SOME TRACES OF THE MAN.

By J. Esten Cooke.

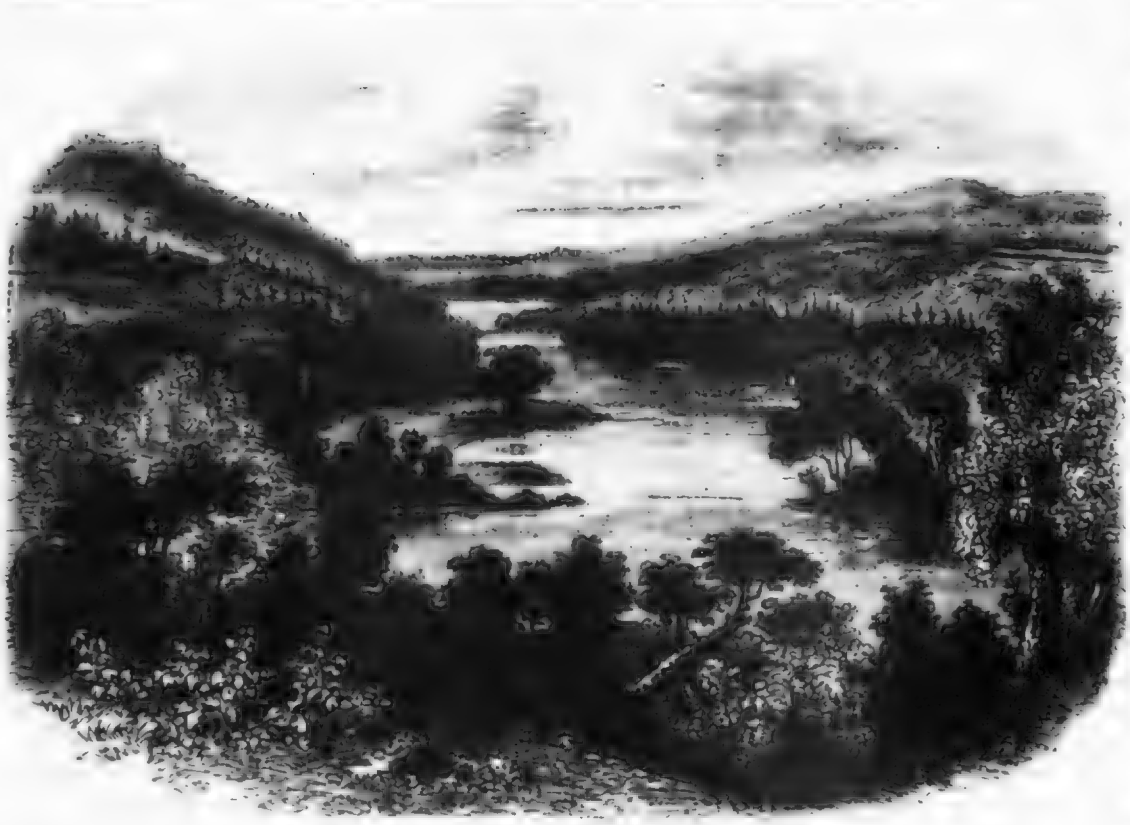
Morgan was one of the men who made the American Republic a possibility. He has his statue at last, and the centennial celebration of his victory at the Cowpens. He was a great man in his trade of war, and a remarkable man personally. Some anecdotes of him are here collected, gathered from the traditions of the neighborhood in which he lived. In an age of political tricks, Star Route scandals and tempests in a teapot, it is good to recall the men who figured in the real tempest of the Revolution.

Morgan spent most of his life in the Valley of the Shenandoah—and the country is full of personal recollections of him. He was tall, athletic, and famous in his youth for pugilism and rough-and-tumble encounters. The town of Berryville is still called *Battletown*, from the fist fights at court sessions there, in which Morgan was the leader. He afterward became a very different man, but his fighting blood cropped out first in this manner.

He was a native of New Jersey, and of plain origin, it is stated. He moved to the Shenandoah Valley in his youth, and began life as a wagoner, an important business before the advent of railroads, when the ample produce of the valley was transported to the seaboard in large "road wagons," drawn by six horses. Thus the youth of the famous general passed, until the times of Braddock. Then the valley region was in a flame. Hard-swearing General Braddock, red of face and testy of temper, came to intimidate the French at Duquesne. Morgan drove one of his wagons on that fatal march through the "Great Woods," toward what is now Pittsburg: and here we come upon the first historic incident of his career. Some accident happened to the wagon-train. Morgan's wagon blocked the road, and a British officer drew his sword, it is said, and struck the young driver with the flat of it. Thereupon the hot blood of the Battletown pugilist flamed out. He used the most convenient instrument of defense, his heavy wagon-whip, "thrashed" the Britisher, and was, in consequence, court-martialed, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes.

The punishment was inflicted, but Morgan, with his grim humor, always added that they kept bad count. He received, he said, "only four hundred and ninety-nine, and still owed the British one." For these cuts with a whip Burgoyne and Tarleton afterward paid.

When the Revolution came, Washington had gone to



SCENE ON THE CHAUDIÈRE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 147.

Boston, and the Virginians of the valley thought they ought to go and help him. Morgan sounded the slogan, and the men of the border around Winchester flocked at his summons. A battalion was soon ready, stout frontiersmen in fringed hunting-shirts, with Patrick Henry's words, "Liberty or Death!" on their breasts in white letters. They set out at the word, traversed the seaboard, and came in sight of the American lines at Boston, one evening, at the moment when Washington was riding out. At sight of the hunters in their familiar Virginia costume, the General suddenly halted. Morgan advanced quickly, saluted, and said, briefly: "From the right bank of the Potomac, General."

Washington dismounted quickly, and met the men with flushed face and tears in his eyes. Without speaking, he went along the line, shaking hands in turn with every hunter, after which he mounted his horse again and rode on.

Morgan was thenceforward a hard fighter in the Northern and Southern battles to the end. His martial figure looms up on many occasions, conspicuously at Quebec, where he led the assault on the St. Roche bastion, on the east side of the old city, near the gate in the ramparts which pleasure-seekers, arriving by steamer, pass through to-day. Montgomery, at *Près de ville*, on the cliff side, fell mortally wounded; Morgan was captured. He had led the assault with reckless courage, and the British commander, struck with his nerve, offered him a commission if he would join them. The reply of the young ex-wagoner showed the spirit of the man.

It came to the point at once.

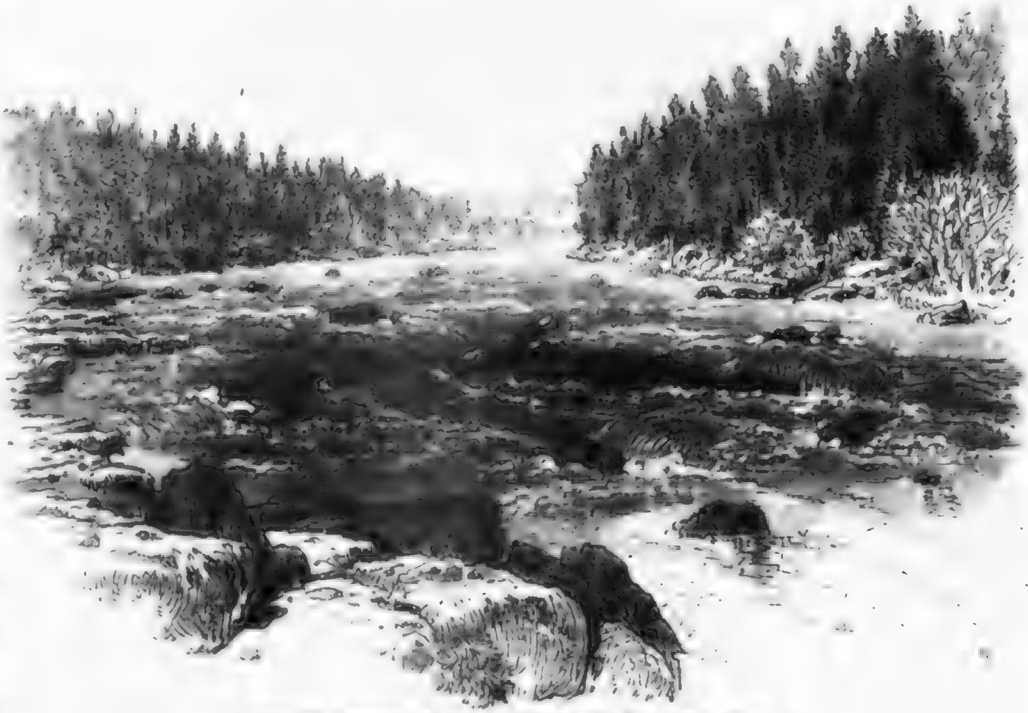
"I hope," he said, "that you will never again insult me in my distressed and unfortunate situation, by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a rascal!"

That was the not uncertain sound of the good old times, when men could not be bought. Now, we have changed all that.

In due time, the moment came for Morgan to give people on his own side a touch of his quality. The battle of Saratoga was fought; Burgoyne surrendered, and the star of Gates rose to its zenith. That unenterprising and second-rate commander, General Washington, was doing nothing in the Jerseys, the Gates men said: therefore, a new commander-in-chief—the victorious Gates! Morgan, among others, was sounded—would he join the cabal? If so, his fortune was made. His reply was once more to the point, his voice stern, as he made it:

"I have one favor to ask of you," he said—"which is, never to mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man but Washington as commander-in-chief will I ever serve!"

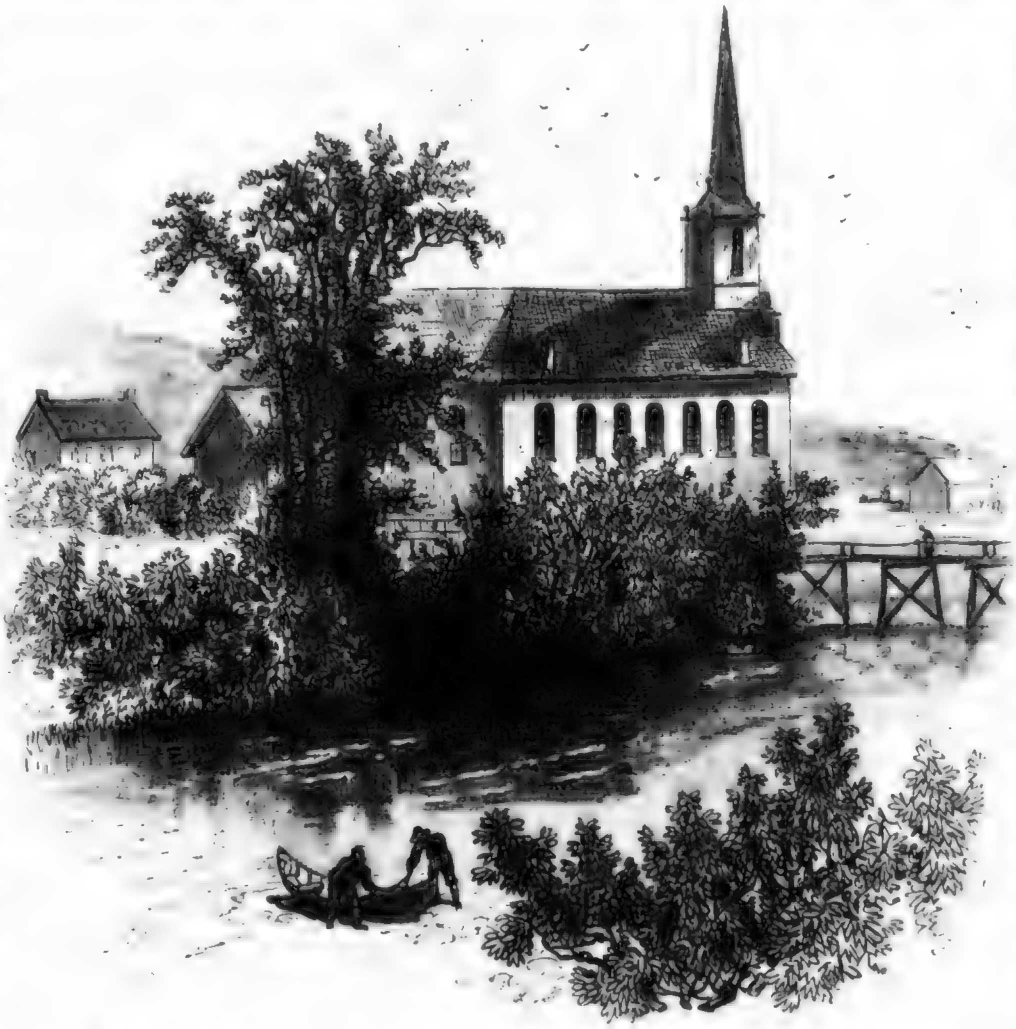
In fact, the ex-wagoner had the perverse obstinacy to



DEVIL'S RAPIDS AT ST. FRANÇOIS, CHAUDIÈRE RIVER.

refuse on all occasions to sell himself. He was a poor man, but would not be bought by British enemies or American conspirators. After his succinct responses, he was no doubt let alone, as a cross-grained stickler for abstractions.

After a while, Morgan came to the South, and made a great name in history by overthrowing Tarleton at the Cowpens. It was a very great blow to the enemy, and struck them in their hour of pride, when they were flushed with success. Tarleton was a good soldier, but a vainglorious young fellow, as well as mercilessly cruel. "Tarleton's quarter" was proverbial—it meant the edge of the sabre. When he was not killing, he was burning; and he pursued Morgan, thirsting for blood—his only fear that the Americans would get away from him At the Cowpens, he came up with Morgan, and the result was comic. Toward sunset, Tarleton was driven in rout from the field, with Morgan's cavalry on his rear, cutting at him with the sabre. It was an important affair, and Morgan deserved his victory. He went into action like one of the old Ironsides of Cromwell, which was not a bad way. When his line was formed, he left his men, rode into the woods, and dismounting, knelt down and prayed in the bulky top of a fallen tree. He said he felt that he required help, and looked for it where he thought he could find it. Colonel Tarleton would no doubt have laughed at the figure of the kneeling soldier, if he had seen it; but then, by sunset, the laugh was on the side of Morgan.



THE CHAUDIÈRE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.—THE CHURCH AT ST. FRANÇOIS.—SEE PAGE 147.

When the war ended, Morgan was a famous man, and sat in Congress, which had given him a medal for the Cowpens. He came to live in his old neighborhood, in the Shenandoah Valley here; and, curiously enough, a little lower down, near the banks of the Opequon, lived—or rusted away—his old tempter, General Gates, overthrown at Camden, within cannon-sound of the Cowpens; and near Gates, General Charles Lee, whose star went down at Monmouth. People had quite forgotten these two famous Britons, but remembered the wagoner.

In the pleasant Millwood region, through which he had driven his six strong wagon-horses, with jingling bells above their necks, Daniel Morgan now purchased real estate, and set up his nest. His tall figure often passed on horseback to the old stone mill below the village, which took its name from it; or going to Berryville, in country parlance "Battletown"—lingering reminiscences of his fist-fighting propensities in the days of his youth. The home which he proceeded to build, near a superb spring, on a hill, ringed round with mountains, he called "Saratoga." The name is said to have been his grim protest against the claim of Gates that *he* had won that battle. It was *his* victory (Morgan's), and he thus put facts on record. Either this was his motive, or he named the place Saratoga from the fact that it was built by Hessian prisoners captured at the battle. A number of these were in cantonment at Winchester, some miles distant, and the American general utilized them to build his house. Of what followed tradition keeps the record. The Hessians, for whom the Americans had an especial hatred, were compelled to carry the huge stones, it is said, on their shoulders, from the Opequon quarries. Beside the burly toilers, perspiring, and no doubt muttering guttural anathemas, rode the stern old *militaire* on horseback, who consoled them with the notification that, "If they did not work they should not eat; the country could not afford to feed idlers." Thus the work proceeded.

Having built his Saratoga home, the general became a good planter. It is standing still, and I visited it yesterday—a solid edifice, of pure stones, admirably joined together, with a dining-room about thirty feet in length, thick walls, old-fashioned wood-work, and confronting the blue range of the Ridge, seen through brilliant foliage across emerald fields. Here Morgan lived during his latter years, but he finally died in Winchester, where he either resided or was on a visit.

It was an august end he made. The last scenes of his life, and the man's utterances, give a clear indication of the controlling traits of character which had gone to make up his strong career.

The term *strong* forces itself upon the pen, in fact, in writing of Morgan. But under the strength, the sternness, and what seemed the rough fibre, of the soldier, was something much more engaging. He was a devoutly pious man. The zest of life was still powerful in him, and on his very death-bed he murmured:

"To be twenty again I would be willing to be stripped naked and *hunted through the Blue Ridge with wild dogs!*"

But in spite of this exclamation (which I have on the best authority as actually made by him), he did not cling to life from any doubt of another existence. The strong men of that day seem to have had either no time or no desire to become agnostics or moral nihilists. They believed as they fought—vigorously. "Old Morgan," as he called himself, stated his views distinctly on religious subjects, and as to his own courage, or want of it. Probably no one then living would have brought the charge of timidity against a man known as the "Thunderbolt of the Revolution," but he brought it himself.

"People thought that Daniel Morgan never prayed," he said, in his old age; "they said that Old Morgan never was afraid. They did not know. Old Morgan was often *miserably afraid!*

"On the night of the storming of Quebec, in the deep darkness," he went on, "he felt his heart sink, and going aside, knelt down by one of the cannon, and prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defense."

When he had thus made his prayer he took the front, and led the St. Roche bastion assault—the most reckless of all. At the Cowpens, as stated above, he repeated the same ceremony, and this, also, he often alluded to.

He died at sixty-seven, in the year 1802. In this three-quarters of a century we have got so far off from the Revolution that reading of the times and the men is like an excursion into antiquity. But, after all, such excursions are not a waste of time. The antique faith and devotion to principle in the men of that age are wholesome to contemplate. It is the fashion to denounce it as an era of class, and to rejoice that we have got rid of all that vanity. Was it? This man was a poor farm-laborer and wagoner, and he made a fame which many English nobles would be glad to enjoy. His honesty and his courage were his glory in the generation he belonged to, and are his greater glory now; for history and men's memories forget the exterior to look to what is beneath—to the brave heart, not the gold lace; to the pure gold, that is to say, not to the tinsel.

HANNAH WETHERELL'S CHICKENS.

HANNAH WETHERELL was a tailoress; and here, with my hand upon the key that shall unlock this quaint old story of a bygone generation, permit me to pause and marvel once again at the singular and incongruous dispensation that so constantly links, or linked (for the tailoress *pure et simple* is fast joining the dodo, the mastodon, the child, and other extinct races)—linked with this most ungraceful of feminine occupations a destiny of the most romantic, the most sentimental, poetic and picturesque. Proof! Will you have it? In this little village where I write to-day has lately died an ancient tailoress, deaf, purblind, lame, and most unlovely of appearance, who, ages ago, as tradition saith, was a fresh and fair young maiden, full of delicious hopes and anticipations—for was she not betrothed to the lover of her choice, with consent and approbation of all parties concerned, the little new home prepared, and the pretty outfit ready?

Sitting and singing at her needle one bright Summer afternoon, putting the last delightful, lingering stitches in her wedding-dress, she heard hasty footsteps, looked up to meet the white, scared face of a breathless messenger, who panted out the news that her lover, bathing in the river, had been seized with sudden cramp, and drowned before help could reach him. Even as he spoke, the footsteps of those who carried the dead boy to his home paused upon the threshold, that his betrothed might, if she chose, bid him Godspeed upon his journey.

Rising, without a tear or a word, the girl carefully secured her needle to the spot where she had just set one of those last stitches, folded the garment, and laid it by. Then she went out, and kissed her lover's cold lips, and at last fell in a merciful swoon beside his body.

Somehow, she never quite emerged from that swoon, but moved all her days in a dreamy, absent, and far-off atmosphere of her own—an air that common folk called odd, and cracked, and queer, but in which others saw and revered the seal of a great calamity and an unbroken tie. The needle remained thrust into the muslin as she had placed it while her lover waited at the door; and, as the years went on, the muslin yellowed and the needle rusted, and the girl, toiling at her ungraceful task, grew yellow and rusty, too; but none the less was an excellent workwoman, and a welcome guest in the lonely farmhouses, or scattered village dwellings, where she wrought and gossiped in a quaint, absent manner all her own.

Born and lived and died, also, in this little town of ours was another tailoress, who shaped and made garments for more than one patron to whom Fame has since fitted more enduring, and, it may be, more graceful robes, but who do not, therefore, cease to hold their ancient Sartora in smiling and gracious remembrance. Very poor in this world's goods were she and hers, but rich in traditions, for her ancestor, cadet of a titled English house, came to America, purchased and held all this country-side, and rode his imported horses, and pursued his imported field-sports, over more territory than his patient descendant traversed in all her yearly rounds of ill-paid toil.

Another tailoress is reported, who went to work for the little son of a wealthy and aristocratic widower, who, before her week's engagement was over, found himself so charmed by her quiet and capable manner, not to mention a pretty face and form, that he offered her his hand with a heart in it, was accepted, and married, all between the two Sundays.

But without pausing to pick up precedent, let us return to Hannah Wetherell, who, as has been said, was also a tailoress, aged twenty-two, handsome as Judith—the Judith of Holofernes—quick, emphatic; in brief, to adopt the vernacular, "smart as a steel-trap," quite alone in the world, except her needle and the silver shield she wore upon her little finger (the middle one was garnished with an iron thimble, open at the top—badge of the tailoress), and asking no better sword or buckler to fight the battle of life.

Besides these, and an admirable business circle, Hannah Wetherell possessed two gifts of heaven, in the shape of a female friend and a lover, to whom she expected to be married so soon as he should reach the rank of captain in the Levantine merchant service, where he now served as mate. His name was Mark Endicott, his stature six generous feet, his face as darkly handsome as Hannah's own, his muscles strong as iron, and his heart weak as—well, as weak as those of other men under temptation.

As for the friend, Molly Jocelyn by name, she was an undeniably pretty girl of the pure blonde type, yellow hair, skin of milk and roses, thin lips, a little pale, especially when contrasted with Hannah Wetherell's gorgeous flower of a mouth; and shallow, shifty blue eyes, set a little too near together for artistic beauty. In person she was little, but shaped with that soft, appealing grace that men love better than pure symmetry, and her hands and arms were fit for the model of a Hebe.

Only daughter and petted darling of her parents—rich farmer-people in the outskirts of the town—Molly had never been allowed, much less desired, to soil those pretty hands at work; and education not being one of the absolute needs of that time and place, she spent most of her time in fashioning adornments for her own dear person, or in flitting to and from the town, and in and out of nearly all the houses in it. Following some unconscious law of counterparts, this bright little butterfly had elected Hannah Wetherell—stern, strong, brave, and outspoken Hannah Wetherell—as her chosen friend and constant companion, when such companionship was possible; and to make it more so, often induced her mother to send for the tailoress to rip and turn and repair garments declared by the thrifty housewife to be not really worth the outlay. "But then, if you want her, Molly, lawful sakes, do go and get her," was the usual end of the argument, and Molly gleefully obeyed.

And now Mark Endicott was at home, after an absence of near a year and a half, and with such good hopes touching the captaincy, that he bade Hannah look out her wedding-gear, and be ready for the parson at an hour's notice, for the choice lay between himself and another, and he knew well enough which the owners favored. So Hannah, still pursuing her toil by day, at night worked furiously at turning her earnings into the outfit her ambitious love determined to carry to her new home, until outraged nature began to protest against the double burden, and the hollow cheeks, dim eyes, and slight frown contracting the heavy brows, showed that even the magnificent health on which the girl had relied to carry her safely through, was beginning to fail her.

Her beauty, too, was sadly withered, and, strong as her nature was, the bride-expectant was woman enough to fret a little over this loss; consoling herself, however, with the thought that, "when all was settled," she should soon recover the vanished bloom and roundness, and that, meantime, "Mark wouldn't mind"; and I suppose there may be men who would not have minded, but Mark was not one of these.

"Two weeks out at the Jocelyn farm, and then all my engagements are over," said Hannah to her lover, as he waited upon her home from Deacon Brewster's, when she had, as the good deaconess said, "done up those poor boys for the last time."

"All but your engagement to me, Hannah—that won't be over this some time yet," replied Mark. And then she bade him come to see her every evening at the Jocelyns', and he playfully inquired if she dared trust him so near pretty Molly before they two were fast wed; and she, with sudden gravity, answered:

"Better before than after, Mark, if there was any danger." And then, smiling grandly, "But I won't insult you with such talk, or such thoughts, either, dear."

Now, this one word "dear" was as much from Hannah Wetherell as another woman's passionate embrace, and so her lover knew it, and went away with a thrill of triumph and delight at his heart, that turned the Winter night, with all its frosty stars, into a grand illuminated jubilee in honor of his love.

The next day Molly, bright and pretty as a snowbird, drove in the old horse and sleigh, and brought home Hannah, with all the clumsy paraphernalia of her trade, insisting, also, upon including what remained undone of the bridal preparations.

"For you know," said she, "there will be ever so many odd minutes, when mother is deciding whether Tom's jacket, or Billy's trousers, or Jacky's waistcoat is to be turned, or cut over, or what not, that you can work for yourself; and then, too, I can give you some notions that never entered your grave old head, nor never would, Miss Sobersides."

"If your mother pays for my time I sha'n't use it in working for myself; and as for your notions, Miss Pert, maybe I'd be all the better without them," replied Hannah, gayly; and so the two girls drove down the sunny village street, the sleigh creaking and jingling, the old horse nodding his clumsy head, and Molly Jocelyn's silvery laughter ringing sweet and clear upon the frosty morning air.

The two weeks passed, and the third began, yet Hannah Wetherell still lingered at the Jocelyn farm; for, the tailoring work over, Molly had insisted upon her friend's remaining with her to finish the wedding outfit, and Hannah consented, not that she cared much now to work at the clothes that had been so precious to her while she stole hours from necessary sleep to devote to them, or that she enjoyed the gay hospitality of the farmhouse, as she used to do, but because — well, you know, she said once, "Better before than after, if there was any danger"; and although she had not yet confessed to herself that the danger was upon her, she would not shrink from probing the possibility to the very depths.

So she remained, and day by day, and evening by evening, Mark Endicott found reason for presenting himself at the farm, sometimes in a sleigh, upon whose one seat he declared there was ample room for three; sometimes with an invitation for the two girls to attend a dance, a "sing," a quilting, or a husking, anywhere within ten miles; sometimes to propose a "candy scrape" in the great, clean kitchen, which buxom Mrs. Jocelyn abandoned to their use, with only the petition:

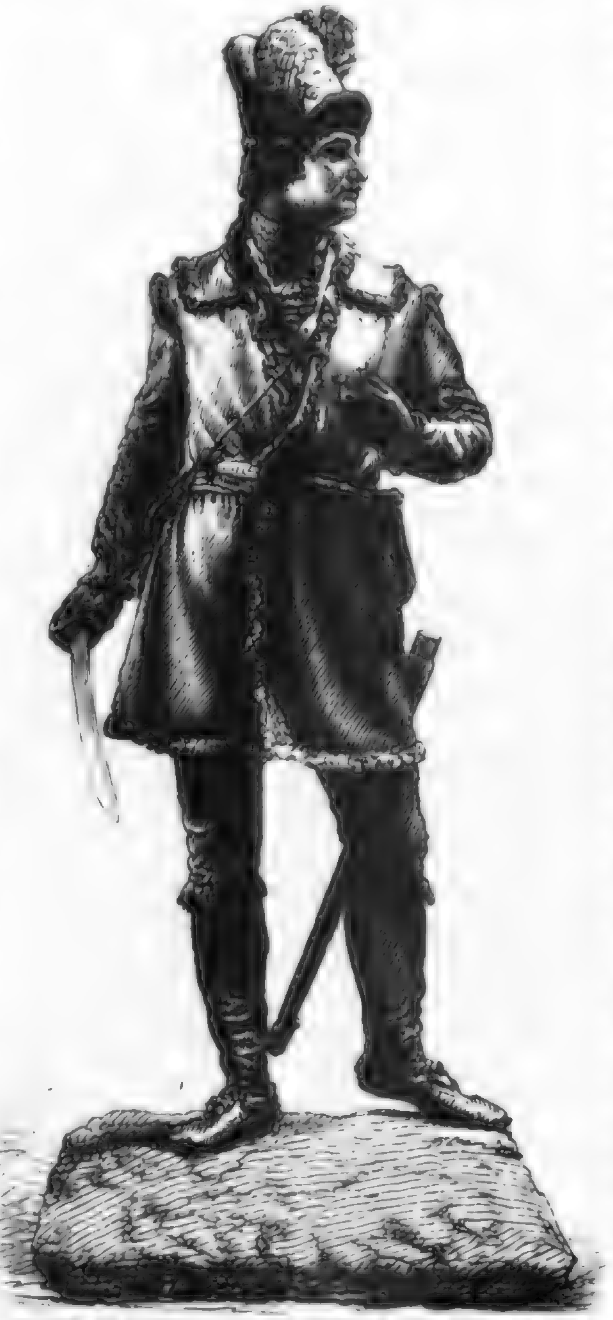
"Then have it all your own way, only don't gorm up *everything* in the house."

But at last came a morning when Hannah Wetherell could not rise from her bed, after a night of feverish restlessness and snatches of dream-haunted sleep. A headache was the feminine abridgment of a story she would not have told in its fullness for anything that good, prying Mrs. Jocelyn could have offered; and as for Molly, she accepted the headache without a question, and lightly promised to tell Mark that he mustn't plague her with too much courting that afternoon, for quiet was the best medicine in the world for a headache. To this the patient made no answer, nor even opened the dark-ringed eyes, closed so tightly against the light, and Molly went softly away, a little frown upon her brow, and a smile that had no mirth in it upon her pale rose lips.

And here I must explain a point of domestic economy, out of date now, but which, as your grandmother, if she came from the country, will tell you was in full force when she was a girl. The square room, sometimes called the fore room, of a farmhouse at that day was also the guest-chamber, and held in one corner a huge, four-posted bedstead, piled with feather-beds, and covered with a quilt, elaborately pieced, of red and blue broadcloth; the blue being generally a piece fulled and dyed for the express purpose, and the red being the remnant of the housewife's grandmother's scarlet cloak; for even our grandmothers had grandmothers also, and then grandmothers wore scarlet broadcloth cloaks, and gave a pretty penny for them, too, the reign of shoddy and cotton wraps not having then commenced.

Such a room, such a bed and such a quilt were part of the Jocelyn belongings, and Hannah, after the first week, when she shared Molly's room and bed, had elected to occupy this stately lodging by herself. And so it came about that Mark Endicott, who had been at the farm all the afternoon, and spoken softly several times to Hannah without receiving any reply, sat himself down beside the fire in her room after tea, to spend the evening with Molly for his companion.

The conversation began, as was natural, with comments upon the invalid, and Molly absently remarked that Hannah was so ambitious she'd work herself to death rather than not be earning something. This view of the case grated a little upon the lover's feelings, and rising, he went to the bedside, and stood looking down at the rigid and pallid features of the sleeping girl. Molly came presently and stood beside him, and, stooping, smoothed the loose black hair, whispering :


STATUE OF GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN, THE HERO OF THE BATTLE OF COWPENS.—SEE PAGE 151.

"Hannah! Hannah! Are you awake?"

No reply; and Mark softly removed the white hand from among the tangled hair, whispering in turn :

"She's asleep—don't wake her!"

But why should he hold that little hand in his?

"Did you ever see any one change so as she has?" began Molly again. "Just see how sunken her cheeks are, and how dry and black her lips have grown; and those great hollows round her eyes! Wrinkled, too! Why, she's growing an old woman before her time!"

"Come, let's go and sit down by the fire, Molly. Sleep is her best medicine—poor Hannah!" and still holding those clinging fingers, Mark Endicott led his companion back, and seated her close beside the fire. An hour later, Hannah awoke without noise or movement, and opening her weary eyes, fixed them, at first unconsciously, upon those two beside the blazing hearth. At first unconsciously, but presently with an agony of comprehension that seemed to set their dark depths on fire; for Mark Endicott, her lover, her betrothed husband, sat there, with both his arms around her false friend's yielding form, and the golden curled hair he had so openly admired streamed down across his chest, and those pale lips, upturned to his, neither shrank nor trembled as he pressed kiss after kiss upon them.

So much she saw, and then she heard :

"Oh, Mark, if only you wasn't engaged to her!"

And the reply :

"If I'd known you loved me, Molly—— But my word must be kept, though both our hearts break."

A low moan from the bed startled the traitors, and, springing to their feet in guilty haste, they ran to the bedside, and found their patient dead, as they at first thought, but, as was soon discovered, only in a deep, deep swoon, from which she revived in the morning, stern, silent, and resolved.

Sending for Mrs. Jocelyn, she briefly announced :

"It is settled that, with your consent, Mark Endicott will marry your daughter, or, at any rate, that he will never marry me. Now, if ever I did your pleasure, or if you have the heart of a woman for another woman, send me home as soon as may be, and ask no questions, for the love of God!"

To such an appeal the most commonplace and sluggish of souls must answer with something of the same ardor, and Dame Jocelyn allowed herself no further delay than to kiss the throbbing forehead of her guest, and mutter: "Poor girl! dear child!" before she went to order Ephraim, her hired man, to "gear up the sleigh, and be quick about it, for Hannah Wetherell was called home sudden, and he'd got to drive her in."

In half an hour everything was ready, and as the good farmeress tied the strings of her own warm hood under Hannah's chin, she asked, somewhat timidly :

"Like enough you don't care about seeing Molly before you go. She feels proper bad, I tell you."

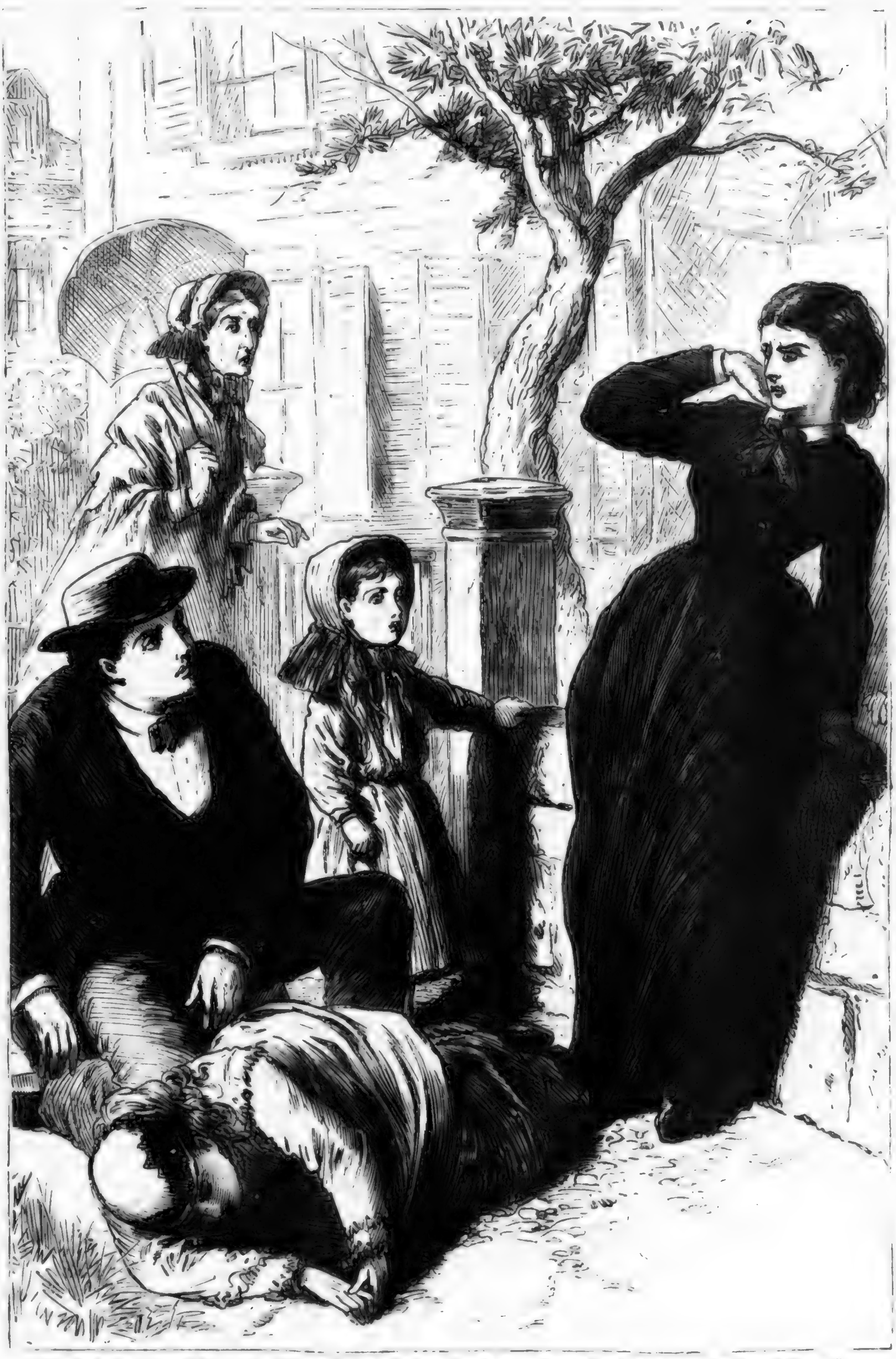
"I don't want to see anybody but you, mother," whispered Hannah, leaning her sick head against the broad bosom that yearned toward her, and yet, after all, must love its own nursling the best, and could not cherish any great resentment against the man who had proved faithless in her behoof.

So Hannah Wetherell went home to the relatives with whom she lodged, scrupulously paying them for what she had, but never feeling that she had a home. A long illness seized her upon the threshold, and held her prostrate for weeks, and when she arose, it was as another woman. All the youth, all the gayety, and most of the beauty had died out of her face. If she was still Judith, it was Judith yoked for ever with the ghost of Holofernes, and devoured by vain remorse and hatred.

Not yet strong enough to work, she sat one Spring morning at the window, listlessly watching the birds building in the great elm that swept the roof, when voices of the gossips in the street met her ear :

"Yes, it was a very quiet wedding, and they say her mother cried all the time. I guess she felt bad about Hannah Wetherell, for she set by her most as much as she did by Molly."

"I heard she wouldn't have let 'em be married if it wasn't that he's got to sail for Smyrny this morning, and



HANNAH WETHERELL'S CHICKENS.—"HE RAISED MOLLY FROM THE GROUND, WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN IN A DEAD SWOON."
SEE PAGE 154.

Molly vowed and declared she'd go with him, wife or no wife!"

"Like enough. She was always a high-strung piece, was Molly Jocelyn."

"Molly Endicott now. And there they come. I knew the *Dispatch* was to sail at ten o'clock, and I was bound to have a look at the bride before she went. That's what I was waiting here at the corner for."

"Why, so was I! Ain't that kind o' curious? And I shouldn't wonder a mite if Miss Ryder was out on the same errand; now, wa'n't you, Miss Ryder?"

"Well, to tell the truth and shame the devil, it wa'n't nothing else. But, here they come, sure enough."

And moving a little back to allow the bridal group to pass, the gossips suddenly became aware that the door of the house behind them had opened, and a wild-looking, gaunt, tottering figure stood upon the threshold.

"Why, Hannah! I didn't know you was able to be out of bed! There, go right in and——"

"Has that man married that woman, and are they two going to sail in the *Dispatch* this morning?" asked Hannah Wetherell, hoarsely, with her glowing eyes fixed upon the handsome pair moving forward, and seeing none but each other.

"Yes, dear child, yes; they were married last night. But you hadn't ought to be out here. Come along with me into the house——"

But, unheeding and unhearing the well-meaning gossip, Hannah Wetherell pushed her abruptly aside, and gliding like a spectre through the little yard, suddenly confronted the bridal pair, who stood aghast; thus, in a breath, set face to face with the remorse they had so sedulously hidden beneath successful love.

The man was the first to speak, and, with a poor assumption of friendly ease, he was beginning some question concerning the health of his former love, when she, without noticing his broken phrase, spoke in a slow, stern voice, such as he had known she might use, but had never heard:

"So, Mark Endicott, you are married, and your wife is to sail with you this morning in the *Dispatch!* Do you remember promising me that I should be the first woman to enter that cabin, and that I should enter it as the captain's wife? Do you remember that, and other promises, and the way they have been fulfilled?"

"I have much to say to you, Hannah," began Captain Endicott, his dark face flushing with shame, "but not now."

"Not now, or ever, Mark Endicott! Never dare to speak to me again; or you, either, fair-faced Judas, who kissed your friend, and in the same hour betrayed her. Just this once will I speak, to warn you both that the misery and desolation you have brought upon me will as surely return upon your heads, and into your own hearts, as God lives and hears me——"

"Oh, do not curse us, Hannah Wetherell! For God's sake do not curse us with that bitter tongue of yours!" shrieked the bride, dropping upon her knees and lifting her shaking hands in piteous appeal.

"Not curse you," repeated the other, slowly. "It is not I, but the very God on whom you call, that curses you, and with curses that will cling as mine never could. Yes, false lover and false friend, the curse has fallen, and you cannot flee from it. It shall follow you in the air you breathe, in the water that floats you, in the daylight and in the darkness; it shall follow you in your goings out and comings in, in your pleasure and in your toil, in your loving and in your hating; it shall follow you in your children, for your daughters shall be the mock and scorn of men, as you have made me, and your sons will prove themselves the traitors and cowards that should spring from such parents!"

"Peace, woman! Do not you see that you have frightened her out of her senses already?" broke in Mark Endicott, sternly; and, stooping, he raised Molly from the ground, where she had fallen in a dead swoon.

"And, Hannah Wetherell," eagerly chimed in one of the gossips, still lingering near, "remember you, that 'chickens and curses come home to roost,' and nothing ever was written or spoken truer since the world began."

But Hannah had already glided back into the house, and closed the door, and Mark Endicott carried his lifeless bride into a neighbor's dwelling, where she was soon revived, but only recovered consciousness to fall into violent hysterics, in the midst of which came a peremptory message from the owners of the *Dispatch*, to the effect that the tide was going, and the wind likely to ebb with it, and that their captain should present himself at the office without further delay.

"Then go your ways, Mark Endicott," exclaimed the bride's mother, hearing this, "and leave my child with me. Do you think I will let her go out from me with a curse upon her head? No; go you your ways, and if you come home alive, as I do not look to see you, you shall find her safe with me."

And Mark Endicott, perplexed, hurried and conscience-stricken, dared not exert his new authority, and tear his wife from the strong maternal arms that held her close; but with a few eager, remorseful kisses, hurried away, got on board, and by the time Molly Endicott was fully conscious of what passed around her, the *Dispatch* was off the outer light, and not the strongest glass in the whole town could make out the restless figure pacing her quarter-deck, and gazing distractedly toward the glimmering white town fast fading into the outline of the shore.

"One little day a wife, and now a widow. The curse has begun to fall," moaned Molly, as she watched the last gleam of sunshine in the sails just dipping below the horizon.

"Come home with me, child, and live it down. No curse shall overtake you while I live, unless you bring it under your father's roof yourself," said the mother, and Molly hung her head with scarlet cheeks.

In something less than a year Captain Endicott came back, and found his wife well and pretty as ever, and with a baby girl in her arms, whose name was already decided to be Mary, as a refinement upon the Molly just becoming old-fashioned in those days, and so new-fashioned in these.

"No curse upon us so far, little wife," said he, proudly and tenderly, as he sat with his two pets one day. But Molly shuddered.

"It kept me from going to sea with you, and—and I am afraid little Mary is not very strong."

"Pho! she is a splendid baby, and you shall both go to sea with me this voyage," said the captain, in his jovial way, and straightway arranged matters to that end.

But the voyage ended disastrously, in heavy gales, a mutinous crew, and at last shipwreck, and three days' tossing in an open boat, until a passing vessel picked up the survivors, and brought them so near home, that one evening a gaunt, ragged man and woman, and a pining baby, were set down by the stage-coach at the gate of the Jocelyn farmhouse, and were welcomed in as heartily as if they had come clothed in purple and fine linen, and rolling in a golden chariot.

Hannah Wetherell, working again at tailoressing, heard the news that flew through town, but said nothing, until a stern old woman demanded of her:

"Do you call this the working of your curse, Hannah ?"

Then she raised her great burning eyes and replied:

"It is not my work, but God's, and the curse was His, not mine, and the end has not come yet."

After that, people looked askance at Hannah, and some called her crazed, and some called her wicked, and professed to be afraid of her ; but because she was an uncommonly skillful workwoman, and also because of the popular taste for what borders upon the horrible, her round of custom rather increased than diminished, and she was always busy. Never very gay in her most hopeful days, she had now grown sombre and shadowy, with an absent manner and a peculiar hush about her, best explained by the question of a little girl in one of the houses where she abode for the first time.

"Mother, what is Miss Wetherell harking for all the time ? She seems just as if she was waiting and listening for something always."

And as the years went on, Captain Endicott sailed away, and sailed home; and to little Mary were added Eunice, and Mark, the only son—and then three more little girls, Susan, and Hepsey, and Beth, the baby who never saw her father's face, for, as he went down the side of his ship to come ashore from his last voyage, a spar, clumsily handled by the men aloft, fell, struck him upon the head, and beat him down into the bottom of the boat. The frightened sailors raised him, but he was already dead—dead without a word or a groan, within sight of home, within hearing of his wife and children, who stood upon the wharf to welcome him.

As they and the men who carried him climbed slowly up the hilly street from the water-side, they met Hannah Wetherell going home from her day's work, and stopped, although why they could not have told. She, with a hazy glance at the covered, rigid burden between them, would have passed on ; but the wife, breaking from those who led her, darted forward, and tearing down the covering from the face they both knew so well, shrieked :

"Look, look, you vile witch ! It is you who have done it ! You, you !—your work ! Look at it, and be content at last !"

"Mark dead !" And Hannah Wetherell, looking with eyes of gathering horror upon the gray, cold face, bent slowly, and kissed its lips, whispering : "Not my work, but God's work, Mark, and He knows I never wished you harm, and how gladly I would lie there, instead of you !"

Then the screaming, clamoring wife broke in with wild vociferation, and the crowd pressed up ; and Hannah, still with that frozen look of horror upon her face, passed on, muttering to herself, "Not my work, O God—not mine, but Thine !"

And again the slow years went on, bringing gray hairs to replace the magnificent crown of dark braids that had given this village tailoress the look of a queen in her diadem, bringing wrinkles and tarnish and decay to the Widow Endicott's fragile beauty ; but, by way of compensation, endowing her two oldest daughters with a wealth of loveliness such as their mother never boasted. Loveliness ? Yes, it is just the word to describe Mary Endicott's soft blue eyes, and golden hair, and pearly skin, and look of almost angelic purity and sweetness—a look giving, too, no more than a feeble indication of the nature it revealed. But Eunice—stately, flashing, haughty Eunice—loveliness was no term to apply to her. Her father's own child in form and feature, but with a pride and a will more like Hannah Wetherell's than like either of her parents, she was at once the admiration and the awe of her feeble mother, and the idol of her gentle sister.

Both girls had lovers, and both of them higher in rank and position than Mrs. Endicott would have dared hope they should obtain, for in these days she was very poor, and she and her girls were glad to do such plain sewing, knitting, spinning, or weaving, as they could obtain. Some little help came from the Jocelyn family, too ; but the good mother was dead, and the farmer, marrying again, had now a houseful of little children, whose constant demands rather drowned the plaintive sighs of his married and widowed daughter.

But still the girls found lovers, and Mary bloomed into almost startling loveliness, and Eunice glowed like an Eastern queen, as they appeared before their attentive neighbors one pleasant Sunday morning, each escorted to church by her betrothed.

"And so Will Bradford is really going to marry Mary Endicott !" exclaimed one old woman to another, as they stood gossiping at the street corner.

"Yes, and Cyrus Heywood is courting Eunice," replied her companion. "But I don't believe it'll ever come to anything."

"Do tell ! Now, what makes you think that way ? I'm sure Mary is a proper nice girl—ain't she ?"

"Yes ; and I never heard no harm of Eunice, except that she's rather topping for one that has to work for her living ; but that ain't it. Don't you remember the morning you and me and Sally Ryder—dead now, poor soul !—stood on this very corner, and heard Hannah Wetherell curse Mark Endicott and Molly Jocelyn ? and didn't she say their daughters should get served as bad, or worse, as he had served her, and their sons—well, we all know what poor Mark is. It is a mercy they didn't have but one."

"And they do say his humped back and crooked legs aren't the worst of him, either. He's given to drink, and takes all the money he can lay hands on to get it, and them poor women slaving to earn their daily bread."

"The curse ag'in—it's all along of that curse. And now, you mark my words, neither one of them fellers will marry neither one of them girls ; and you see if I don't come out right, Nancy Fuller."

"Like enough, Miss Merriam, like enough ; but recollect, too, what I told Hannah Wetherell that morning—why, it's nigh on to twenty years, ain't it ? but I recollect as if 'twas yesterday—'Hannah,' says I, 'have a care what you're saying, Hannah, for "chickens and curses come home to roost."' I told her that, I did."

"Yes, I remember you did. Well, we'll see."

"Yes, we'll see ;" and the two croaking old ravens flapped and croaked away each to her own place.

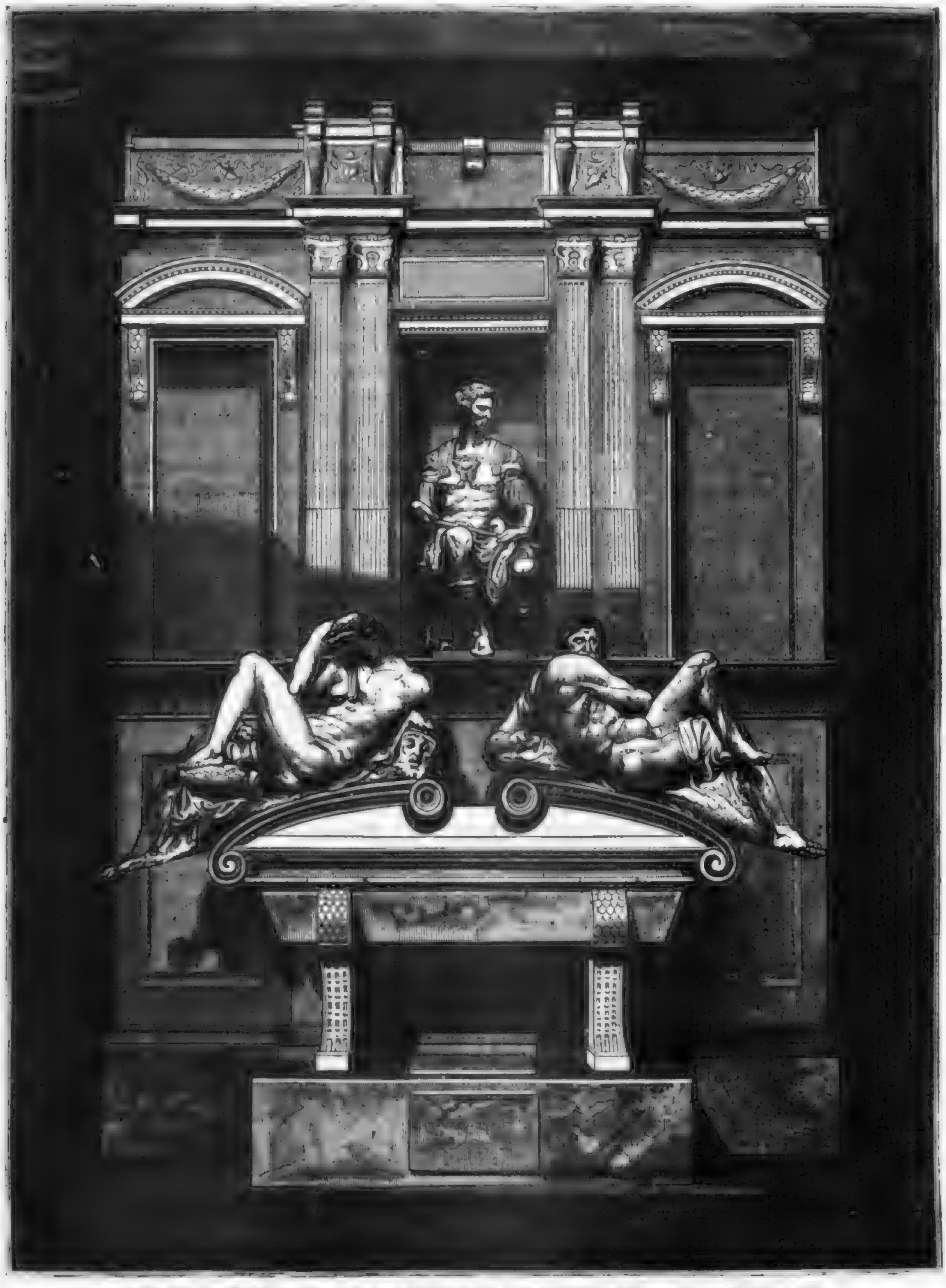
Cyrus Heywood was a student of medicine, and, having graduated, was called to attend the little child of a Southern lady spending the Summer in the seaside town of our story. The lady was young, lovely, and frightened, the baby delicate, and the young doctor very attentive to his first patient ; so no one was surprised, when Mrs. Dupont's husband came to carry her home, that Dr. Heywood should conclude to accompany them to South Carolina, care for the baby on the passage, and perhaps settle near Bellair, their country estate.

"To make a home for my queenly Eunice," said he, in announcing his intention to his betrothed ; and she, bending her stately head, said, calmly :

"Of course, Cyrus. There is no need to assure me of that."

And so he went, and Eunice began to prepare her wedding-clothes, just as Hannah Wetherell had done more than twenty years before her.

Besides Mrs. Dupont and her baby, there had been other guests at the mansion house beside the beach, among



MICHAEL ANGELO'S CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.—SEE PAGE 163.

the rest a dashing belle from Boston, Miss Henrietta Frothingham, and she, in some caprice, or because Fate chose thus to revenge the devastation hitherto permitted to this one of her chosen favorites, fixed her imperious eyes upon young Bradford, Mary Endicott's lover; and he, infatuated not so much by her beauty as by her wit, grace, and that nameless air of society which he had never encountered before, followed the false light, blind and deaf to all else, until, one dim and rainy September morning, he awoke to the realities of life, saw Miss Frothingham seat herself in the carriage, with a careless laugh and good-by to him, and went home to hear from his sister that Mary Endicott was dying in a swift decline.

He had not seen her for weeks, and now he dared not see her, until a message came that the dying girl longed to bid him good-by, and he must go.

The interview was a long and private one, and when Will Bradford left that room, even Eunice, who had waited in the hall below to speak "some certain truths" to him, shrank back silently from the look upon his face.

As for Mrs. Endicott, she was grieved and mortified, no doubt; but, more than all, she was angry.

"If Cyrus Heywood was here he would know how to stand up for my poor girl," said she. "*He* is a gentleman, and would never act like this, whatever came in his way."

But, alas! on the day of poor Mary's funeral, when Will

Bradford walked with her mother as chief mourner, came a letter from South Carolina to Eunice, who read it, crushed it slowly in her hand, set her white teeth like iron, and, in the very churchyard, said to Nathan Warren, a stupid farm-laborer of her grandfather's :

"Come to my house to-night, I have something to say to you."

"Be you going to give it to me agin for saying I'd like to spark you, Eunice ? 'cause, if you be, I'd just as lief stay to home," replied the clod.

But she answered :

"Nothing of the sort, Nat. Come, and you won't be sorry."

Four days later they were married, and when the tardy news of Cyrus Heywood's faithlessness arrived, Eunice Warren said, composedly :

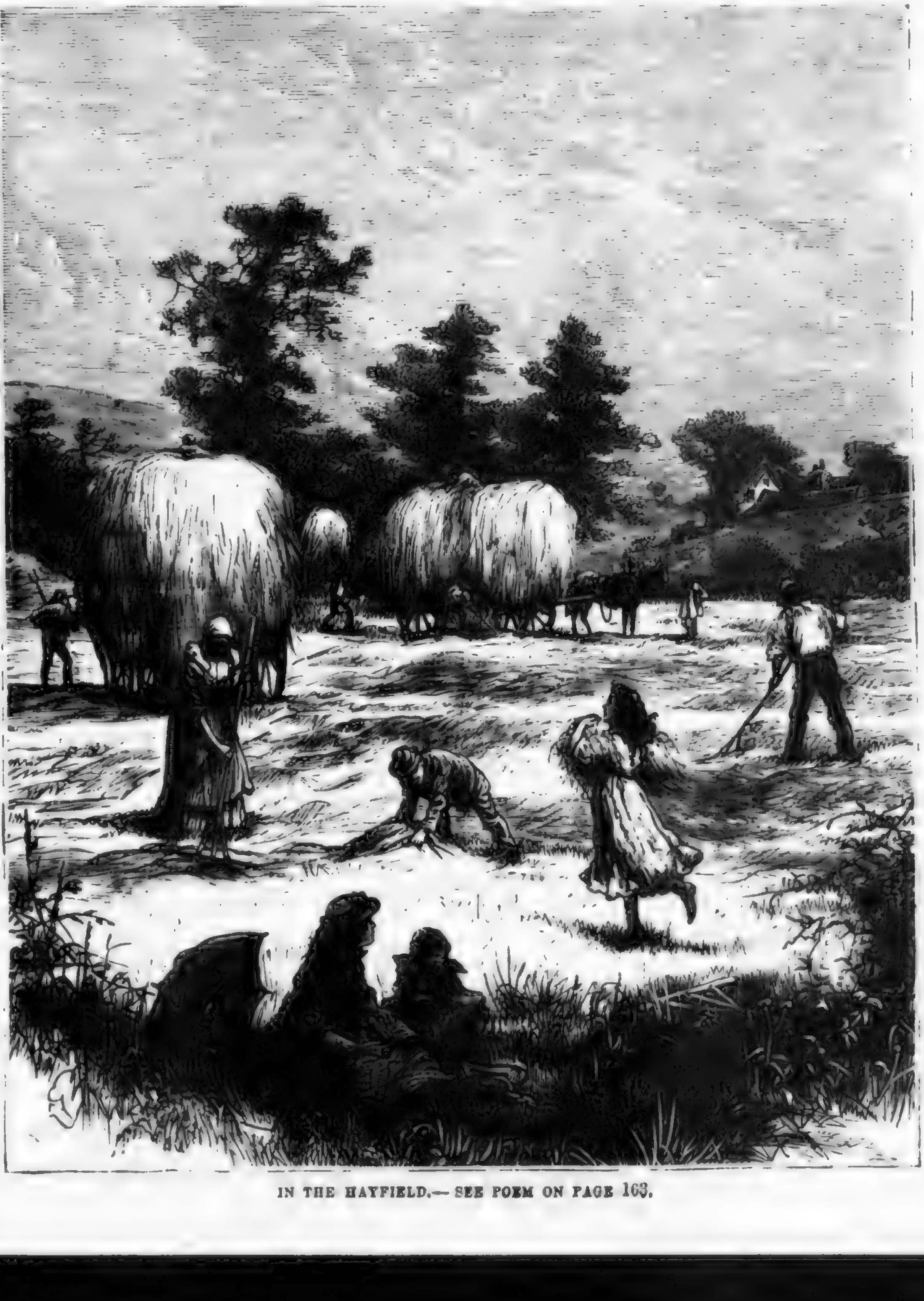
"He knew long ago that I had changed my mind."

But, as years went on, poor Eunice found the price at which she had sold her willow too heavy to be borne, and rumors were rife of a squalid, poverty-stricken home, a scolding wife, and a husband whose brutality did not always stop short of blows ; so that when, in early middle-life, poor, proud, mistaken Eunice was carried to join her sister Mary on Burying Hill, those who knew the most of her and her sad story said, "Thank God that she is out of her trouble."

And the Widow Endicott, as people called her now, lived alone with her idiotic, crippled son, and the three little girls, Susan and Hepsey and Beth, just coming into womanhood, and although gifted with much of the beauty that had distinguished their elder sisters, far inferior to them in intellect, and that honorable self-respect often misnamed pride. Thus it came about that the "three Endicott girls" at last came to be a word of warning to such other pretty and lively lassies as showed a disposition to break out of bounds, and follow the dictates of fun rather than propriety; and more than one old friend of the family drew a sigh of relief when Hepsey, the prettiest and wildest of the three, was safely married, after a week's courtship, to old Jabez Wright, miser and almost dotard though he was.

"He's seventy and I'm seventeen ; but 'better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave,'" laughed pretty Hepsey, and went away to her new home, promising all sorts of comforts and advantages from it to those remaining in the old one. But the promises were scantily fulfilled, for Jabez had committed his final extravagance in purchasing this useless, pretty toy, and kept so strict a hand over both her and his purse-strings, that poor Widow Endicott said that, except not having her to feed and clothe, she didn't see that there was a mite of advantage in having married her daughter to a rich man.

And now came a spruce young wooer to Susan, in shape of the village grocer's son, a somewhat foolish youth, whose devotion took the form of raisins and nuts, not to mention such trifles as a pocketful of sweet potatoes, when the coasters came in from South Carolina, or a sugar-cured ham, or string of fresh dried apples. Upon this wooing and these gifts, Deacon Simpson, the paternal grocer, looked somewhat askance, as became a man of his means and position, but consoled himself with the remark :



IN THE HAYFIELD.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 163.

"Well, Ephr'm needn't marry the family, any more than old Jabe Wright has, and when mother gets the girl under her thumb, I guess she'll fetch her to her bearings pretty quick."

Poor Susan !· It would have been a dreary change, indeed, from the large liberty and reckless fun of home to the dark little back rooms behind the shop, and the relentless rule of the Simpson household, where Ephraim himself was counted as little more than a cipher ; but it was not to be, and the blow that divided Susan and her lover fell with deathly force upon the poor mother's struggling life.

Beth, poor pretty Beth, with her winning baby face, and her equally baby intellect, kissed her mother one night, with a white, still look upon her face, strangely unlike its usual heedless mirth, and went out alone, as she had fallen into the habit of doing. The next morning her body was found in Great Pond, and borne home, entering the village at one end just as the stage-coach left it at the other, carrying among its passengers a gay city gentleman, who had been spending some weeks beside the sea.

The sad, sad story went about, with all its mournful details, and Deacon Simpson came to visit the Widow Endicott, and after reminding her that the sins of the father are visited upon the children, and that as we sow, in like manner must we reap, concluded with the information that this awful disgrace fallen upon her family of course broke off all talk of a marriage between Susan and Ephraim, and assuring her that should that misguided youth be persuaded into making such a girl his wife, neither he, she, nor any member of their family, should receive other portion from him than the curse that is reserved for disobedient children.

"Curse !" whispered the poor, dazed woman, sitting meekly under this hailstorm of virtuous indignation ; "oh, no ; don't curse anybody, don't curse us—we are accursed already—God's our curse," she said.

And then the strained nerves gave way, and the overtried women fell back in a nervous spasm, from which she only recovered to take to her bed, and lie there for some weeks, dying of what the doctors called debility, and pitiful women said was "just a broken heart, and nothing else."

Toward the last she sent for Hannah Wetherell, who came at once, and stood looking down at her with those sad, stern eyes of hers, that always seemed looking below the surface of life, and reading its deepest, darkest secrets. All the beauty was gone now out of those two faces, that in their girlhood had been such a marvel of contrasting charm ; but, though the charm was gone, the contrast remained, and Hannah Wetherell's face had gathered strength and meaning from every woeful year that had stolen life and sparkle from that of her rival.

It was the weaker who first found words.

"You cursed us, Hannah Wetherell, and we have been cursed. I am dying now, disgraced, penniless and friendless. Are you satisfied, and will you spare these two poor children—all that remains of eight of us ?"

"It has come home to me, too—has not my life been accursed as well as yours, poor Molly ?" moaned the tailoress, her hands wandering to her tremulous lips, and her fathomless eyes dim with unshed tears.

"But the children ; my poor Mark, worse than foolish as he is, and Susan—yes, deserted, as you said she would be. Oh, Hannah, take the curse off from them, for God's sake—if not for that, of the man we both loved."

"Take it off ? How can I, woman ? It was not I, but God Himself, who cursed you ; and the words I spoke that day have darkened my whole life. The children—yes, I will care for them as if they had been mine ; and his children ought, you know, to have been mine, if—— Yes, Molly, I will care for them."

"That is something," murmured the dying woman ; "and for that promise I'll forgive you, Hannah ; and if I see Mark, I'll tell him to forgive you, too."

"You'll forgive me," repeated Hannah, in a low and bitter voice. "Well, let it stand so. Good-by."

"Good-by. Where's Sue ?" and the dying woman turned with unconcealed aversion from her whom she had so bitterly wronged, and laid her tired hand upon her daughter's arm.

After the funeral, paid for by herself, Hannah Wetherell came to live in the little house, Mrs. Endicott's sole inheritance from her father, and assumed the new burden fallen upon her life, in the charge of the idiotic and drunken son of the man she had loved, and the woman who had helped that man to betray her love.

As for Susan, she at once announced that she "scorned to be beholden to her mother's enemy for bite, sup or rag," and she should go out to service in one of the neighboring towns, which intention she carried out, and at last drifted to the city, and became involved in its great whirlpool, ending, none of her old neighbors knew just where or how.

Eight weary years Hannah Wetherell toiled on, laboring, forbearing, struggling with man's strength and woman's patience to uphold and control the brutal idiot bequeathed to her care. She was rewarded sometimes by a sort of animal gratitude and affection ; sometimes with violence, dangerous to life and limb ; but still she persevered, refusing all offers from the town officials to take her charge off her hands, or of help from pitying friends.

At last merciful Providence released the poor maniac, as he had become, and on his deathbed he looked at his benefactress with almost the first gleam of intelligence he had ever shown, and called her mother. Then he died, and the curse was completed.

After that Hannah Wetherell lived out the days of her life alone, a silent, sombre, solitary woman ; and the children whispered among themselves that "something haunted her." But old Nancy Fuller, hearing them one day, said :

"Pooh, children ! it's only her chickens come home to roost."

REMARKABLE MEMORY.

ONE of the familiar stories illustrative of Macaulay's extraordinary memory is that of his assertion that he should be ashamed not to be able to say his Archbishops of Canterbury backward. A cap to this story occurs in the memoir of Madame de Staël, by Dr. Abel Stevens, just published, which vividly renews from all the authorities, some of them unpublished, the brilliant tale of that wonderful career in which the indomitable genius of a woman defied the conqueror of the world.

Among the circle of famous persons at Coppet in 1804, was the historian Müller, whose learning was "phenomenal." One day, Schlegel, Benjamin Constant and Müller fell into a discussion. Muller, says Sismondi, who was present, silenced Schlegel and Constant. They dared not open their mouths again. "The good Sismondi was quite stunned," said Bonstetten ; "he has declared to me that they all seemed steeped in clownish ignorance." But Schlegel and Benjamin Constant were among the most erudite of European scholars.

XUM

Madame de Staël said that the six thousand years of the world's history known to us were perfectly arranged in Müller's memory. He knew every village in Switzerland, the history of every noble family. One day the company demanded of him the series of the sovereign Counts of Bugey. Müller named them instantly, except that he could not recall whether one of them had been regent or had reigned by title, and he seriously reproached himself for such a failure of memory.

IN THE HAY-FIELD.

By John Francis Waller.

'Tis noon-tide, Summer noon-tide, when the light
Rains down from heaven upon the landscape fair,
And the blue sky is dimpled with the white
Of thin clouds floating slowly through the air,
Touching the summits of the mountains bare;
While o'er the tree-tops sportive breezes stray,
Lifting their leafy hair in amorous play.

Out in the meadows there is work to-day
For toiling men and women, for the ground
Is carpeted with swarths of whitening hay,
Whose odorous sweetness fills the air around.
For every hand its labor-task is found;
There some are busy with the fork and rake,
Here merry children loaded armsful take.

And now the wains are filled, and from the field
The mountain-loads are moving to the yard,
To cheer the farmer with the plenteous yield;
But still the willing hands must labor hard
From risk of changeful skies the crop to guard;
For when the sun goes down, and comes the night,
The rick must finished be, secure and tight.

Repine not, man, at labor, 'tis your doom—
Hand-work, or brain-work, whichsoe'er it be;
Whether in bright fresh field or dark close room,
In cloistered study or on stormy sea,
None are exempt from work by God's decree.
They labor best that doôm who cheeriest bear,
Making their life of work a life of prayer.

Craftsman and statesman, soldier, sailor, hind,
Penman and painter, men of art and lore,
All have their labor-missions: muscle, mind,
Spirit, and soul—to each one, less or more,
God metes the portion he must labor o'er
Of the world's mighty work; there's none too high,
Or none too low, in the "Taskmaster's" eye.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.

Florence was ever dear to the heart of Michael Angelo, who once left Rome in disgust, and defiantly refused even Papal invitations to return. He rests among his own in his beloved city, and gave it in life the work on which his heart went out.

The Sagrestia Nuova or Capella dei Depositi in San Lorenzo was erected by him, and it has been truly said that it is unique in being a building planned for its monuments, with monuments planned for the building. These are not excrescences in an edifice designed for far different adornment, but blend in and harmonize with each other, and with all that the eye takes in.

The monuments are those of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici. Giuliano was the third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, younger brother consequently of Leo X., and father of Cardinal Ipolito: he was created Duc de Nemours by Francis I., and died in 1516, in his 37th year; the allegorical figures on his monument represent Day and Night. Lorenzo, the son of Pietro, and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was created Duke of Urbino by his uncle, Leo X. In 1518 he married Madeleine de Boulogne, of the royal house of France; the sole fruit of this union was Catherine de Medici, afterward the queen of Henry II. He died in 1519, surviving the birth of his daughter only a few days. "The statue of Lorenzo is seated. He is represented absorbed in thought. He rests his face upon his hand, which partially covers the chin and mouth. The general action is one of perfect repose, and the expression that of deep meditation. It is impossible to look at this figure without being forcibly struck with the *mind* that pervades it. For deep and intense feeling it is one of the finest works in existence. It has been well observed of this statue that it has no resemblance to the antique, but it rivals the best excellences of the ancients in expression, combined with repose and dignity." The figures reclining at his feet are intended to represent Aurora and Twilight, or Morning and Evening.

The merit of these sculptures was fully appreciated when they first appeared. Flaxman says of them: "These recumbent statues are grand and mysterious; the characters and forms bespeak the same mighty mind and hand evident throughout the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the Last Judgment."

They are praised in prose and in verse; and the *Notte*, in particular, suggested to Giovanni Battista Strozzi the elegant quatrain:

"La Notte che tu vedi in si dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme, ha vita:
Destala, se nól credi, e parleratti."

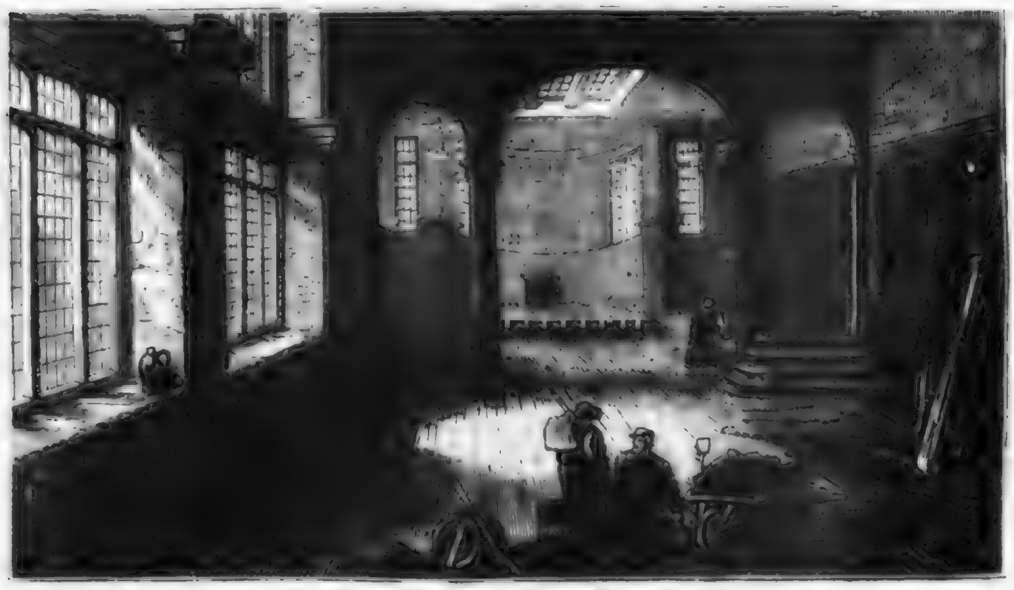
Michael Angelo replied with equal, perhaps superior, elegance:

"Grato m' è 'l sonno e più l' esser di sasso;
Mentre che il danno, e la vergogna dura
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran' ventura;
Però non mi destar; deh parla basso."

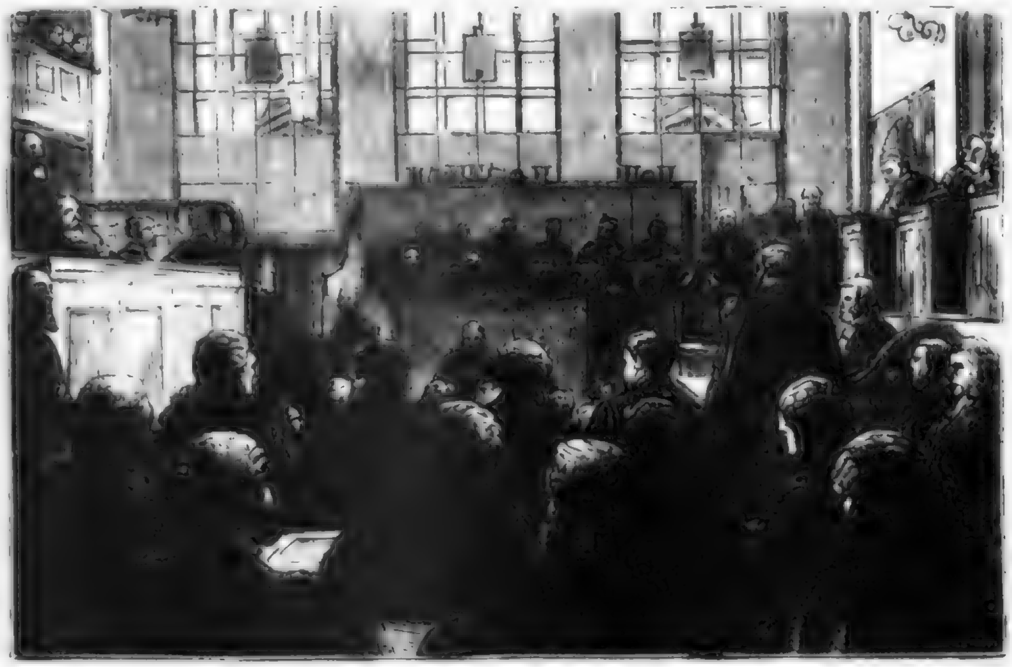
"Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead,
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly;
Yet still are breathing, and shed around at noon
A twofold influence, only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each—
Both, and yet neither. Therefrom age to age
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo, mark him well!
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestical!
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard
At morn or eve . . ." —*Rogers.*

MARRIAGE FEES IN RUSSIA.

If we may judge from an anecdote in the *Smolensker Bote*, there are parts of the Russian Empire in which it is no easy matter to get married, owing to the autocratic willfulness of the Russian clergy. A schoolmaster in the district of Jucknow was engaged to wed the daughter of a landowner in the neighborhood, whose wealth was not at all proportionate to his acres. The bridegroom, bride, and the parents of the latter called on the priest of the lady's village, in order to settle the amount of the wedding fee. The clergyman fixed it at twenty-five roubles. Unhappily, the bride's father was determined to make a show more in accordance with his ancestral dignity than with



OLD ADMIRALTY COURT, LONDON, ENGLAND.



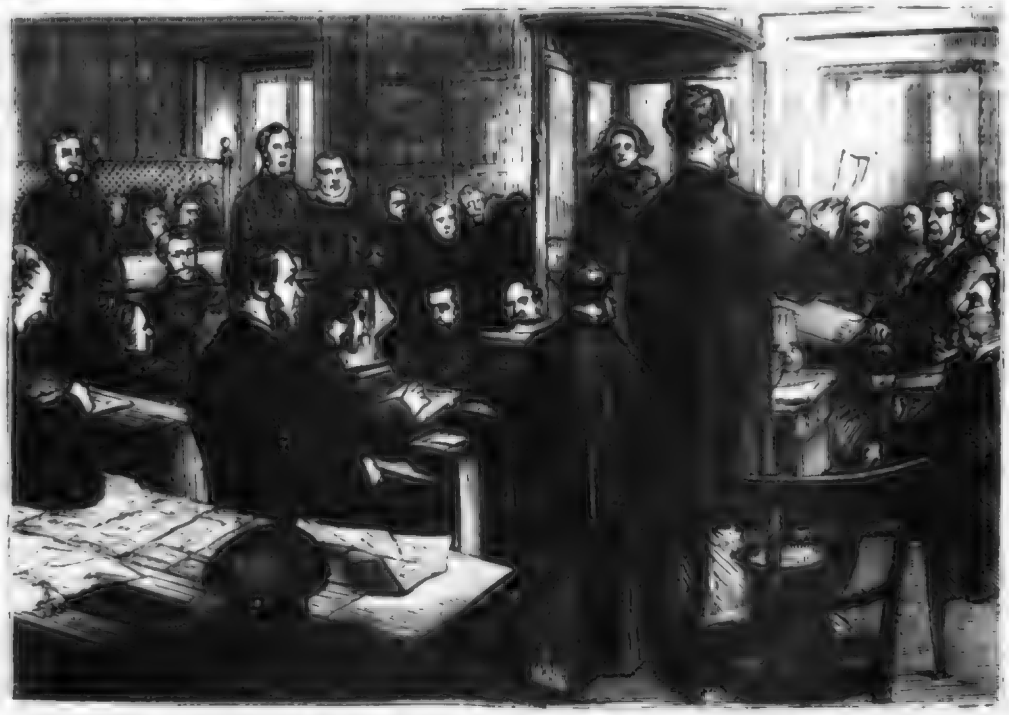
ENGLAND.—THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT IN LONDON DURING A MURDER TRIAL.

his impoverished condition, and invited all his kinsfolk and acquaintances from far and near to attend the ceremony. The result was that the procession to the church included no fewer than eleven carriages, all full of wedding-guests.

When the priest saw this magnificent preparation, he hurried to the bridegroom, and informed him that the fee for a marriage of such pretensions would not be twenty-five, but one hundred, roubles. When the man pleaded his poverty as a schoolmaster, the clergyman replied by pointing to the signs of his father-in-law's wealth. The wedding-party held a consultation, and, indignant at the priest's conduct, resolved that the whole procession should drive off to the next village.

The priest outwitted them, however. His messenger arrived at his brother cleric's door long before the lumbering coaches, so that when they reached the church, and asked the price of the sacerdotal function, the parish priest was ready with the reply, "One hundred roubles."

The procession started again for a further village, but the messenger had been there before them—the priest of the place could not marry them for less than one hundred roubles. They experienced a similar discomfiture, according to the reports, at no less than four village churches; and it was only after a long drive across the country that they succeeded in finding a "little father," who readily consented to bestow the sacramental benediction of matrimony for the fee the lady's own pastor had originally asked.



ENGLAND.—GREAT CITY FORGERIES—EXAMINATION OF BIDWELL AND NOYES AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

COURTS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

We commend "Courts of all Countries" to any author of genius and industry desiring a grand subject. The literature of every nation contains many books on its chosen system of trials, and countless reports of trials and "lives" of its great jurists and advocates.

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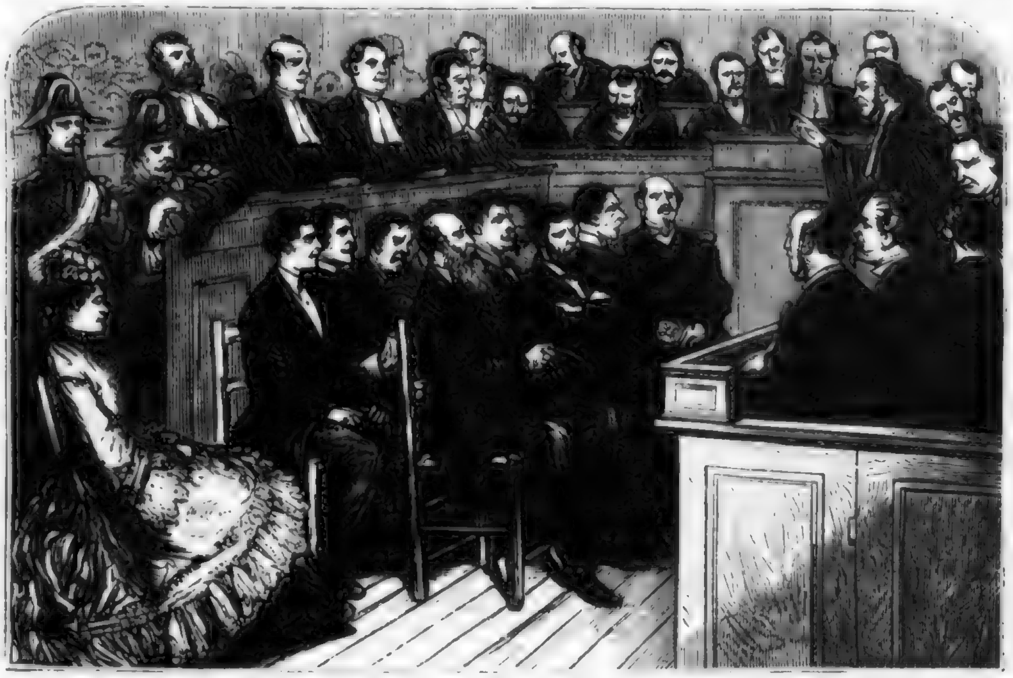
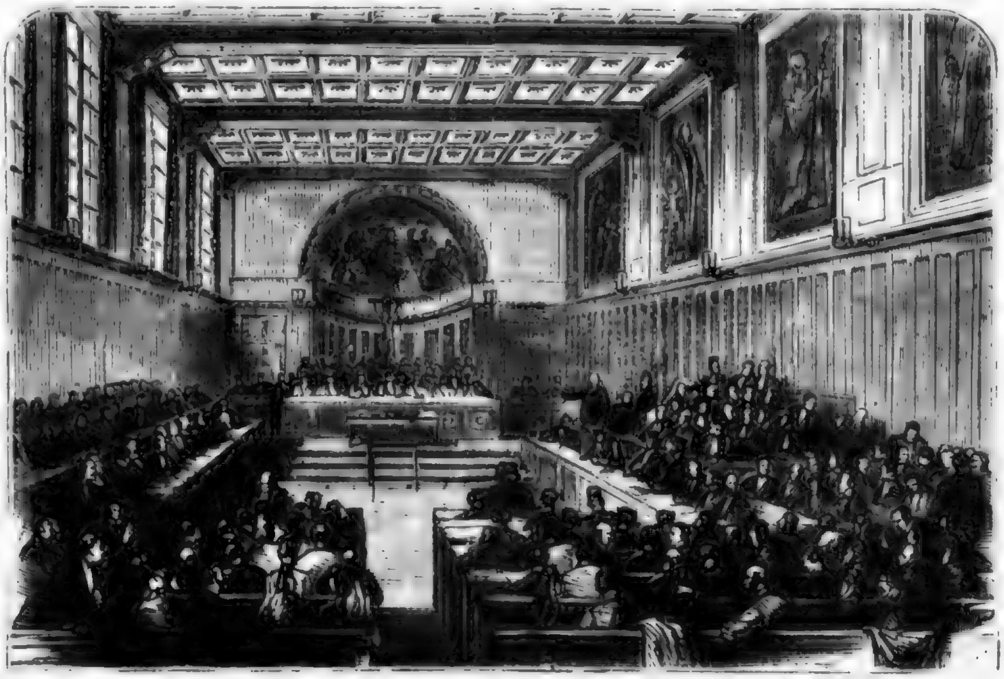


FRANCE.—TRIAL OF COLONEL VILLETTE AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

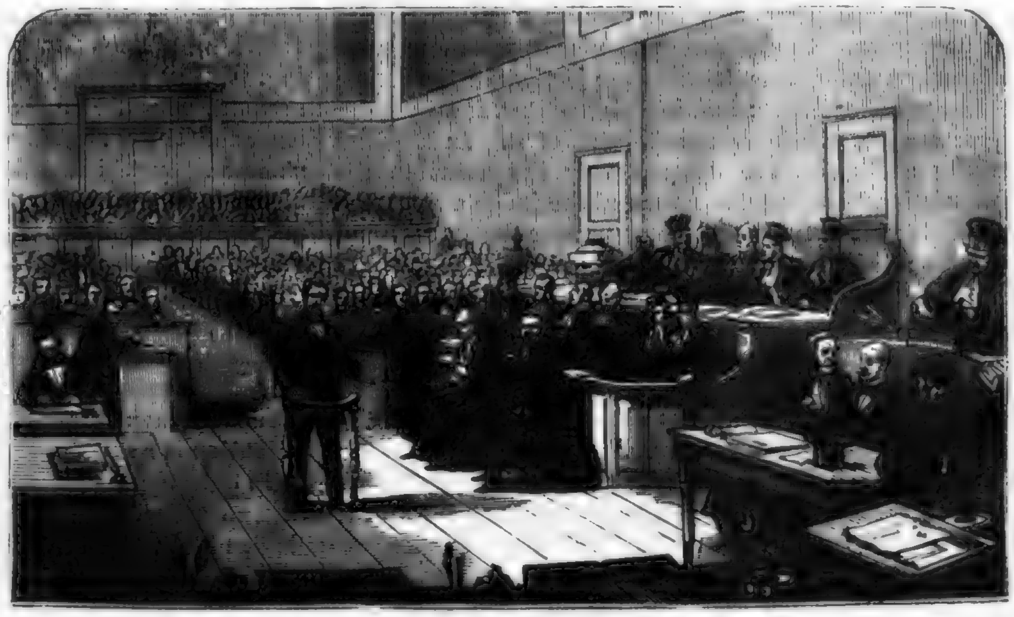
Reformers in one country have often searched the jurisprudence of another to gain additional criticisms upon the ways of their own land. But, apparently, no writer has given a general, comparative view of the various modes adopted under different governments for deciding controversies, enforcing the laws, detecting criminals, and punishing offenses. One who should review the procedures of various ages and climes in an impartial spirit, bringing to view alike what is commendable and what deserves avoidance, would find that he had a fertile field. His studies would embrace history, jurisprudence, manners and customs, eloquence, ethics and State policy; and he would find ample opportunity for pictorial illustration.



FRANCE.—THE HIGH COURT IN SESSION DURING A TRIAL FOR MURDER.

The picture of the old Admiralty Court brings to mind at once the traditional history of English courts so long famous, and the sweeping changes, overwhelming organization as well as edifices, which have been accomplished within the past decade. In the infancy of modern commerce the decision of controversies arising at sea fell, naturally, under the superintendence of the admiral; just as, on the land, the foremost general of an army of conquest became the king of the conquered territory, and assumed, in the earliest times, to decide disputes among his subjects himself, in later periods to create courts and appoint judges.

As maritime commerce throve and the value of property risked at sea increased, courts more and more permanent were established in the seacoast cities of Italy, on the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and gradually in other ports of Europe, including, at length, England. "Admiralty" was the name given to these courts, and to the peculiar system of law dealing with such topics as ships, cargoes, seamen, collisions, salvage, prize, and punishment of crimes at sea. Because admiralty followed the



FRANCE.— A TRIAL BEFORE THE COURT OF ASSIZES OF THE SEINE.

general course of the "civil law," it was popular throughout the continent, where civil law principles prevailed. But in England, where Saxon and Norman "customs" were preferred as the groundwork of the law, admiralty was much opposed and restricted by the common law courts and lawyers. However, it maintained a continued existence, and about 1860 was liberally enlarged and strengthened by Parliament.

In the United States the early restricted view was followed until about 1845, when a sudden and important change was made, extending admiralty jurisdiction over all our navigable lakes and rivers. It is now an important branch of the law in both countries.

Our illustration was taken during the latter stages of the work of demolishing the old building of the Admiralty Court, after its removal to its new quarters. Not quite ten years ago a new building with much more commodious halls for the courts of Westminster Hall, as the superior courts of London are called, was erected; thus our illustrations of English court-rooms depict rather what has been famous in history than what exists to-day. And, just as the old rooms have been abandoned and new ones similar but more modern have been substituted, so the very courts themselves, so long famous, have been reconstructed. Under a series of recent Acts of Parliament, not only the Admiralty, but also the Chancery, the King's or Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, the Exchequer, the Divorce Court and Court of Probate have been merged in one Supreme Court of Judicature in England. This grand tribunal has two departments, the High Court of Justice and the Court of Appeal. The sessions of the High Court of Justice were at first arranged in divisions bearing the same names and in other respects not unlike the old courts, such as the Queen's Bench Division, Common Pleas Division, Exchequer Division, etc. There has been, however, some consolidation of these divisions, or of the judgeships in them, during the past year.

The substantial identity of the court as a unit is seen in provisions that jurymen shall be summoned for the High Court, not for any one division; and that lawsuits are brought in the one court, and if one division becomes overburdened with causes, some may be transferred to a less busy one. The Court of Appeal reviews decisions of the High Court; and there is a still higher appellate authority in the House of Lords, and also in the judicial committee of the Privy Council. For lesser causes there are County Courts throughout the Kingdom.

Our view of the Central Criminal Court-room shows that most important personage, the English barrister, in his wig and gown. Gowns are not, so far as we know, worn in American tribunals, except by the justices of the United States Supreme Court; and in this country, if a judge or lawyer wears a wig he does not boast of it. In England the wig and gown are deemed very important to the "proprieties," in the public work of the judge and barrister. In former years they were even more sternly required than now; and many other details of costume, such as bags of various colors for the papers of lawyers of various grades of professional standing, bands, coifs and the like were imperative. A judge could not sit without a wig.

Once when Lord Ellenborough was starting to travel on circuit, Lady Ellenborough asked if she could accompany him. He said: "Yes, provided you carry no bandboxes." During the first day's journey the great jurist happened to strike his foot against something beneath the seat of the carriage; he discovered that it was a bandbox. Up went the window and out went the bandbox. The coach stopped, for the footman, thinking that the bandbox had fallen out by some extraordinary accident, was going to pick it up, when his lordship furiously shouted "Drive on!" Lady Ellenborough smiled inwardly, but said nothing, and the bandbox was left by the ditchside. Having reached the country town where he was to officiate, his lordship proceeded to array himself for appearing in the court-room. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where *is* my wig?" "My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window." Tableau.

The "barrister," in English courts, is the advocate, who examines witnesses, argues law points, and harangues the jury; the attorney, or, as he must be called by a recent law, "solicitor," being separately charged with preparing papers and conducting matters outside of the court-room. The distinction, which in America is almost nominal, is in England very important and sharply marked. A difference in gowns, again, marks the distinction of rank among barristers: the juniors wear "stuff" gowns, but when a barrister is called to the grade of "Queen's Counsel," he assumes a gown of silk. This equipment is regarded as essential, even in recent years. London journals of a very few years ago narrated that a "progressive" lawyer, on a very hot day, begged to be heard without the charmed dress; but the judge refused, affecting to be unable to see him judicially until he should come arrayed in court costume, and he was obliged to forego his cause for the time.

The same costume of the barristers is noticeable in the views given of the Queen's Bench, though somewhat less obvious. If any reader finds it difficult to distinguish between the lawyers' attire and that of the nuns, the fault is with the costume, and not with our artist—he has faithfully portrayed the characteristic dress.

The Central Criminal Court has superseded the Old Bailey and the Oyer and Terminer for London and Middlesex Counties. It holds twelve sessions per year, and is the chief criminal court of the locality, having about as much criminal business as the aggregate in any six of the interior counties. The Lord Mayor is, or until lately was, the first judge of the court. Its history may be traced back, through the courts which it has succeeded, to the earliest time, even to the reign of Henry I. It has immense business; but Mr. Pike, who has written carefully on the subject, thinks that its records show a great relative diminution of crime.

"Examinations" of accused persons are less formal and imposing. An examination—often mentioned, yet little understood—is probably peculiar to English and American law, as compared with continental systems. It is a privilege granted to an accused person who feels confident that he can show innocence, clearly, on a summary hearing. There is no jury; and no decision is made. An accused, who demands a hearing, states frankly whatever explanation he is able to give of the suspicious circumstances against him, and produces whatever proof he can of his innocence of the charge. If it is satisfactory, the magistrate may discharge him from custody. Practically, this often saves him the cost and trouble of a formal trial; yet it does not necessarily prevent a trial, if his accusers persist. If, after examination, his guilt seems probable, or seriously doubtful, he is "committed," or perhaps required to give bail, to await a regular trial. While apparently a formal and hostile proceeding, examination is really informal, and granted as a favor.

On entering a French court-room, we perceive at once that we are within a system quite different from that of England. Indications are numerous, though slight, of stronger ecclesiastical and military influences; while the popular element—embodied in the English court-rooms in the jury—is not seen. Jury trial is of English origin,

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and for centuries was unknown in France and other continental countries following the civil law. The magistrates weighed the evidence, determined the facts, and applied the law, as is done in some courts even in this country—courts of chancery, trials by referees, court-martials, military commissions, etc.

Jury trial has steadily won its way over the continent; it is used in Scotland and Ireland very much as in England. It was introduced in France in 1791; Belgium, 1830; Greece, 1834; Portugal, by laws of 1832 and 1837; Geneva, 1844; Prussia, 1848 and 1849; Bavaria and Hesse, 1848; Wurtemburg and Baden, 1849; Russia, 1866; and it has been adopted in Sardinia, and instituted in Austria, but afterward abolished in the latter. Those who criticize the system in this country should consider whether its wide-spread adoption during this century throughout Europe is not strong evidence of its general usefulness and popularity.

Justice Stephen, an English jurist of exceptional learning and experience in criminal law, has lately expressed the following deliberate opinion:

> "Trial by jury is the really popular and impressive part of the administration of justice. It is understood by everybody. Everybody is interested in it. It is from such trials that every one, except a very small number of lawyers, derives his conception of the administration of justice and the character of the law. No one can ever have witnessed such a proceeding without being impressed by it; nor is any part of our institutions more characteristic. It is surrounded with ceremonies which, I must confess, do not appear to me to be in any degree inappropriate to the occasion, or liable to the charge of exaggerating its essential solemnity. If properly conducted, it may convey an impression of fairness, of dignity and moderation calculated to give all who are present at it lessons not easily to be forgotten in many virtues. If improperly conducted, it may bring the most solemn institutions into contempt."

The attitude of the presiding judge in criminal causes in France seems strange to American views. He does not sit as an impartial jurist, charged to decide fairly between the Government and the accused, and to protect the latter against tyranny, but as a member of the Government, whose duty is to detect crime by almost any means of inquiry, and bring it to punishment. There is no rule that the prisoner need not criminate himself. The judge may ply him with questions of all kinds; may entrap him in inconsistencies; may send him back for another week's imprisonment, and summon him again; in short, a criminal trial seems inquisitorial.

The following, though a travesty, depicts this characteristic in briefer space than could be done by quoting from real trials.

SCENE—A French Court. *The Law*—"Prisoner, you are an awful scoundrel. Why don't you confess?" *Prisoner*—"Because I am innocent."

L.—"You say that with impudence, which proves you hardened. How came you to rob your master?" *P.*—"I never did."

L.—"This reiteration is disrespectful, and will aggravate your punishment. Are you fond of the theatre?" *P.*—"Yes."

L.—"That denotes a love of pleasure, frequently united with dishonesty. Do you smoke?" *P.*—"A good deal."

L.—"To stupefy conscience. Do you go to mass?" *P.*—"Regularly."

L.—"That shows you a hypocrite. Now, Witness, is he not guilty?" *Witness.*—"No."

L.—"How dare you say that? Did you commit the crime?" *W.*—"Certainly not."

L.—"Don't answer in that petulant way. What is your character? Are you fond of the theatre?" *W.*—"No."

L.—"Just so. A dark and gloomy nature cannot enjoy innocent recreation. Do you smoke?" *W.*—"A very little."

L.—"You fear to be traced by the smell of your clothes. Do you go to mass?" *W.*—"Seldom."

L.—"Your evil character unfits you for the church. Go down." *To the Jury:* "Gentlemen! it is clear that this scoundrel is guilty. His insolent denials, the class of witnesses—atheists, profligates, frequenters of theatres, gloomy conspirators, and the like—make his guilt evident; besides which I happen to know that he is guilty, for I knew his father, who was a vile assassin. Gentlemen, you have only to say Guilty."

The Jury.—"Not guilty."

According to very recent and trustworthy accounts, the present judicial organization in France comprises four classes of tribunals, exercising four distinct jurisdictions. Commercial disputes between individuals are heard in the Tribunals of Commerce, and non-commercial controversies in the Civil Tribunals. Suits against Government are brought in Administrative Tribunals. Misdemeanors are tried in the Correctional Tribunals; and the higher crimes in the Courts of Assize, juries being used in the latter only. Beneath these organizations are justices of the peace. Above the civil courts are twenty-five courts of appeal, each having a first president at its head, and being divided into "chambers," each under a vice-president. Superior to all is the Court of Cassation (breaking, *i.e.*, reversal), whose function is to insure uniform administration of the law throughout all the Departments; and whose appellate authority extends over all French tribunals. It consists of one "principal president," three "presidents," and forty-five "counselors," or judges. In these courts, *procureurs* of several grades exercise powers somewhat like those of an attorney-general or district attorney in this country, while *avocats* and *avoués* plead as counsel or act as attorneys for individuals.

The new Constitution of the German Empire authorized the Imperial Government to legislate upon the judicial system, and a reorganization was made, dating from 1879. Judges of the higher class are appointed for life, and must have fixed qualifications of learning. The ordinary courts are: 1. District Courts—these are held by a single judge, and try minor civil suits. 2. A class of Criminal Courts held by a district judge and two lay associates—these try minor offenses. 3. Circuit Courts—these are organized in civil and criminal chambers, each to try higher grades of suits or crimes. 4. Jury Courts—a form of the circuit court, organized to try criminal prosecutions by a jury. 5. Chambers for commercial causes—attached to circuit courts, when the volume of commercial business in a locality is such as to need their aid. 6. Supreme Courts—a higher grade than circuit courts, having both civil and criminal jurisdiction. 7. The Imperial Court—this has general and final appellate jurisdiction. It sits at Leipsic, and is composed of a president and such number of judges as may be fixed by the Chancellor of the Empire in organizing the supreme courts from time to time throughout the Empire.

Court-rooms in Belgium, Italy, Sicily and Greece, as to which we have only space for noting the indications of peculiar national character, and the gradual diminution observed, as one travels Eastward, of that reverence among the common people for law as a rule of conduct, on which English and American courts chiefly depend. Thus, in the court depicted in session in the heart of the military monarchies of the continent, for the trial of T'Kindt, a military aspect is noticeable, although the case is one of commercial fraud, like the Overend and

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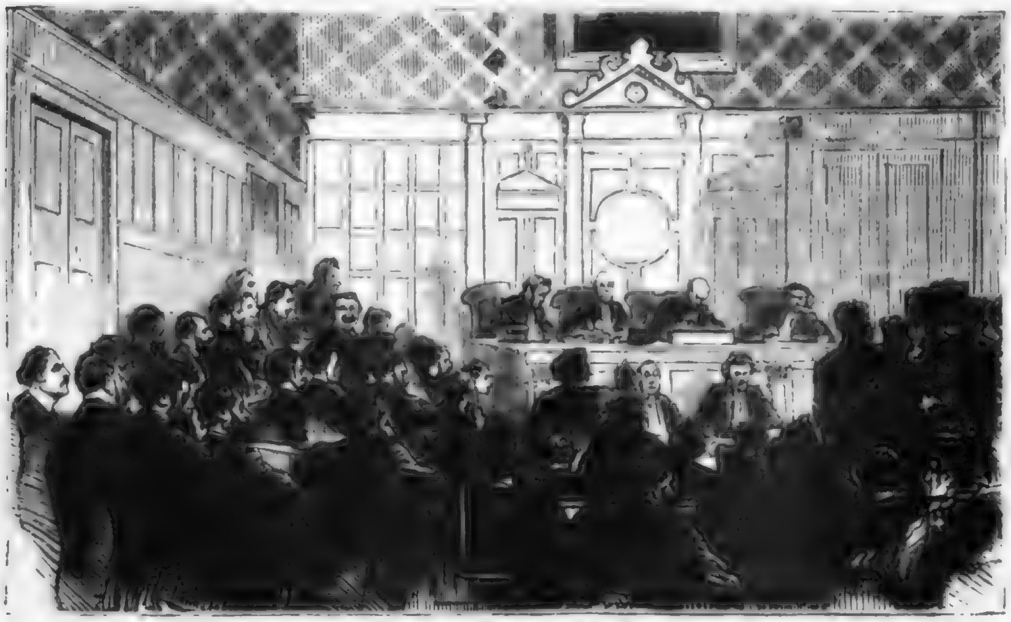
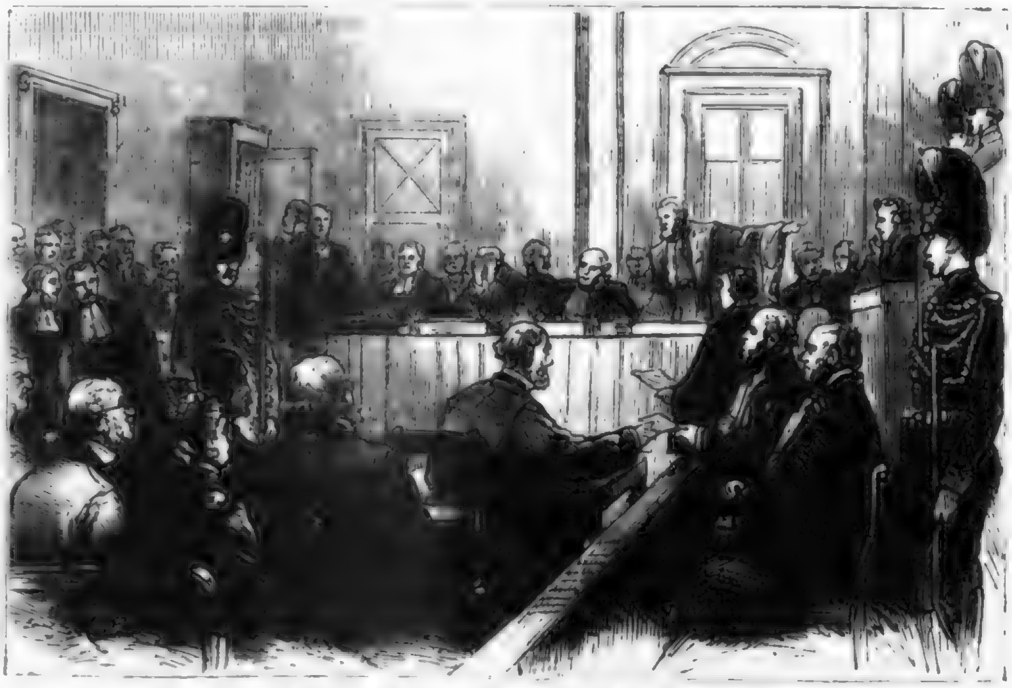


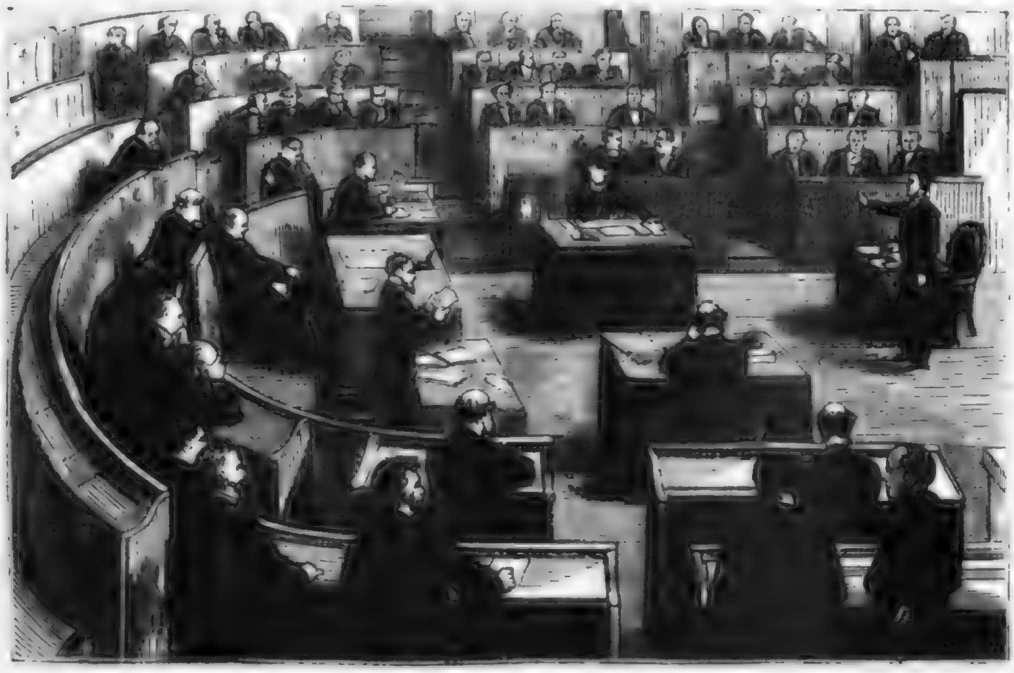
FRANCE.—A CRIMINAL TRIAL IN PARIS—MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.



A TRIAL AT BRUSSELS FOR FRAUD ON A BANK.

Gurney trial in England, or such as the well-remembered Schuyler frauds case in this country. In the Florence court-room a scholastic aspect prevails—the hall seems like an academic lecture-room. In the trial of the brigand, one can perceive from the armed guard or strong iron-barred cage that the tribunal has little trust in any support of its authority to be derived from public opinion in the community. Indeed, the more thoroughly the American reader studies the administration of justice in foreign lands, the better contented he will be with the system of law and the modes of administration under which he lives.

When we reach Constantinople we find that different modes from those cherished in this country are employed. Here are no jury, no array of lawyers, no books, paraphernalia of learning, or industrious scribes recording everything said or done for future review. For this is not a tribunal sitting to administer fixed laws which are prescribed in a spirit of equal justice, and may be ascertained by study. The will, discernment, and sense of justice of the magistrate are a chief guide in decision. Far more than Americans would easily realize, the judge decides upon the complaint according to his views of what is best to be ordered in the particular case. He is liable to be influenced by fear of his political superiors, but is very little controlled by written general laws, reports of former decisions, or apprehensions of an impartial review in a higher court. The method would be intolerable to a people like the Americans.



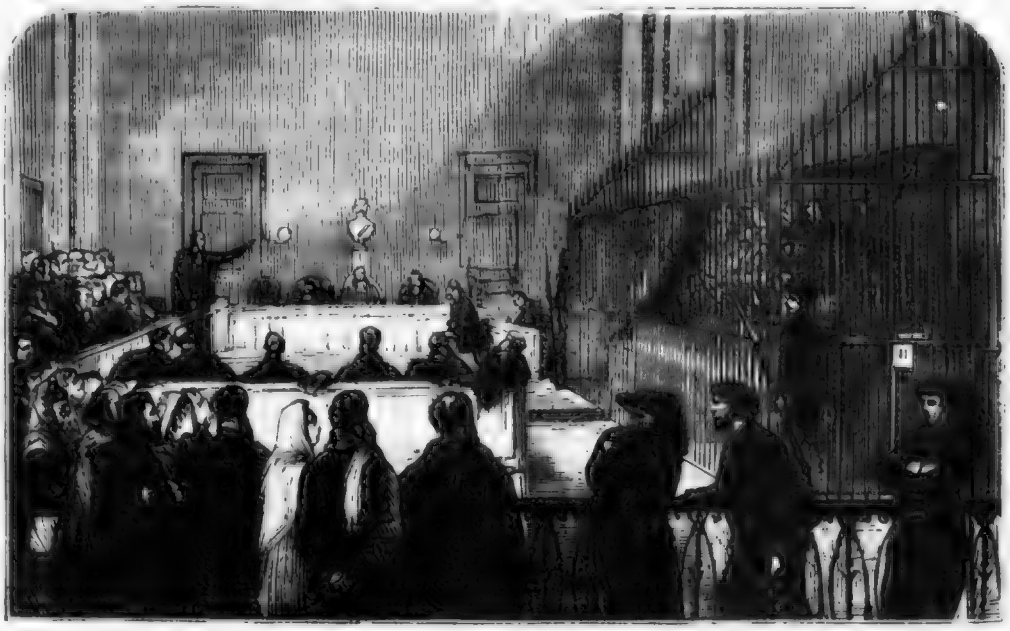
A LAW COURT AT FLORENCE, ITALY.

An English writer has very recently thus delineated it:

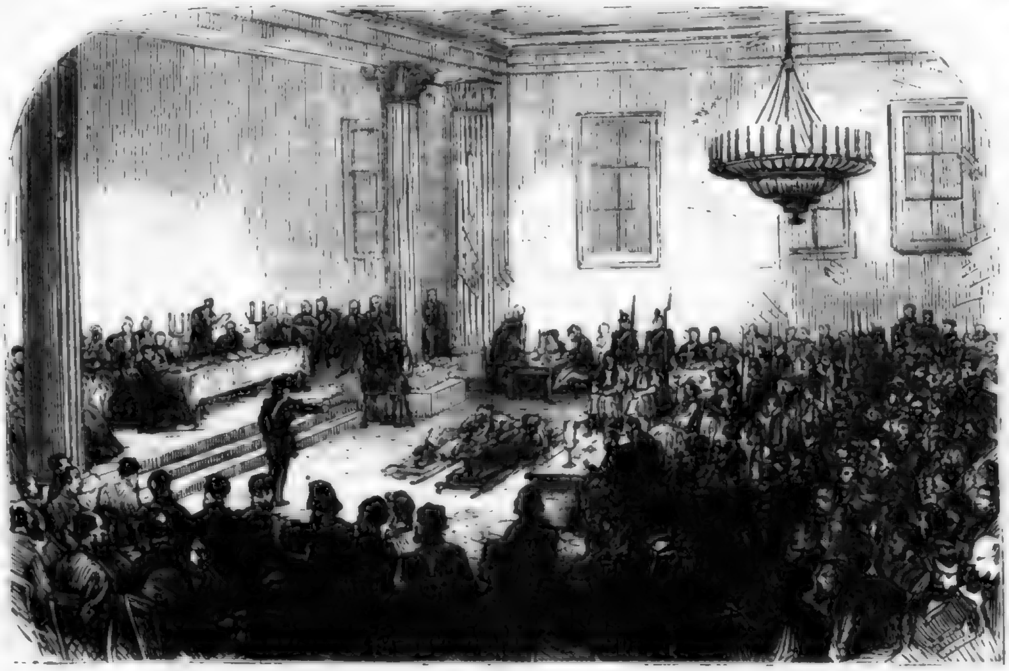
> "In the courts of law (of Turkey) the weakness is worse than the corruption. The Turks possess some judges who are quite sufficiently well educated for their position—Greeks and Armenians, who have received their education in France or elsewhere, and with whom no fault is to be found for want of honesty; but their dread of responsibility, aris-

ing from the fact that they are always liable to be dismissed if they give a decision against a *protégé* of the Minister in power or a place-favorite, makes them despicably weak. The one thing which it is easy to obtain in a Turkish court, as in every other department of the Turkish Government, is delay."

What may strike the reader forcibly is the reflection, "How should I fare, if I, visiting that foreign land, were seized on some false charge and hurried before so strange a court, to be tried in an unknown tongue?" It is an important improvement in comparative jurisprudence, and a valuable protection of American citizens abroad, that the United States Government has negotiated treaties with many of these semi-civilized powers, under which our countrymen have the right to be tried before a consular court, or to have the assistance of the American consul controlling the course of any judicial proceedings against them.



CRIMINAL ASSIZES IN PALERMO.

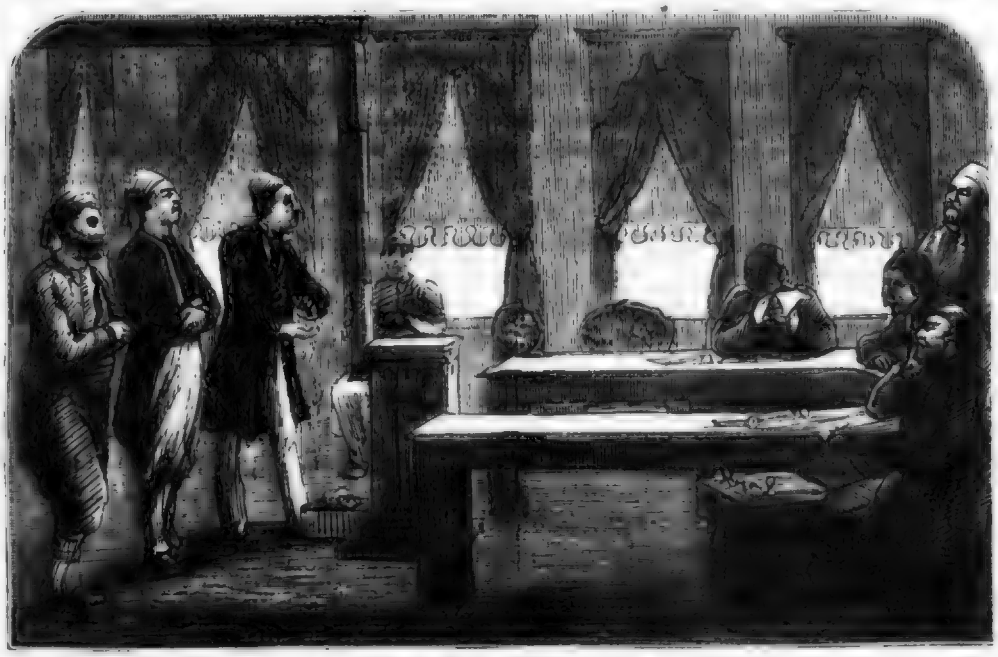


A TRIAL OF BRIGANDS AT ATHENS.

THE USES OF LEMONS.

The lemon-tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over sixty feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit,—that is, the lemon itself. And every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade: to squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and let it soak in cold water, or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good.

Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels, and fevers. It is a specific against worm and skin complaints. The pippins, crushed, may also be used with water and



A CRIMINAL COURT, CONSTANTINOPLE.

sugar, and taken as a drink. Lemon-juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose.

We advise every one to rub their gums daily with lemon-juice, to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon, instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemons are used in intermittent fever, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it internally the better we shall be ourselves.

GRIMME LODGE ON THE WEIR.

A LOW, rambling, one-story house, with queer wings, that really seemed as if they were trying to crawl off, and set up for themselves, but somehow lacked the power of locomotion. An inky, stagnant weir behind. In front, thick ranks of maples, the leaves of which stir not.

The latter hedge in the house, like the ancient sentinels of Helheim in the Northern mythology, and say in their warning dreariness, plainly as words can, "Who passes here is damned!"

Beyond them, like a huge crab, with eyes all over it, peers out the ancient edifice — weird, bizarre, diabolic. Within, like a spider in his den, sits a brooding, misanthropic man, at a piano built to his whim, with strange resemblance to a dragon. His long, thin, claw-like fingers sweep the keys to a wild sort of *fantasia*, full of low, mourning unisons.

It is a strange room—an interior of almost unimaginable weirdness. At either corner Titanic semblances of coffins uphold a low concave ceiling, painted with grotesque masses of cloud, through which break, here and there, blisters of sky studded with stars, and from the exact centre of which looks down a full gilded moon. And within the huge coffins at either corner are clocks, the dials of which are half-face, half-dial—and vaguely suggest four human faces looking out from four upright sarcophagi.

Between these coffin-like clocks the interval of wall scrambles with grotesque painted creatures—some white, some orange, others blood-red—on a ground of ashen. And the ashen—for the spider in his den is something of an allegorist—stands for the blank nothingness whence all being comes; and the grotesque, scrambling creatures, they are being that comes from nothingness, only to be absorbed into nothingness again. And as the master thrums the piano the grotesque creatures on the wall seem to move, as if they felt the thrall, and answered by motion.

"Thus," muttered the master—"thus stirs creation to the music of God, and the music of God is the pulse of being."

It was a back room, not a front one, this den that Cecil Grimme called his study, and looked out over the weir behind the house, upon bare levels of woodland, skirted and bounded with impenetrable woods beyond.

For a moment Cecil Grimme stood at the window and gazed woodlandward; then, with a sigh and a muttered "Ah, yes, she went that way!" returned to the dragon-like piano, and began thrumming again, the grotesque instrument answering with a moan to every motion of his fingers, as if, somehow, its strings were nerves.

At last, with a low monotony of basso, Cecil Grimme broke into a song, obviously impromptu, but as obviously suggested by the weir and the woods beyond, and woven into the form of a medieval ballad, accompanying himself on the instrument:

"Out of the woods on the other side,
On a coal-black steed doth a rider ride;
And he scanneth the land
With his mailed band,
Just out of the woods on the other side.

"He leads no band, he hath no squire,
A stallion he rides that doth never tire;
He hath need of both,
Whose steed must rest—
Not he whose stallion doth never tire.

"Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat,
Like a rider of shadow doth he float—
Like a knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,
Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat.

"Up to the house, with no track on the grass
And he seemeth only like a shadow to pass—
With a motion of knight
And a motion of horse,
That seemeth only like a shadow to pass.

"Into the house, without opening the door;
Through the house, with no shadow on the floor—
Like a knight of shadow,
With a step of shadow,
Through the house, with no shadow on the floor.

"He hath wooed the lady, the lady hath kissed,
And his lips are cold as lips of mist—
He hath wooed the lady,
Hath kissed the lady,
And his lips are cold as lips of mist.

"He is mounted—is gone! It is dusk of dawn,
And he beareth a lady wasted and wan;
But so light is the beat
Of his steed's quick feet,
That it stirs not the dewdrop it falls upon.

"Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat,
Like a rider of shadow doth he float—
Like a knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,
Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat.

"The master's lips, they are white with ire;
But rode he a stallion hoofed with fire,
Yet faster, ah, faster
Than ever the blast
Rides he whose stallion doth never tire

"And into the woods on the other side,
On a coal-black stallion doth he ride;
And he bears with mailed hand
The queen of the land
Into the woods on the other side."

The room was filled with a troop of diabolic reverberations as Cecil Grimme went on with his ballad, now running his fingers madly over the keys, sounds trickling after, and anon stopping and bending his head, as if to listen to something. So even was the whole house; for the Grimmes were a strange race, and the edifice was so constructed as to multiply single sounds until they became hundreds, and trooped up and down, and to and fro, like voices from the invisible; and Cecil Grimme, of Grimme Lodge on the Weir, was not a whit less eccentric than his ancestors had been.

"An Orphic song, indeed, to its own music, etc.," laughed a voice in the ear of the musician, as the reverberations began to creep into their crannies, and curl themselves up for sleep again. "The sad Sir Galahad is grue to-day. See here, Cece, you must get out of this old dragon house; you're getting morbid."

"Why, Mortplain, how came you here?" cried Grimme, presenting his hand for a friendly shake. "I really took you for a spirit *au premier coup d'œil;* and you're nobody but the doctor, after all."

"Dr. Clement Mortplain, at your service, better known as Clem," rejoined the doctor, banteringly. "No connection with spirits, wholesale or retail, except in the way of a trifling consumption of the same. But what's the matter, Cece, old fellow? I came in just as you began drumming that ballad out of the dragon, and, from your manner, supposed I was to have my first case of catalepsy. You're not thinking of going a-suiciding, I hope, having just inherited Grimme Lodge on the Weir, and a splendid balance at the bank."

"No, not that exactly," rejoined Cecil Grimme. "I'm only just a trifle *distrait:* and I have the queerest fancies. Why, since I came to live at the lodge, I seem to remember things that must have happened to my grandfather. This cursed ballad I've just been humming, it came to me like something I once knew and had forgotten, and I'm trying to think where I heard it."

Now, Dr. Clement Mortplain remembered hearing his father, who had been the family physician at Grimme Lodge on the Weir, tell the story of old Cecil Grimme, the grandfather, and how, after the death of Mrs. Grimme, the old gentleman had taken the strange grasshopper into his head that she had been spirited off by an invisible horseman; and here was Cecil Grimme of the third generation, the old man over again, physically speaking, drumming from the piano the barbaric old story of the invisible horseman that had so tormented his grandfather. But Dr. Mortplain was wholly too sensible to discuss the legend, and, consequently, contented himself with:

"Pooh! pooh! Cece Grimme! you're in a mood. Liver bad. Blue pill No. 2. Mind now, three's the dose. And in less than three days you'll have forgotten all about—

"The knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,"

and all that. Sovereign panacea for knights of shadow on horses of shadow is blue pill No. 2. Nothing like it, except, possibly, soothing-syrup, which I preserve for a second prescription."

Mentally, the doctor was saying something else of quite different tenor, while verbally he was running on with his medical rigmarole at 2:40 or faster. And the tenor of it was somewhat as follows:

"Where the deuce did Cece Grimme, who has been in Germany ever since he was a boy in roundabouts, hear the story of his grandfather? Or is there something in it, after all?"

Then, by way of assuring himself that there could be nothing in it, the doctor pooh-poohed again, which seemed to prove it quite to his satisfaction.

"What a pity that the whole essence of logic isn't included in pooh-pooh!—in which case you'd be the greatest logician of the age, my dear doctor," rejoined Grimme, placidly. "But the fact is, the ballad did come to me just like something I had known—say a century since—when I was the merest caterpillar of a boy, crawling about on all-fours."

Dr. Mortplain shook his head, and, as he shook it, appeared to shake therefrom a remonstrance which had obviously been mislaid, or shoved into the wrong pigeonhole, and required to be shaken out, if it was to come out at all.

"Stuff!" thus ran the remonstrance—"stuff, Grimme. You're getting vapory. Mere hypo—the whole of it. Runs in the family. Nothing for it but blue pill or soothing-syrup." Then, to me—I was Dr. Mortplain's incipient *medico* in those days: "Here, Stumpy"—you see, I was brief, as they say in Paris, and the doctor called me Stumpy by way of expressing that shortcoming in the shortest way—"Stumpy, you just run over to the office, and bring me the blue mass. Cece's liver must be attended to."

I had been in the office about ten minutes when Dr. Mortplain hurried in—just soon enough to prevent my returning to Grimme Lodge on the Weir, not more than a hundred rods off, with the blue pill. Consequently, making allowance for the fact that I am not rapid in my locomotion, and may have been on the road five minutes longer than he was, he could not have remained over fifteen or twenty minutes with Grimme after I started for home.

"Stumpy," said my employer, abruptly, after lighting a cabana, and sitting for at least ten minutes in profound rumination, "I really believe that there's something in that cursed Grimme Lodge that makes men mad. I can't account for it any other way. Gran'ther Grimme died mad. Cece's father died mad, and now Cece's in for it. There must be some cursed mephitic, insanity-inducing vapor about the house. Granny Grimme, I've heard father say, was the most sensible woman in the world till she married old Grimme—young Grimme he was then—and went to live in that house, and after that she began to have strange turns, and died mad. Just so it was with Mrs. Grimme, Cece's mother."

"Seems to me, doctor," I interrupted, thinking the opportunity excellent for a scientific disquisition—"seems to me it's a plain case of inherited idiosyncrasy."

Idiosyncrasy being a long word, and a Greek derivative besides, I generally preferred it to peculiarity, whim, oddity, and words of that sort, having an impression that it sounded scientific.

"To Davy Jones with your verbal sky-rocketing, Stumpy!" grumbled my principal, sententiously. "To inherit insanity is one thing, but I never heard of inheriting a poem before, and here is Cece mumbling over the same old ballad that his grandfather died of. And the oddest part of it all is, that I'm certain he never heard it. He was sent to Germany long enough before his father went mad in the same way," continued the doctor, musingly, "and there isn't a written copy of the thing in existence, except one my father wrote out from memory, which I have in my possession. By-the-way, Stumpy, my scientific lad, did you ever hear of a man inheriting a poem among his other hereditary idiosyncrasies?" demanded Dr. Mortplain, half sarcastically.

And I was forced, thus put upon my mettle, to admit that I never did, and that, so far as I knew, or the books went, there was no case of the kind on record.

"Very well, then," suggested the ancient and venerable *medico*, good-humoredly; "this is an instance, and I believe it is all in that cursed old house, particularly the study. I'd run mad in a week if I had to sit there with four coffins staring at me from the four corners of the room, and stare out over that inky weir into the woods for twelve hours out of every twenty-four. It's the study, Stumpy—the study old Gran'ther Grimme translated into a room. That's the logic of the whole matter."

"Curious old codger that Grandfather Grimme must have been," I said, by way of inducing the doctor to tell me the story, for Dr. Mortplain was perversity incarnate—Poe's imp in pantaloons—and if I had asked him directly

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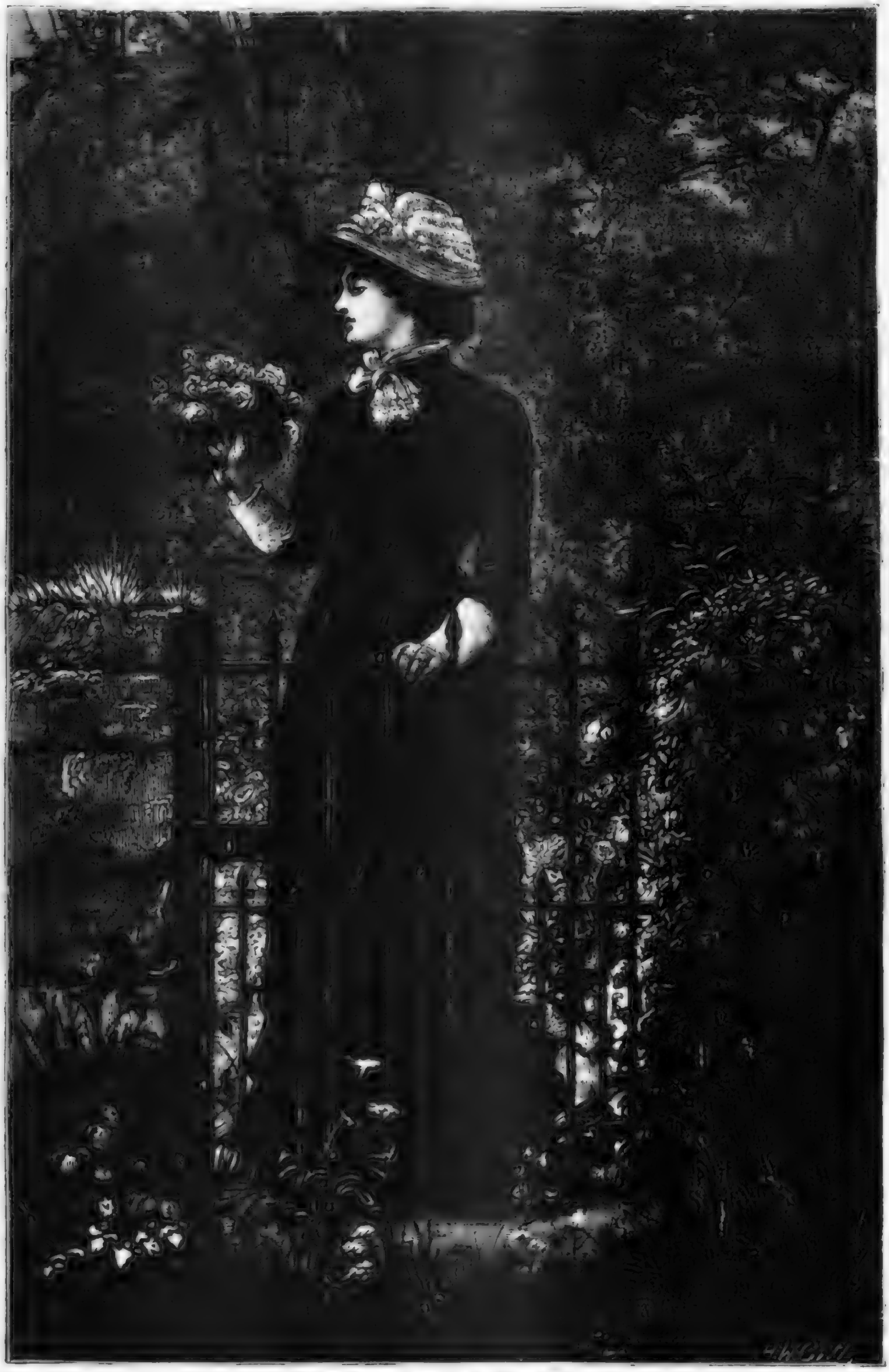
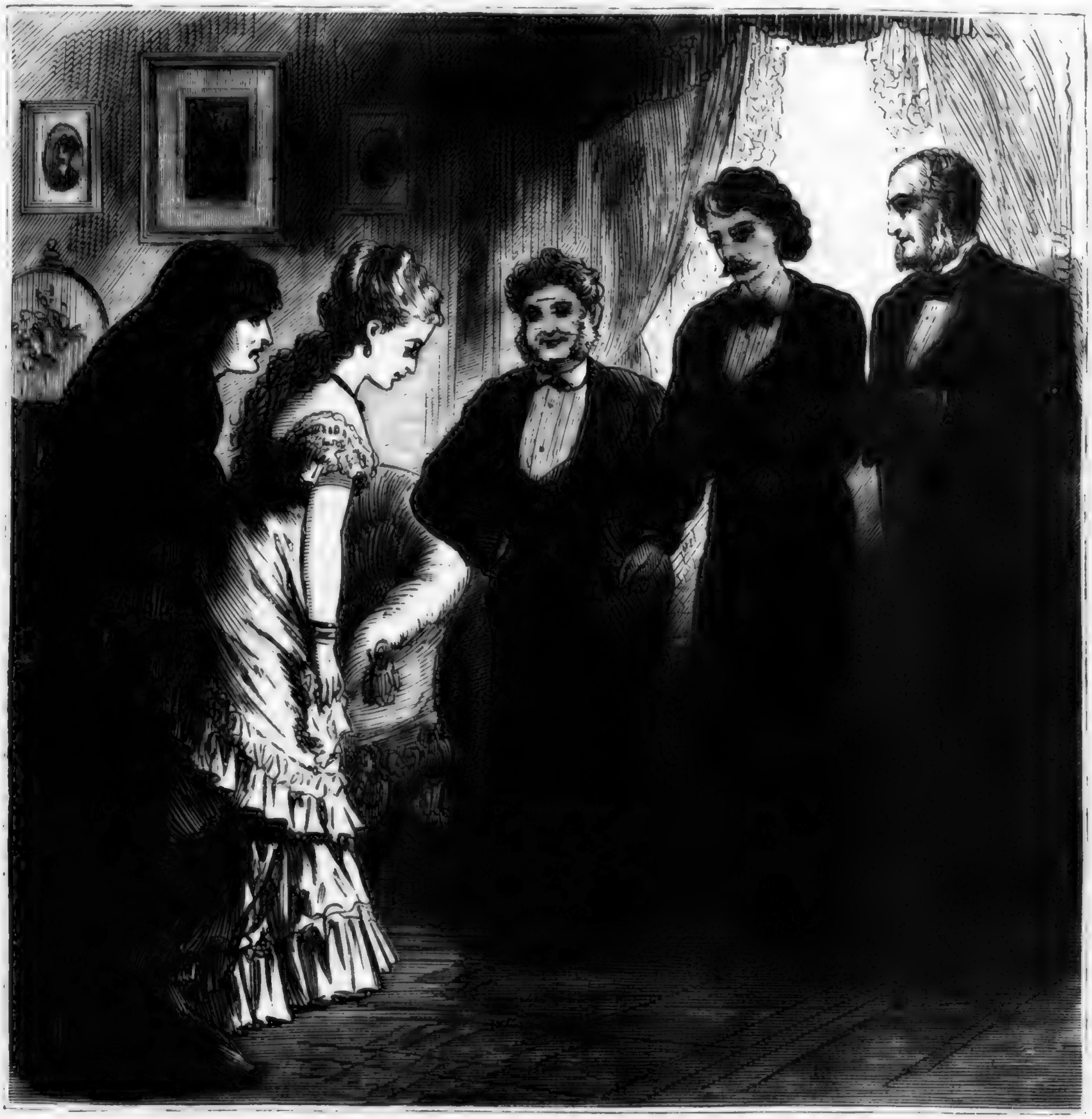
to recount the whole romance of Grimme the grandfather, he would have found fifty ostensible reasons for refusing outright, with only the one real reason—that it was part of his creed never, under any circumstances, to make himself agreeable.



"THE SWEET BOUQUET HE LEFT ME."

"Well, yes," grunted Dr. Mortplain, scanning me nervously, by way of ascertaining whether I was anxious, in order to govern himself accordingly, and concluding from my bored and listless expression that I really was not what I really was—"well, yes; old Grimme had queer notions. Firstly, he didn't believe in the immortality of the soul. 'A man lives,' he used to say, 'in his posterity.



GRIMME LODGE ON THE WEIR.—"PRESENTLY AUNT MILLBANK RETURNED, LEADING THE REAL KITTY, MORE OF A SUNBEAM THAN EVER FOR HER RESIDENCE IN THE CASTLE OF THE OGRESS."

In myself I am ephemeral; in those that follow me, eternal. I shall live over again, and outlive myself in Grimme, Jr., and Grimme, Jr., will perpetuate me in a third Grimme, and so on; and through all will run one and the same original Grimme in an endless series of transmigrations.' That was the first part of the old gentleman's creed. Secondly, he was a perfect pantheist, even before his head got turned. 'Tut, Mortplain!' I've heard him say to my father dozens of times after a metaphysical tussle—'tut, tut, Mortplain! I tell you the whole world is a great living body, and it'll wake up one of these days. It's God's body, Mortplain.' Well," continued the doctor, "after Granny Grimme died, Gran'ther Grimme took the grasshopper into his head that—

"'A knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow'

had come out of the woods beyond the weir, and carried her off, and began to talk about getting up an expedition to rescue her. And that was the way he came to compose that poem you heard Cece humming over this morning, though the Lord only knows how Cece ever found out anything about it, unless he did really inherit it from the old gentleman or his father, who took it up in the same way after poor Mrs. Grimme died."

"Seems to me the thing is hereditary, after all," said I, rather remonstrantly, and by way of trying to defend Grimme Lodge on the Weir from the imputation of willfully and maliciously producing insanity.

"Humph!" grunted the doctor, savagely, or, rather, porcinically. "Wisdom *à priori.* Stumpy begins to look into the deep things of the profession. Stumpy must take care, or he'll make himself sick. I've known students die of learning, particularly in its first stages."

Stumpy made no reply, though there was do doubt that the just-quoted remarks were intended as sarcastical, and that their sarcasticality was meant for him. And, Stumpy making no reply, the doctor went on:

"There is really no hereditary insanity in the case, Stumpy," said he, musingly. "At least, I know there was no taint in the blood of either of the women, and I doubt whether there was in that of Gran'ther Grimme. The Grimmes are an eccentric stock—a race of silent, brooding, and awful subjectivity; but there's no hereditary insanity in the family. Great-gran'ther Grimme, who built the old house, died sane enough; and though Gran'ther Grimme had one or two grasshoppers in his head, they were rather whims that pertain to a powerful imagination than to approximate insanity. I remember the old man distinctly, though I was a mere boy then, and how, after a long discussion with my father, the old gentleman, by way of demonstrating his pet proposition, threw himself on the ground, or, rather, brought his ear close to the ground, and listened long and eagerly. 'I have it, Mortplain,' cried he, at last; 'the world *is* God's body—I hear the beating of its heart.' But that is neither here nor there," continued the doctor. "I staid and talked with Cece fifteen or twenty minutes after you went, and he's full of the old gentleman's ideas. He's going mad, too, and the question is—how to save him? Poor, poor Kitty!" sighed the old man, softly; "it would break her heart to hear of it, and yet she mustn't marry a madman."

Now, Kitty—that is, Kitty Mortplain—was Dr. Mortplain's niece, and engaged to be married to Cecil Grimme.

"However," said the old man, musingly, having obviously turned the whole matter over in his mind, "I'll never let *her* be taken to Grimme Lodge on the Weir, to run mad with the rest of them—never."

Kitty Mortplain was also known as Kitty Sunbeam—a sweet, lissom, gentle, sunshine-hearted little blonde, whose principal beauty was that, somehow or other, light radiated from her, somewhat as Phidias wanted the god to shine through his statues. And that she loved Cecil Grimme with all her heart and soul was just as obvious as that sunshine comes from the sun. Consequently, in saving Cecil Grimme, Dr. Mortplain would be saving Kitty, too.

And thus for weeks and weeks Dr. Mortplain and I noted the progress of Cecil Grimme's malady, the former doing what he could to keep up the patient's physical health. He was his old self always when he came to see Kitty, so that she never suspected; but the moment he entered that diabolical study another individuality seemed to possess him, and to throttle the real Cecil Grimme.

"Acts and talks just as his grandfather did," Dr. Mortplain would often say, after a visit to the lodge—"is the old man once again in everything. And yet I can't find any tangible reason for interfering and taking him in hand, and I can't tell Kitty yet, till there's no prospect of his ever coming out of it. He hasn't inherited any more insanity than everybody inherits; for, down deep in every human soul lies a latent lunacy, which a combination of circumstances may wake up. There is a substratum of madness in all humanity, which, once struck with the auger of experience, spouts up, and deluges the whole man with whims and phantasmagoria."

I, Stumpy, shook my head.

"Lunacy is merely comparative," said I, by way of agreeing as nearly as I could.

And Dr. Mortplain did not mention the matter again for several weeks, during which, though Mr. Grimme had improved in physical health, his malady had been making determinate progress, and now bordered upon that special form of insanity known as hallucination.

The doctor entered the office in a great hurry one afternoon, having passed the morning with Grimme.

"Stumpy," said he, "Cece Grimme has taken it into his head that my Kitty isn't the Kitty he's engaged to marry. I had a long discussion with him this morning. He declared that—

"'The knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow'

has carried off his Kitty, and hidden her somewhere in the woods beyond the weir, and he's talking about organizing an expedition to attempt her rescue. I pooh-poohed, but that was all the good it did. Pif! paf! pouf! No use wasting logic on a madman.

"'Your Kitty,' said he, gravely, 'is a phantasm, doctor. No doubt you think her real—but I tell you when the horseman carried off the Kitty Mortplain I am engaged to, he left a phantasm in the place of her, just to trick you and me, and imagining that neither would ever see through it. I've half suspected it all along, but didn't like to wound your feelings by mentioning the matter: and I'm going to get up a hunt and make an exploration of the whole woods.'

"What the deuce is to be done, Stumpy?" asked the old gentleman, gravely. "I shall have to tell Kitty, and then the thing is at an end."

"Not yet, sir," said I, by way of comforting him, and, I must confess, partly for Kitty's sake, who never called me Stumpy, and had, therefore, earned some title to my gratitude. "Hasn't Kitty an aunt living off in that direction somewhere, beyond or on the other edge of the woods?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "but what of it?"

"Why, send her on a visit to her aunt, of course. It'll take her out of the way, and give you an opportunity to work. Then humor the man's whim. Assist him to get up the expedition. Tell him you have information as to the exact location of the gorgon's castle. Take, eh?"

"I take," rejoined the puzzled representative of allopathy, gravely. "By Jove! the experiment's worth trying. There's no hereditary insanity in the family—only that young man is possessed by the whim of his grandfather; and there wouldn't be anything wrong in letting Kitty marry him. It's that cursedly fantastic old study that's responsible for it all. I'll take your advice, Stumpy."

And in less than a week Kitty had been duly packed off to her aunt's.

The very next day, who should call but Cecil Grimme, of Grimme Lodge on the Weir! And having been duly informed at the house that Miss Kitty was absent for a few days, Mr. Cecil appeared at the office, with a queer sort of triumph irradiating his face. Dr. Mortplain was in; and, the servants at the house having had their instructions, knew perfectly well that their replies had only served to mystify my Lord Whimsical quite to the top of his bent.

"Look here, Mortplain," was his first remark after the preliminary salutation, "what did I tell you, eh? So Miss Phantasm Kitty has left you, has she?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with a gravity quite commendable under the circumstances; "but I've traced out the real Kitty, and I'm going after her in force one of these days. She's been carried off, to be sure, as you say, and I've been prettily hoodwinked all these weeks by a counterfeit; but I'll have her back again in less than three weeks, or die in the attempt. She's incarcerated in a magic castle in the woods beyond the weir. But how the deuce I could have been fooled so all these weeks—that's what puzzles me!"

Grimme's eyes twinkled.

"Well, old fellow," he began, "I'm glad you've got to the bottom of the matter at last, and now I suppose you'll be ready to co-operate with me in the organization of the proposed expedition?"

"No need of that, my boy," rejoined Dr. Mortplain, seriously. "I've got hold of the secret of the spell that unlocks the magic castle and turns the ogress turnkey into stone, unless she gives up my niece. I'll compel her to come to terms easier than any armed expedition could. Mark that, Grimme. I'm practicing the spell daily, so that it shall not fail me when I come to try it."

And here Dr. Mortplain began to mumble some mumbo-jumbo, accompanied with strange antics and curious contortions, which he kept up until I began to think he had taken leave of his wits, as well as his patient, Mr. Cecil manifesting extraordinary symptoms of delight at the old gentleman's preternatural gymnastics.

"It isn't probable," remarked the doctor, having concluded his singular performance, "that I shall have to run through with the whole of it; very likely the magic words will be sufficient. But I have thought it proper to be able to repeat the whole spell, with its appropriate gesticulations, if necessary."

"And you're sure it will work?" half queried, half asserted Mr. Cecil, adding, "Of course it will work, and it's the very thing for the occasion."

"Sure!" answered Dr. Mortplain. "Certainly I am. The spell was communicated to me by a lady who had escaped from the castle of the ogress in the woods beyond the weir, who has the power of taking the form of an invisible knight on an invisible horse, and thus spirits away the most beautiful girls in the country."

Grimme was satisfied.

"Look here, Mortplain," laughed he, "you and I will take the journey together. When shall it be? And wasn't it funny that it should have been two or three weeks before I found out that I was paying court and making love to an apparition? That's the best of it! And I'd have married the apparition, too, if, somehow, the trick hadn't dawned on me one day when I was in my study."

Dr. Mortplain gave vent to an exclamation under his breath, that sounded suspiciously like an English derivative of the Latin *damnare*, followed by the word *study*, preceded by the usual article.

"And look here, Mortplain," continued Grimme, jubilantly. "By Jove! just to revenge myself on the ogress, I'll marry the real Kitty right before her eyes, and compel her to witness the ceremony. Wouldn't it be capital, eh?"

Dr. Mortplain agreed, after some deliberation, that it would be the most capital thing in the world, and, Cecil Grimme having taken leave, rode over to see Kitty at the castle of the ogress, and arrange for the wedding; also to let her aunt into the plot as far as might be necessary to render its workings effective.

The day came, but only Dr. Mortplain's repeated asseverations of unlimited confidence in the efficacy of his spell prevented Mr. Cecil from organizing a formidable band of retainers, armed and equipped after the manner of those of ancient knights-errant; though I have no doubt that the suggestion that weapons were useless in the magic world in which the campaign was to be conducted was also instrumental in convincing that whimsical gentleman that armed men would, probably, only serve to defeat his purpose, and to sentence the real Kitty to everlasting incarceration.

Be this as it may, the day came; and Mr. Cecil, Dr. Mortplain and myself (as assistant in the performance of the magic spell, which, unassisted, Dr. Mortplain did not feel equal to) started on the perilous mission of rescuing Miss Kitty from the dominion of the ogress; not in the panoply of honor, as would have been highly proper in a medieval expedition, but in full dress; and, having ridden a couple of hours, Dr. Mortplain acting as *cicerone*, the warlike trio, consisting of Dr. Mortplain, Stumpy and a lunatic, stopped in front of a neat, airy Italian villa, and proceeded to reconnoitre, finally coming to the decision to attack in front.

Grimme was half mad with nervousness, lest, observing the motions of the attacking party, and divining their intentions, the ogress should escape with her prey by way of the rear; while Dr. Mortplain and Stumpy—that's your humble servant—were half suffocated with laughter, not unmixed with a little apprehension lest some part of the programme should miscarry.

At the second bell-pull, the door was opened by a fantastically dressed and cronish old negress, when, with gesticulations that would have done honor to Burton as *Toodles*, Dr. Mortplain sternly demanded to see the lady of the house, who was waiting in the parlor, and whither the party was piloted with manifest trepidation on the part of the ancient negress.

Then began the drama. With a profound salaam, Dr. Mortplain saluted Aunt Millbank, who enacted the ogress to perfection by frowning savagely, and emitting some syllables of an unknown tongue.

"*Beraishith bava clohim*," began the doctor, solemnly, and in a basso an octave below Babcock's best in repeating Poe's "Raven," "*eth hashamagim ve-eth ha-avets*," indulging in pauses of contortion *ad libitum*, by way of enforcing the adjuration properly, while Grimme and I looked on, the former carefully noting the apparent effect of the spell on the ogress of the castle.

A spasm shook the frame of Aunt Millbank, which I have always suspected was laughter.

"*Ve ha-avets hayetha tohu va-vohu!*" groaned that lady, with a strange uprolling of the eyes. "*Ve hoshek al panai tehom!*"—with the utterance of the last, turning, with a despairing expression of countenance, to leave the room.

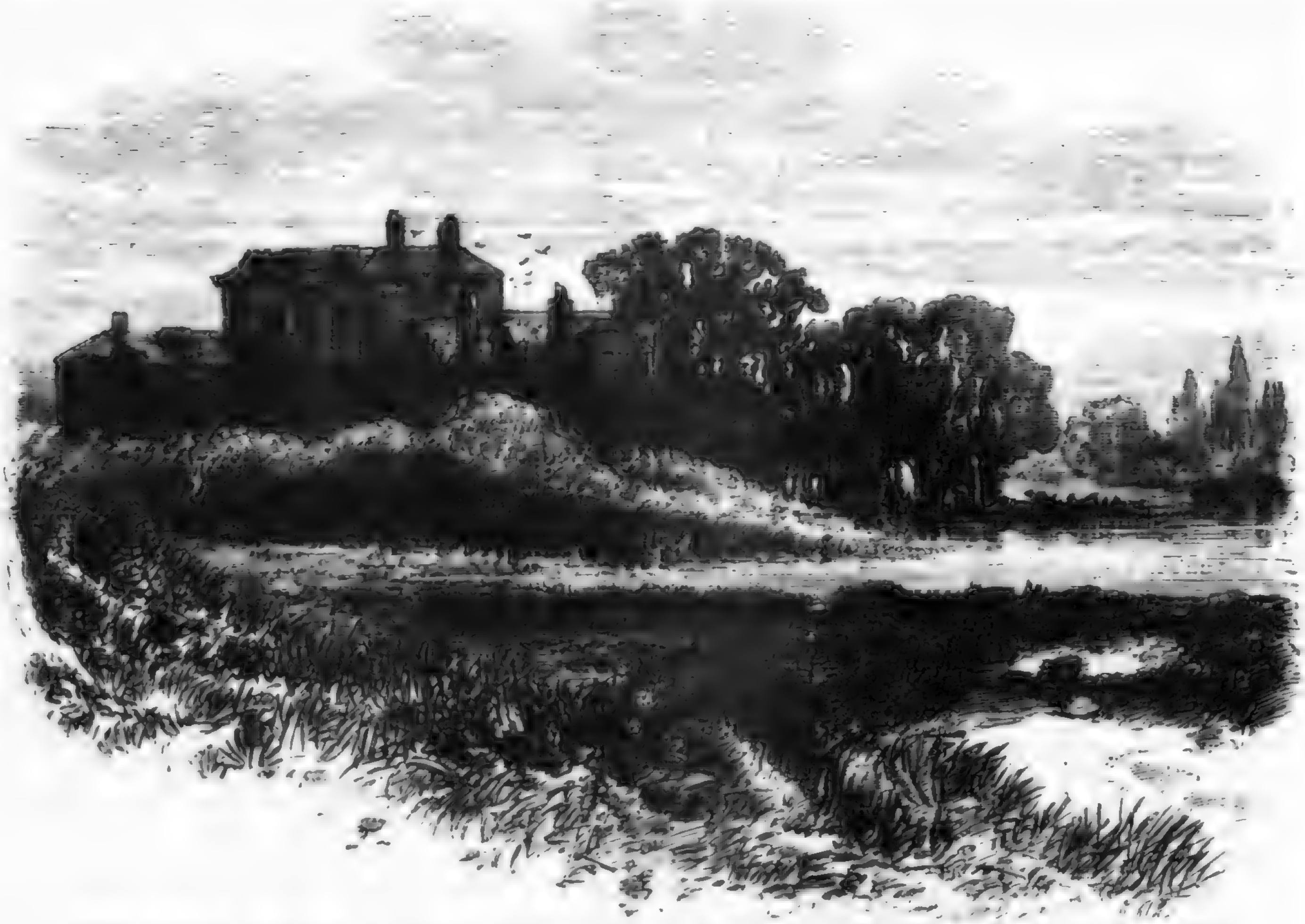
Dr. Mortplain nodded to Grimme at this moment, by way of assuring that gentleman it was all right, and that the spell had worked admirably, the latter returning the nod with another nod, in the manner of a vote of thanks; and presently Aunt Millbank returned, leading the real Kitty, red as a peony with blushes, and more of a sunbeam than ever for her residence in the castle of the ogress, *alias* Aunt Millbank.

A second spell—this less *outré* than the former—conjured a clergyman and sundry wedding-guests from the back parlor, the latter of whom Mr. Grimme, no doubt, took to be gorgons or dragons, or something of that sort, metamorphosed into men and women, in full dress, just for the occasion, and by virtue of the spell in question.

No matter. The play was played out without accident, and Cecil Grimme, with the real Kitty, started on their wedding-tour, with Dr. Mortplain and the ogress, to return to Grimme Lodge on the Weir in a few weeks.

"And mind you, Stumpy," was the doctor's last injunction to me, as he handed the ogress into his clarence—"mind you, Stumpy, and see that the Lodge is renovated from cellar to garret, and that the study isn't there when I get back, or I won't be answerable for the consequences to the patient."

And here ends the story of Grimme Lodge on the Weir—a new creation having taken its place in the interval of Mr. Cecil's absence. The maples thinned out a little; a bay window or two; the sunshine let in here and there; the weird allegories of Gran'ther Grimme expunged from the study; the addition of a little color here, the suppression of a little *fantesquerie* there—and Grimme Lodge was converted into one of the sweetest little rural gems



GRIMME LODGE ON THE WEIR.—"A LOW, RAMBLING, ONE-STORY HOUSE, WITH QUEER WINGS, THAT SEEMED AS IF THEY WERE TRYING TO CRAWL OFF AND SET UP FOR THEMSELVES."—SEE PAGE 170.

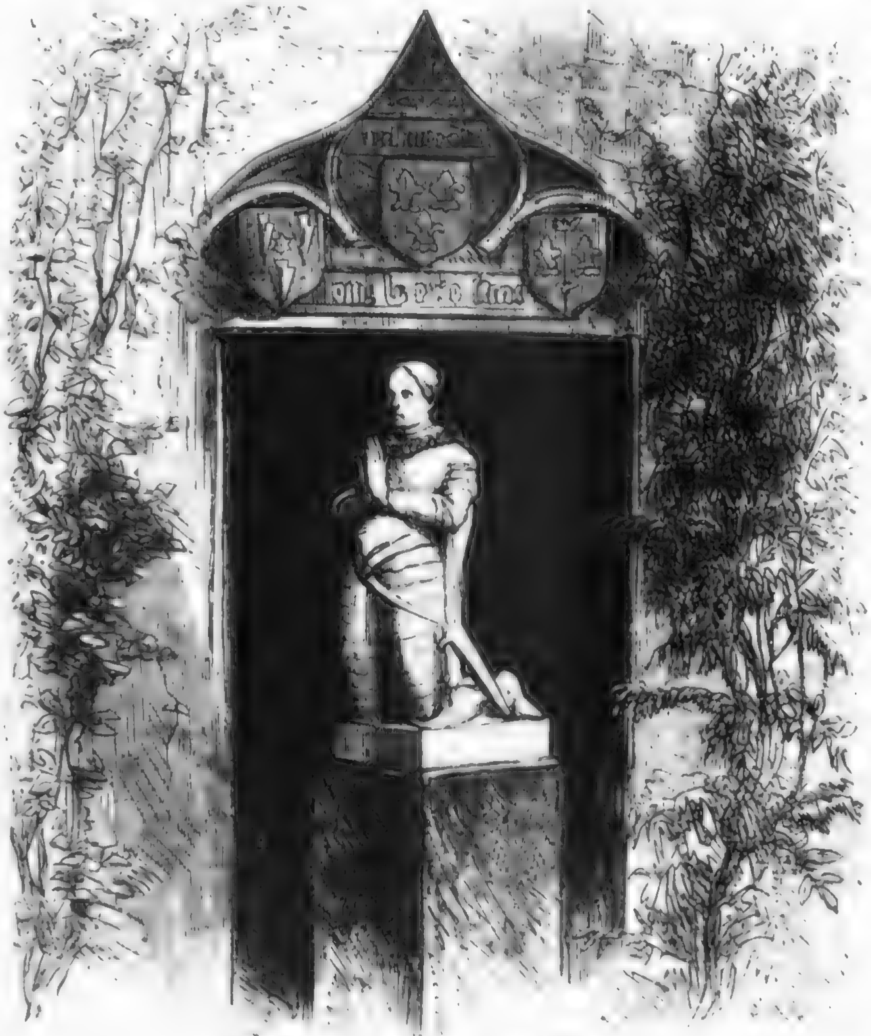
imaginable, with an utter exorcism of Gran'ther Grimme.

"I feel, doctor," said Mr. Cecil, a week after his return, "as if I had had a long and terrible dream, and I'm trying to remember parts of it. There was a strange old ballad in it, that I used to hum, day after day, in my dream at a dragon of a piano in the study; but I can't recollect a word of it. Only I have waked up with the dearest little sunbeam of a wife in the world, and I wasn't married when I went to sleep."

"And," said the doctor, commenting on Mr. Cecil's confession, to me, "I verily believe Cece was possessed by his grandfather. How else could he have known anything about the ballad of—

'The knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,'

only to forget it again the very moment he came to himself? And how in the world should it have come to him like something he had once known (*when*, he couldn't tell), unless—— Well, science won't permit me to say what."



WOMAN AS A WARRIOR.—JOAN OF ARC.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

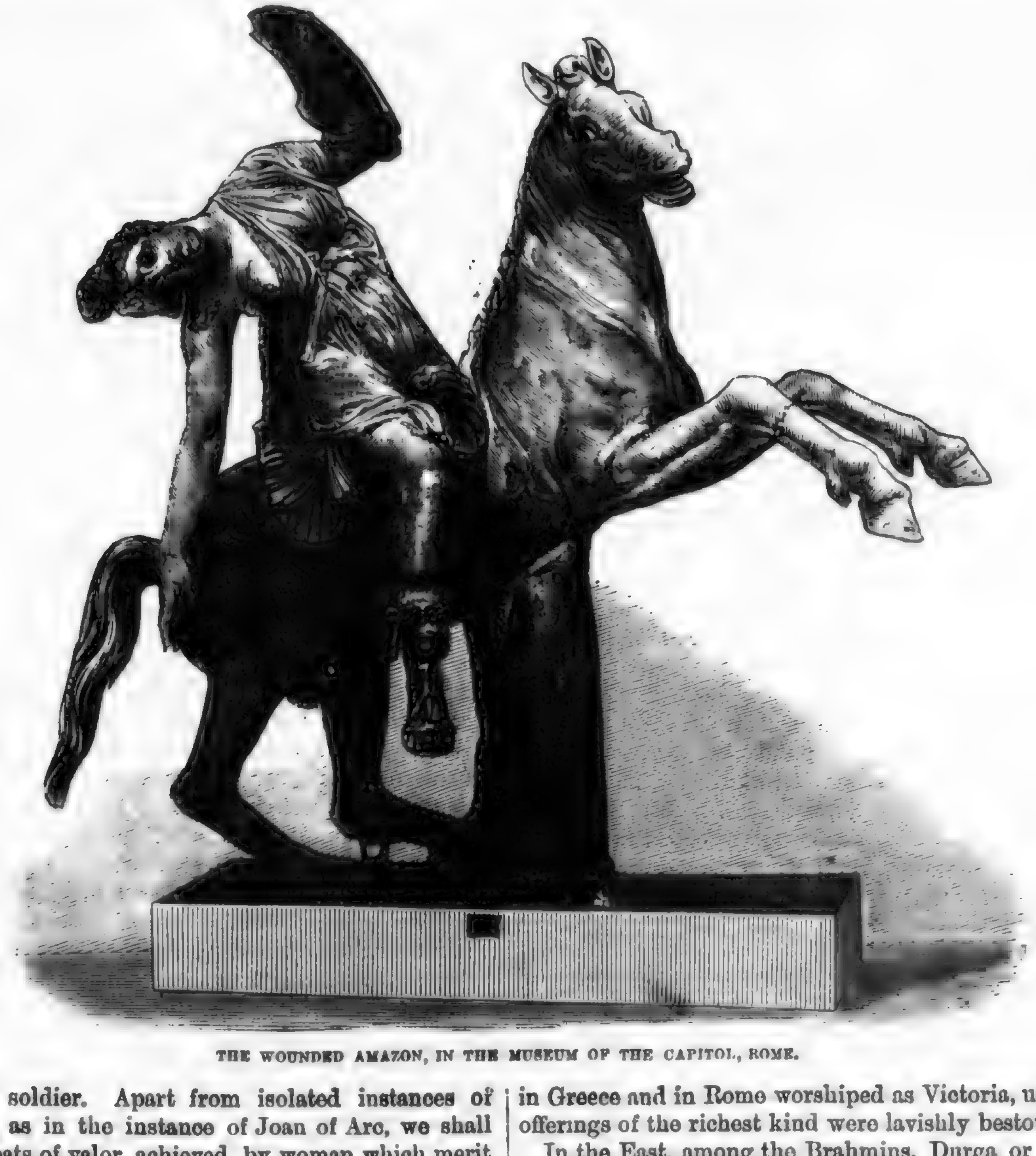
A WEAK mind is like a microscope. It magnifies small things, but cannot receive large ones.

WOMAN AS A WARRIOR.

By Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.

In discussing woman, we all, naturally, think of her from the feminine side of her character, and imagine her as displaying in various fields the sensitiveness and tenderness which are, as we suppose, her most appropriate qualities. We do not often pause to consider whether she may not have won laurels in fields more peculiarly adapted to the masculine qualities of physical courage and valor.

A glance at ancient history—some acquaintance with the records of earlier nations, oblige us to hesitate before we declare that no lasting honors have been won by woman as a soldier. Apart from isolated instances of heroic deeds, as in the instance of Joan of Arc, we shall find many feats of valor achieved by woman which merit a lasting place on the roll of fame.



THE WOUNDED AMAZON, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL, ROME.

Although we may scarcely feel inclined to give in our adherence to an old Chinese tradition, which affirms that, but for the wisdom of certain mandarins, the weaker sex would have gained the ascendency in the Celestial Empire, we may by inquiry ascertain that women on more than one occasion have proven formidable antagonists.

That the ancients believed in woman as a warrior is evident from the fact that so many of the tutelary deities of war were females. The Goddess of War had the supreme direction of military matters, and very often proved by her wisdom infinitely superior to the more ferocious God of Battles.

Every nation among the earlier peoples held a similar belief. The Egyptian Goddess Neith was supreme symbol of war, philosophy and wisdom, and was variously represented by the lioness or vulture. Minerva exercised a like sway over the Greeks and Romans, as did also Bellona, sister of Mars, the god of war. Victory, too, in the olden days was symbolized by the feminine goddess—in Egypt called Napthe, and represented by the eagle; in Greece and in Rome worshiped as Victoria, upon whom offerings of the richest kind were lavishly bestowed.

In the East, among the Brahmins, Durga or Katyayini presided over all warlike enterprises, and was fitly represented with ten arms and hands, in each of which she held a weapon of offense or defense; while the belief of the Western nations in a woman's power is shown by the fact that our British forefathers prayed to Andate, or Andraste, Goddess of Victory.

The Gothic race elevated to the rank of deities—

> "Those dread maids whose hideous yell
> Maddens the battle's bloody swell";

showing that they took a leading part in every battle fought upon the earthly sphere, choosing heroes from the ranks and carrying them to Valhalla, the Paradise of the Brave.

Not in the Old World only is such belief fundamental in ancient religions. When the Spanish conquerors entered Mexico, they found, among other hideous monsters worshiped by the people, a frightful object, named Teoyamiqui, who was the presiding goddess of war, and wife of the equally hideous Huitzilopochi, the Mars of that country. It is a little amusing to learn that, although like the Gothic goddesses, she was supposed to snatch heroes from the bloody battlefields, she changed them, directly she had them in Elysium, into humming-birds.

A knowledge of such religious belief rather inclines us to accept the fact of the existence of Amazons in the past. Gibbon declares it to have been *almost* impossible; Plutarch considers the early accounts of women's martial feats as clearly resembling fable and fiction; while Herodotus, Deodorus, and others, believed in their existence and marvelous achievements.

It is interesting to consider the origin imputed to them by Justin. He narrates how a colony of many hundred men and women emigrated from Assyria to the shores of the Black Sea, and settling there, were in the course of time overwhelmed by the inhabitants of the neighboring districts, and every male among them slain. Then the women, in self-defense, took up arms, and expelled the foe from the country. Having succeeded in this, they henceforth repudiated matrimony, calling it slavery, and vowed never to speak to men, except upon certain seasons of the year. Upon these occasions they visited neighboring countries, entered into relations with men, and returned to their own dominions; when male children were born to them, they either strangled them or distorted their limbs, or, as Philastratus and other historians affirm, sent them back to their fathers; the girls they reared in warlike exercises, cutting off the right breast in early childhood, that they might better hold the bow and hurl the dart. This is supposed to have been the origin of the name "Amazon," which is derived from two Greek words signifying wanting a breast.

At one time (so history asserts), the Amazonian Kingdom extended over the whole of Asia Minor and India, besides a great part of Italy; and from the same source we learn that Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, was married to an Amazon named Sphynx, B.C. 1550.

Pliny ascribes the invention of the battle-ax to an Amazon queen, Myrene, known to us as the mother of the beautiful Penthesilea, who led the chosen body of Amazons to the assistance of Troy, and died by the hand of Achilles.

From this date till the reign of Alexander the Great, 330 B.C., we hear no more of the Amazons; but amongst the many who came to visit the great conqueror at Zadracata, the capital of Hyrcania, was Minithya, an Amazon queen, who expressed her disappointment at finding him "such a little man."

And here all record of the Amazons as a people ends; but according to Herodotus, the Sarmatians in Scythia were their descendants. The women of this warlike race dressed as men, and fought with their husbands in the field. No maiden could marry until she had killed a man, and Herodotus quaintly says: "It sometimes happened, therefore, that many women died single at an advanced age."

A new reason for remaining a spinster, at least!

Deodorus writes of Amazonian tribes in Africa, and modern historians mention a warlike and vindictive tribe of female warriors in the Caucasian mountains in the seventeenth century, instancing the travels of Lamberti, a Neapolitan monk, who inspected the suits of armor worn by these women.

During the reign of Charles II. of England, Chevalier Chardin, a Huguenot refugee traveler in Persia, brought home reports of a tribe of Amazons who held many of the kingdoms of the Caucasus in awe, but admitted that he never met any of them.

All these records are necessarily mixtures of fact and fable. Probably Semiramis is the earliest female warrior whose positive existence can be well authenticated, and comparatively little is known of her. As to the date of her existence, there are eight distinct statements about it, the earliest making her live 2,177 years B.C., and the latest placing the date of her exploits 713 years before the Christian era.

Authentic history seems to have decided that she first distinguished herself at the siege of Bactria, where she accompanied her husband, Menon, one of the officers of the Assyrian armies, and that King Ninus, smitten with the bravery and the energy with which she herself carried on the assault of the city, demanded her of her husband, and when Menon refused, exercised his kingly power, cast him into prison, and had his eyes put out; death soon releasing the unfortunate man from his sufferings, the King at once married the widow, and Semiramis became Consort of Assyria. Once installed in this position, her ambition knew no bounds. She induced the King to yield the supreme power into her hands, and as a reward had him thrown into prison and put to death. Then she carried on a victorious career, extending her conquests far beyond the Indus; and, emboldened by successive victories, penetrated into the heart of India, where, however, she was wounded, and finally defeated by the native King. Returning to Assyria, she abdicated in favor of her son, and some historians say that she was murdered at his instigation. The Athenians deified her, and worshiped her under the form of a dove!

Cyrus, the greatest conqueror the world has ever seen, received his first and last defeat from a female general, Queen Tomyris, who, being the widowed sovereign of the warlike Massagetæ, who were attacked by Cyrus, collected her forces and led the Persians into such a narrow pass, that they found it impossible to escape her furious attack, and were all slain, with their King.

Roman conquest was resisted by more than one female warrior: Cleopatra of Egypt, Candace of Ethiopia, and, most formidable of all, Boadicea, the British warrior-queen, who defied them by her intrepid spirit. The description of the Queen of Britain, as she led her forces against Suetonius, has been given by an early historian. He speaks of her as a woman of lofty stature, with a noble if severe expression, and complexion of dazzling fairness, her long, yellow hair floating to her feet; and as clothed in a tunic of various colors, confined at the waist with a zone of gold. Defeated by the overwhelming force of the Roman invaders, Boadicea put an end to her existence by poison. More than five thousand women enlisted under her banner—many of them old and decrepit, but all inspired with their belief in her, and all trained to the use of arms.

The women of Scotland were equally warlike. An edition of old prints published in the last century in England, giving the dresses of ancient nations, contains three plates—one representing a Caledonian woman dressed in short petticoats and fully armed, and two others which show the wife and daughter of a Pict; they are naked, and tattooed, and hold in either hand weapons of war—a lance and darts.

In their enterprises the warlike tribes of Germany were always accompanied by their wives and daughters.

During the glorious days of the Roman Empire, matrons entered the lists in the amphitheatre, and afforded intense delight to the satirists of the day, who were never weary of holding the matrons up to ridicule. Juvenal suggests an auction of his wife's martial equipment. "Who'll give most," he cries, "for her corset, helmet and gauntlets?" But, in spite of satire, the females of Rome were more than once banded into corps of warriors, in imitation of the Amazons. Nero insisted on equiping all the women of his seraglio with battle-axes and bucklers.

During the Crusades, women of all ranks distinguished themselves. "Squadrons of females" followed King Louis of France to the Holy Land, and ranged themselves under the banner of the Templars. Even little children were in the ranks, so great was the enthusiasm felt for the cause.

When, in 1333, Edward III. of England invaded Scotland, the Earl of March being absent, his countess defended the Castle of Dunbar. She was called "Black Agnes," and for five months performed all the duties of a bold and skillful commander. The Earl of Salisbury, who conducted the assault, had a great admiration for her valor, and exhausted all his energies in his attempts to circumvent her—finally attempting to reduce the tower by famine; but, after a siege of thirteen weeks, he withdrew his forces, and left Black Agnes mistress of the field.

During the protracted wars between England and France in the fourteenth century, several Frenchwomen distinguished themselves in the battlefield. The best known are the Countess of Montford, the Countess du Guescelin and Jane de Belleville, who distinguished herself by cruising round the coast of Normandy. She, however, was a traitor to her country, and in revenge for her husband's death—he having been accused of holding secret intelligence with the English—she attacked every French ship that neared her native shores, and often landed and ravaged the country for miles. She was constantly seen, a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, gloating over the smoking ruins of the villages she had laid waste. She was an almost solitary instance of a female corsair.

Denmark is proud of another heroine of the same period—Margaret, daughter of King Waldemar, who, upon the death of her son Olaus, mounted the throne, although the female successor was not recognized, and by her beauty so gained the hearts of the people, that she was further elected Queen of Norway. Not content with this, she marched into Sweden, and for seven years carried on a devastating war; and finally, by the treaty of Calmar in 1397, was proclaimed Queen of the three Scandinavian countries.

The fifteenth century brings us to the exploits of Joan of Arc, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell, so familiar are they in every detail. Within the present century it has been proposed to canonize her.

From that day to the present, history teems with instances of female heroism and valor.

France had, in later ages, a noble heroine in Phillis de la Tour du Pin, known as the "Heroine of Dauphiny." Such was her force of character that her dying father committed his wife and his other children to her care, reversing the usual order. But she could not only manage a household and an estate, but could take part in the affairs of her time. Trained to the use of arms, she assembled the gentry of her province, on the troubles that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and marched to Gap to meet the Duke of Savoy. They were already retreating, but she pushed on, overtook them in the mountains, cut them to pieces, and delivered Dauphiny. Count Caprara tried to avenge this defeat, but Phillis beat him, as she had beaten his master.

She laid down her arms when peace was restored. Such was the universal respect felt for her military skill, that when the Huguenots raised the standard of revolt all called upon her to assume command. Her heart forbade it. Among the leaders of the insurgents was her early playmate and lover, Raymond de Berange. She witnessed his death on the scaffold, and remained true to his memory till her own soul took its flight.

In the ranks of the Italian banditti, women have been enrolled from time immemorial; too often utterly unsexed by their profession, and guilty of crimes of rapacity and violence. Spanish records give us many instances of the same kind.

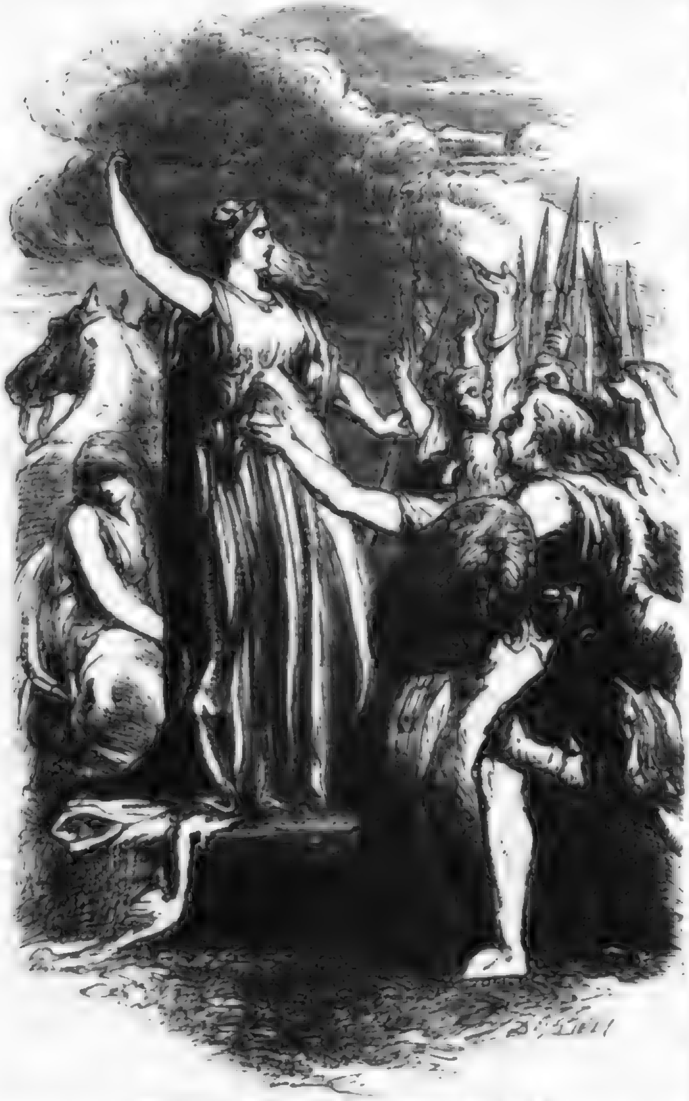
After the discovery of America, women, imbibing the adventurous spirit of the age, embarked with their husbands and lovers, and came to the New World.

In the sixteenth century, when Cortes set off upon the voyage which resulted in the conquest of Mexico, he was followed by six hundred soldiers, most of whom were accompanied by their wives, who, in the sufferings that followed, did much to inspirit the men. One of these heroines has written her own history, which exhibits her extraordinary valor, but also her savage cruelty and rapacity. She served in the ranks, disguised as a man, and received promotion before it was known that she was a woman. Her real name was Catalina de Erauso, but she served as Alonzo Dias. Her lawlessness was so great that she chose the lowest characters as associates; twice narrowly escaped hanging; quarreled with and stabbed a gentleman in a gambling house, and finally became so notorious that she fled for refuge to the sanctuary of a church in Peru. Here she was exhorted to repentance; confessed her sex, and, by influence of the bishop, was pardoned and returned to Spain, where, by permission of the Pope, she was allowed to retain her masculine garb. She then devoted herself to commerce, and called herself Antonio de Erauso. The date of her death is uncertain, but her portrait is still preserved at Seville.

The name of Christina of Sweden is familiar to every student of history. Her love of everything warlike was so extreme, that the greatest disappointment of her life was that she could not study the art of war under her illustrious father, Gustavus Adolphus. When she resigned the crown of Sweden in 1647, she proceeded in state to Rome, and entered the Imperial City attired in the full costume of an Amazon, and mounted on a war-horse.

During the civil wars in England many of the Royalist women distinguished themselves. The Countess of Derby is, perhaps, the most celebrated, as she defended the family mansion of Lathom, in Lancashire, for three months, against the utmost efforts of the Puritan besiegers. Lord Derby was Governor of the Isle of Man, and had proceeded there to offer a refuge to the dethroned King, leaving his lady to represent him at home. The siege of Lathom House is a memorable one in the history of the civil wars, both on account of the heroism of Lady Derby, and in consequence of the immense loss the Parliamentary forces sustained. When Prince Rupert came to her relief, 1,500 of the besiegers lay dead on the field, and 700 were taken prisoners.

In the eighteenth century nearly every European army had its complement of women. Very little examination of recruits took place, and there were many reasons why women should prefer to follow their husbands, lovers and sons to being left behind, uncertain of their fate, ignorant



BOADICEA ROUSING HER BRITONS TO WAR.

whether they lived or died. Better the dangers of war than the long, dreary suspense of awaiting news.

So we find more instances than can probably be recorded—even to give the most notorious would fill a volume. Even in our own century women have distinguished themselves in war.

Early in the century the Maid of Saragossa immortalized herself, and won a place upon the roll of fame only second to that of Joan of Arc. Spain, wearied with resistance, had succumbed to the genius of Napoleon, and the town of Saragossa alone remained unconquered. Women of all ranks assisted in its defense, forming themselves into battalions of two and three hundred, and shirking no exposure or danger.

The French were so exasperated at the protracted defense offered by this single town, that they bribed the people in charge of a powder magazine to blow it up during the night. The enemy then pressed forward, and commenced a vigorous cannonade, and the consequent confusion in the city became fearful; the terror-stricken defenders were about to capitulate; the French were already pouring into the town through the breaches made by the explosion and their cannons, when the Maid of Saragossa appeared upon the scene, turned the fortunes of the day, and immortalized her name. Dressed in white, a cross hanging from her neck, her dark hair falling upon her shoulders, her eyes sparkling with the excitement of her resolve, she issued from the Church of the Donnas del Pillas, and disregarding the insults of the soldiers, passed through the streets to the ramparts. Mounting the breach, she seized a lighted match from the hands of a dying engineer, and set fire to his piece; then, kissing the cross, she exclaimed: "Death or victory!" and reloaded the cannon.

The despairing people were seized with fresh hope, enthusiasm filled each saddened heart, a great cry arose, "Long live Agostina!" and the fortunes of the day were changed.

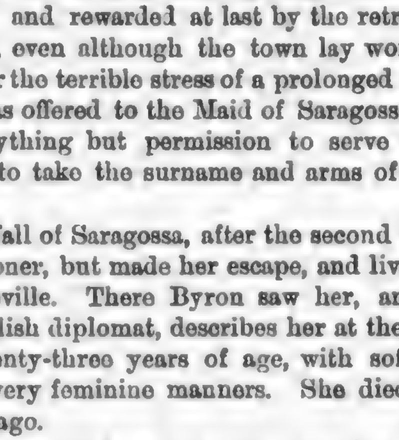
The Maid of Saragossa remained at her post, as the men of the town rushed to the battery and opened new fire upon the foe; for the time the French enemy were repulsed, then finding the attempt by force hopeless, the French general determined to reduce the place by famine. It is easier to rush forward and face a foe in the flash and confused excitement of assault; it is another thing to lose hope hour by hour, to suffer want, and see death triumphant on every side, and yet to hold out with brave face and words of encouragement. After days of hunger a message was received from the French general, offering terms if the town would capitulate; Agostina was asked as to the reply to be sent. "War," she cried, "to the knife!"

Such an answer exasperated the French to an increasing pitch of frenzy. For eleven days and nights the devoted city was bombarded, until the interior was like the crater of a volcano. The French gaining partial entrance, every foot of ground was disputed by the citizens; they fought from street to street, from house to house—even from room to room. Wherever danger was, there was Agostina, not only encouraging and fighting, but directing, commanding; and rewarded at last by the retreat of the baffled enemy, even although the town lay worn out and powerless after the terrible stress of a prolonged siege.

Every reward was offered to the Maid of Saragossa, but she declined everything but permission to serve as an artilleryman, and to take the surname and arms of Saragossa.

At the ultimate fall of Saragossa, after the second siege, she was taken prisoner, but made her escape, and lived for many years at Seville. There Byron saw her, and Sir John Carr, an English diplomat, describes her at the same date as about twenty-three years of age, with soft and pleasing face and very feminine manners. She died only twenty-four years ago.

But the Peninsula could boast of another heroine beside the Maid of Saragossa. In 1810 old Fort Matagorda, at Barossa, was attacked by the French, and though the English force numbered less than fifty, they held it for nearly two months. The wife of Sergeant Reston, of the Scots Brigade, won herself the title of Heroine of Matagorda, by her cool and unflinching courage and self-devotion. She tended the sick and wounded under a murderous fire, and when a drummer-boy flinched from the task of going for water, she exclaimed: "The peur bairn is frightened, and no wonder. Gie the bucket to me." She then rushed through a hurricane of fire, and got water for the wounded; nay, when a bullet cut the rope-handle and spilt her pail, she turned coolly back and refilled it. In every service and duty



THE HEROINE OF DAUPHINY.

she was always side by side with the bravest, and the commander long spoke of his last sight of her shielding her child from fire by exposing her own person. She was one of the few survivors, and died at an advanced age at Glasgow.

Nearer still to our own day we have the devoted wife of Garibaldi, Anita, a Brazilian by birth. She accompanied her husband on all his campaigns, sharing every danger, and acting in every respect as a soldier. She had many perilous escapes during the war for Brazilian independence, and afterward took a leading part in Garibaldi's campaigns in Italy and Austria. Throughout the siege of Rome she was by his side, but when he escaped to Venice she died alone, worn out with fatigue and exposure, at a little village near Ravenna.

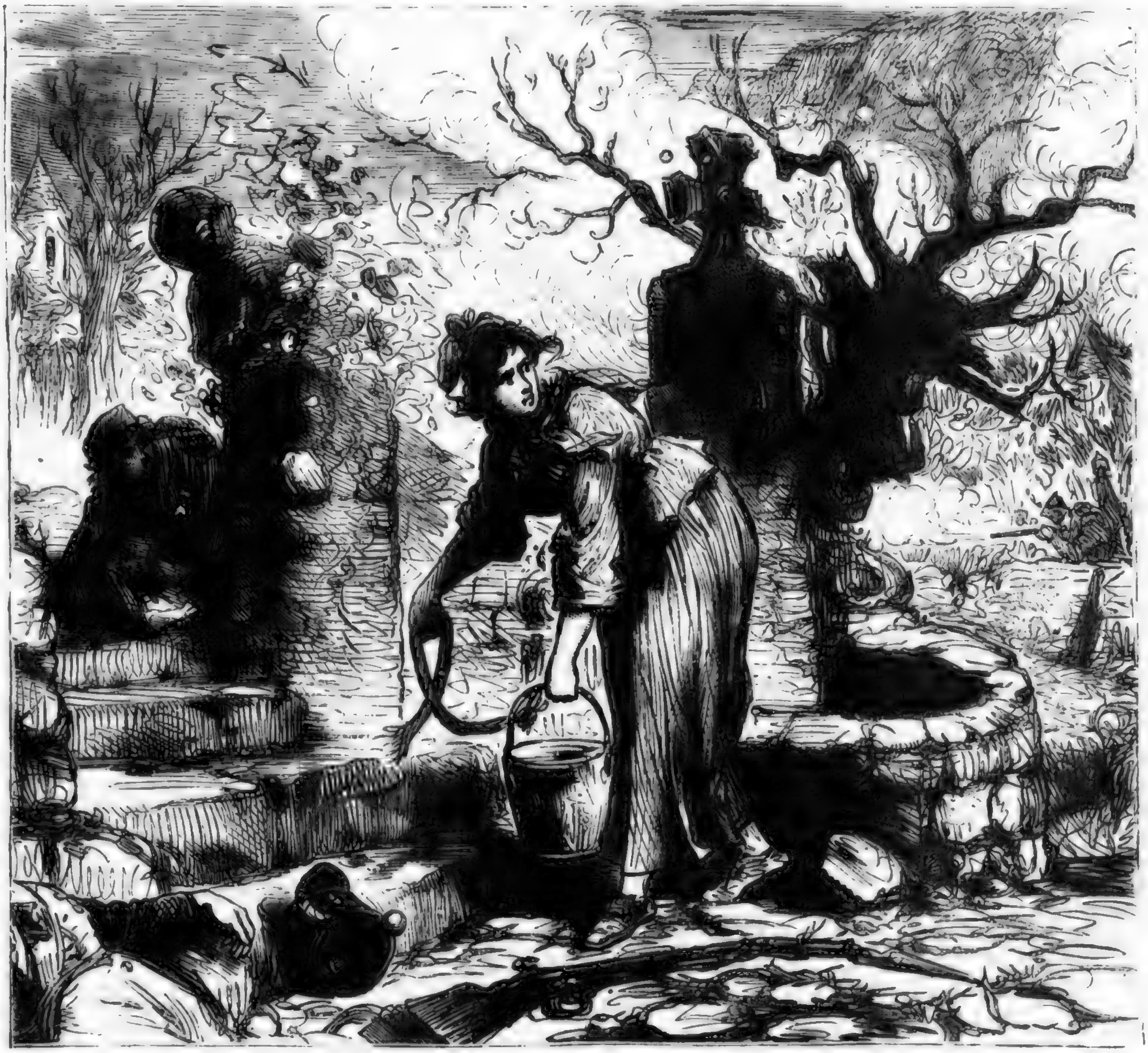
Twelve years ago a good deal of comment was excited by a statement that Lopez had enrolled a corps of women under his standard; Lopez's petticoat army was sufficiently ridiculed, but very little was afterward heard of this Amazonian body, and only a few anecdotes relate to the bravery of one or two exceptional women among them.

During the terrible conflict in India, the horrors of Lucknow, Delhi and Cawnpore, women bore the horrors of the campaign as bravely as men. One of the foremost leaders of the unparalleled cruelties of that mutiny was the Ranee of Jhansi. The frightful atrocities committed in the name of this one woman are almost incredible. She instigated, if she did not assist at, the massacre of Cawnpore, standing by to see the brains of helpless children dashed out upon the stones, and jeering at the white complexion of the hapless European ladies whose heads she ordered to be chopped off.

When England, outraged and mad with the insults offered her, sent forces to arrest Jhansi, with orders to take the Ranee alive or dead, the most spirited resistance was offered. The wretched woman headed her troops, defended the town to the last, and then, under cover of night, fled with three hundred followers; and marching some miles, intercepted the English commander, and forced an engagement. Thence the Ranee proceeded to Gwalior, which town she defended, until she lost her life by a bullet or shell. Her body was never found—it was probably burnt by her followers. She has been called the Boadicea of India. After her death all spirit left the mutineers, and peace was restored.

Female Sepoys are still to be found in India, trained and employed exactly like men, but they are no longer formidable.

During the Crimean War a sensation was created in Constantinople among the Europeans gathered there,



THE HEROINE OF MATAGORDA.

when Kara Fatima—Fatima the Black—rode into the city of the Sultan at the head of her Kurds, to battle for the cause of the Prophet. Instead of sending her troops under an officer, in obedience to the summons of the Chief of Islam, she led proudly to the Sultan her gayly clad warriors, with their arms of Damascus steel; a woman advanced in years, but every inch a warrior, and looked up to as such by her veterans, men ready to follow her to the death.

Perhaps we cannot better close our slight sketch of women as warriors than by an account of the Amazonian soldiers in Bantam, a tributary of Holland, where, only seven years ago, a correspondent speaks of the government as being entirely in the hands of women, the sovereign indeed being a man, but the council composed of three females. All the State authorities, court functionaries, military commanders and soldiers without exception are women, the men being agriculturists and farmers. The King's body-guard is composed of the female *élite*, Amazons riding in the masculine style, wearing steel points instead of spurs. Swinging a lance gracefully, they carry the musket, which they discharge at full galop. If the King dies childless, a hundred of the Amazons assemble, in order to choose one of their own sons, who is then proclaimed King.

Thus we see that woman in every quarter of the world has distinguished herself in war—not only by isolated deeds of heroism, but by protracted marches, wearisome performance of routine duties, the superintendence and command of armies.

Unfortunately, most of these historical records tend to show that, in proportion as woman has assumed the man's part in this his more particular field, she has lost the tenderness and sympathy of her sex, and become hardened and too often cruel and rapacious. We feel scarcely inclined to indorse Plato's reflection in his lamentation, that the lives of women should be spent in domestic duties—arguing that if girls were trained as boys, they would soon cease to be the weaker sex, and distinguish themselves in fighting as well as their lords and masters. A higher civilization disposes us rather to direct our influence against the martial spirit in man, and doubly so in woman, even while we admit that in times of necessity history abundantly proves her to have been equal to any stress laid upon her, and invaluable in her inspirations of husband, lover, and son.

In these days, her choice no longer lies between the distaff and the musket. Many fields are open—fields upon which she may gain more enduring renown than in any siege or battle-ground; although, should occasion arise, she will no doubt be found there in the future, as in the past.

SAMOYEDE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

We are informed that when a young Samoyede desires to marry, and has come to some understanding with the damsel of his choice, he visits her father's *choom*, and with a short stick taps him, and then the mother of the maiden, on the shoulder. He then demands the girl in marriage, and offers the father and mother a glass of vodka, which he has brought with him. As a token of his good-will, the father drinks the vodka; he tells the young man he has no objection, but that he must ask the girl's consent. The preliminary ceremony of asking papa having been gone through, the young man retires.

A few days later he comes again to the choom, this time accompanied by what servants he has, and provided with plenty of vodka. His retinue remain outside while he enters the choom, and seats himself by the side of his lady-love. The father hands the young man a glass of vodka; he drinks half, and hands the half-full glass, under his left arm, to the girl, who finishes it. The father then gives his daughter a glass of vodka, who in like manner drinks half of it, and presents the remainder with her left hand under her right arm, to her lover, who drains the glass. After this the father hands a piece of raw flesh to the young man, who eats it, and then takes a piece from the floor, eats half, and presents the other half under his left arm to the girl to finish. She, in her turn, takes a piece of raw flesh from the floor, eats half, and likewise hands the other half under her right arm to the young man to finish. Then follows the eating and drinking that in barbarous as in civilized nations is considered necessary to ratify the ceremony.

Before night an old man, called a *chamman*, a kind of magician or medicine man, carrying a drum, visits the choom; of him the bridegroom asks certain questions concerning his bride. If the old man knows nothing against her he begins to play upon his drum, and the marriage is completed. If, however, the magician speaks evil of the girl, then the young man has the option of leaving her there and then; or if he be still enamored of her charms, it is open to him to bargain with her father to take her for a month or a year on trial. At the expiration of the time agreed upon, if the pair suit each other they consider themselves married for life. On the other hand, should they not agree, they can separate at the end of the time specified; but in that case the man must provide for any children born within the period. After the marriage festivities are over, the young couple are left alone in the choom of the bride's father.

It is customary for the bridegroom to present his bride with the skin of a black fox. The girl's father gives his son-in-law a choom, with all its appurtenances, and five, ten, twenty or thirty reindeer, according to his wealth. If the bridegroom be rich, he gives his father-in-law money to the amount sometimes of 200 roubles.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

A multitude of questions on the subject present themselves. What are these hundreds, and how many in number? Where are they situated? Why have they a steward, and has he any duties to fulfill? Is he paid, whether for duties or no? Why do members of Parliament so frequently ask for and obtain the stewardship? Let no one be ashamed of ignorance on these points; he has plenty of intelligent and well-informed men to bear him company and keep him in countenance. Just a few words concerning locality. The Chiltern Hills extend in a diagonal line across many counties, including Berks, Bucks, Herts, and Bedford, and present different characteristics in different parts. That portion which traverses the County of Buckingham was in old times nearly covered with forests of beech-trees, grand and magnificent, but infested with robbers who had nothing of the romance of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in them. The Crown, as a means of protection to the neighboring inhabitants, appointed a steward or bailiff to the Chiltern Hundreds of Stoke, Desborough, and Bodenham or Bokenham. He had a business office, duties to perform, and a salary for performing them.

A sweeping change has long ago taken place. Forest, robbers, place of business, duties, salary, all have vanished. But—and this is the singular part of it—the nominal office is still kept up, because it lends itself to a very peculiar stratagem or manœuvre adopted to extricate members of the House of Commons from an occasional dilemma. If the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds happen not to be vacant at the time when some member wants it, that of the manors of East Hendred, Northshead, and Helpholme will answer the same purposes.

A very remarkable usage of Parliament is the main cause to which all this is due. Sir Erskine May, chief clerk of the House of Commons, and the leading living authority on all matters relating to the laws, rules, orders and proceedings of that branch of the Legislature, tells us that a member after due election cannot resign his seat—whatever else he may do, he cannot do this. If he ceases to hold his membership, it is because in effect it is taken away from him willingly or unwillingly on his part. Hence arise certain manœuvres which are in reality shams. If he wish for any reason to resign his seat in the House of Commons, he asks for and obtains a post or office under the Crown—that of steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. Now, there is a law in force which enacts that for any office created or founded since the beginning of the last century, if a member accept it, he thereby at once forfeits his seat, and the House knows him not. If he hold no such office, but nevertheless wishes to resign his seat, he applies for the stewardship. The prime minister for the time being represents the Crown on this occasion. As a *pro forma* he nearly always assents, and the recipient may and often does surrender the honor on the very next day, when it has answered his purpose.

The office, as we have said, is merely nominal—no place of business or of meeting, no responsibilities, no duties, no powers, no salary or fees.

FELICIA.

THE two stood motionless as statues, and gazed at each other in a strange, ominous silence—the elegant man of the world, and the gray, pale little nun.

"I beg pardon," stammered Mr. Bates Sheldon, at last. "I was not expecting to see—Miss Katharine Sinclair."

No faintest tinge of color staining the marble pallor of her complexion, betrayed the heart so long ago walled up in rigorous, dumb solitude.

"That name was long since forgotten," she said. "I am Sister Katharine here. You would see Felicia? She shall come to you." And saying this, with noiseless step her little gray shape glided from his sight.

Mr. Sheldon was greatly disturbed. His fine, high-bred repose had received a rude shock. That ghostly, unlooked-for apparition was such an insolent reminder of things he would fain have forgotten—nay, had fancied forgotten. But lo! a touch, and they spring to life! To a man memory treasures for ever materials for his judgment, and any day may be Doomsday to him.

Mr. Sheldon rose, and walked across the room. It was not far to go. The high walls were paneled with old oak. The one long, wide window, set in a deep embrasure, was composed of a multitude of diamond-shaped panes, and looked into the convent garden, a quaint, sombre bit of greenery and bloom set among the crowd of castellated buildings.

From the one open side he saw the cathedral-tower and a reach of blue sky. No more. A thick-set hedge shut out whatever of the life of the street might otherwise have come into the quiet place.

A gracious antiquity brooded over the house and its environs. A place for old age to delight in; for a rich, happy maturity to be satisfied with; perhaps even for a heartsome home life to grow up in, woven, as it would be, of a thousand threads of habit and affection. But did the sun ever shine brightly here? Did the birds sing gayly? Was there enough warmth and light and richness for a young nature, transplanted in its prime, to take root in? Mr. Sheldon stood looking from the window. Some tame birds hopped about in the carefully kept walks. There was no blithesome singing; only from time to time a subdued, half-pathetic chirp. Poor things! Their wings were clipped. Did they ever long to fly away?

A curious doubt and perplexity came upon Mr. Sheldon's mind as he gazed into the little *parterre*. Had he done the right thing by his ward? or had he made a grave mistake? The last would be a very unpleasant reflection to him, for, beneath all his natural and acquired egotism and selfishness, Mr. Sheldon had a conscience—a very active conscience, too, when it was once thoroughly awakened.

In the midst of his disquiet a light step sounded in the corridor, a hand lingered timidly on the latch an instant, and then Felicia entered.

Mr. Sheldon turned hastily and went toward her. If he had thought about it at all, he had supposed he should take her in his arms and kiss her. Instead of that, he touched her hand gravely and respectfully. Even his "How do you do, my dear?" though there was a certain tenderness in the utterance, was as courteous as if he had addressed a queen.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Sheldon," said Felicia, with a curious, twilight smile.

"Thank you, my dear. Not the less glad, I hope, because I am to take you away with me."

"No; oh, no!" she said, with a repressed vehemence that startled him.

"Why, my child, you have been happy here, haven't you?"

"Happy?" she echoed. "I don't know, I'm sure. Sister Katharine says we must not look for happiness."

Mr. Sheldon's face flushed. Was he angry?

"Sister Katharine knows nothing about it," he said, sharply. "I tell you you have a right to be happy. What! A beautiful young girl, with all her life before her, not look for happiness? Preposterous!"

Felicia's eyes had been fixed upon him with intense earnestness. As he spoke her color rose slowly, till all the fair face was a delicious crimson.

"I am glad you think me pretty," she said, with the sweetest simplicity.

"Pretty!"

That was a poor word, thought Mr. Sheldon. His ward was a beauty. How had she blossomed into such perfection in the single year since he had left her?

"I wonder what Roger will think?" he said, dreamily.

"Roger! Is he with you? Shall I see him?" demanded Felicia, impetuously.

"Roger is at the hotel. We are just home from Europe, you know. But come, are you all ready? Is your trunk packed? Then there's nothing to do but to see the Lady Superior, and make our adieus."

Felicia divined that he would be glad to get away, and said:

"I bade them all good-by this morning, only I must run back to Sister Katharine for a little last word."

"Make it short, then," he replied, with an impatience that she wondered at as she hastened along the passage to the little room where she was sure to find Sister Katharine and her needlework.

THE CAPTIVE AMAZON.—FROM THE STATUE BY GEOFFROY.

One long, last look into the white, patient face of the nun, one long sob against the poor heart which held all that Felicia had known of love in her lonely girlhood, and then it was over, and she stood on the steps beside her guardian, bravely keeping down her sobs, smiling through her tears, and conscious, through all her sorrow, of an infinite relief and new accession of life. Another minute, and the carriage-door was shut, and the vehicle in motion.

Felicia looked up at the massive gray walls — saw them dimly through her tears; the iron rails of the balcony, where her doves had sat and cooed to her; the long, embayed window of the little chamber in the turret, where she cried herself to sleep years before, when she first came to the convent; and further on, the row of sunless windows opening into the nuns' dormitories, which had always seemed to her, what in truth they were, so many prison cells.

Withdrawing her eyes, they met those of her guardian.

"It looks like one of those gloomy old feudal castles where lovely ladies wept away their lives in the dark ages," said he.

"And you are the knight who comes to rescue the forlorn one," said Felicia, softly. Mr. Sheldon smiled. Only forty years old, handsome and rich and accomplished, it suited him well to be tenderly flattered by this charming little recluse.

He set about drying her tears—and everybody who knew Bates Sheldon knew how winning he could be.

When the carriage drove up to the door of the hotel, and the din of the wheels had ceased, the sound of soft, silvery laughter fell upon the ears of the young man who sat idly on the veranda. He threw down his newspaper, looked a half-minute, smiled to himself, and then went, with graceful swiftness, down the steps.

A dark, handsome face, framed in by black, silky, curling hair, bold, beautiful eyes, and a smile at once audacious and sweet. This was what Felicia saw.

"You are Felicia!" he said, and the pressure of his hand upon hers was a caress.

"And you are Roger!" she returned, the warm blood leaping to her cheeks.

Mr. Sheldon watched this little tableau with an amused, cynical smile. Presently he put Roger aside quite coolly, and helped Felicia to alight.

"You can have a whole hour to yourself," he said. "After that, dinner, and at four the train leaves. Marie!"

A small, sallow woman, who had stood unnoticed in the hall, came up.

"This is your mistress, Marie. My dear, you will find Marie a very useful person. The rooms are all ready, Marie?"

The girl bowed, glanced at Felicia's proud, fresh young face, and then saying, meekly: "This way," she led her through long passages, and up intricate staircases, to the prettiest room in the cozy, antique hostelry.

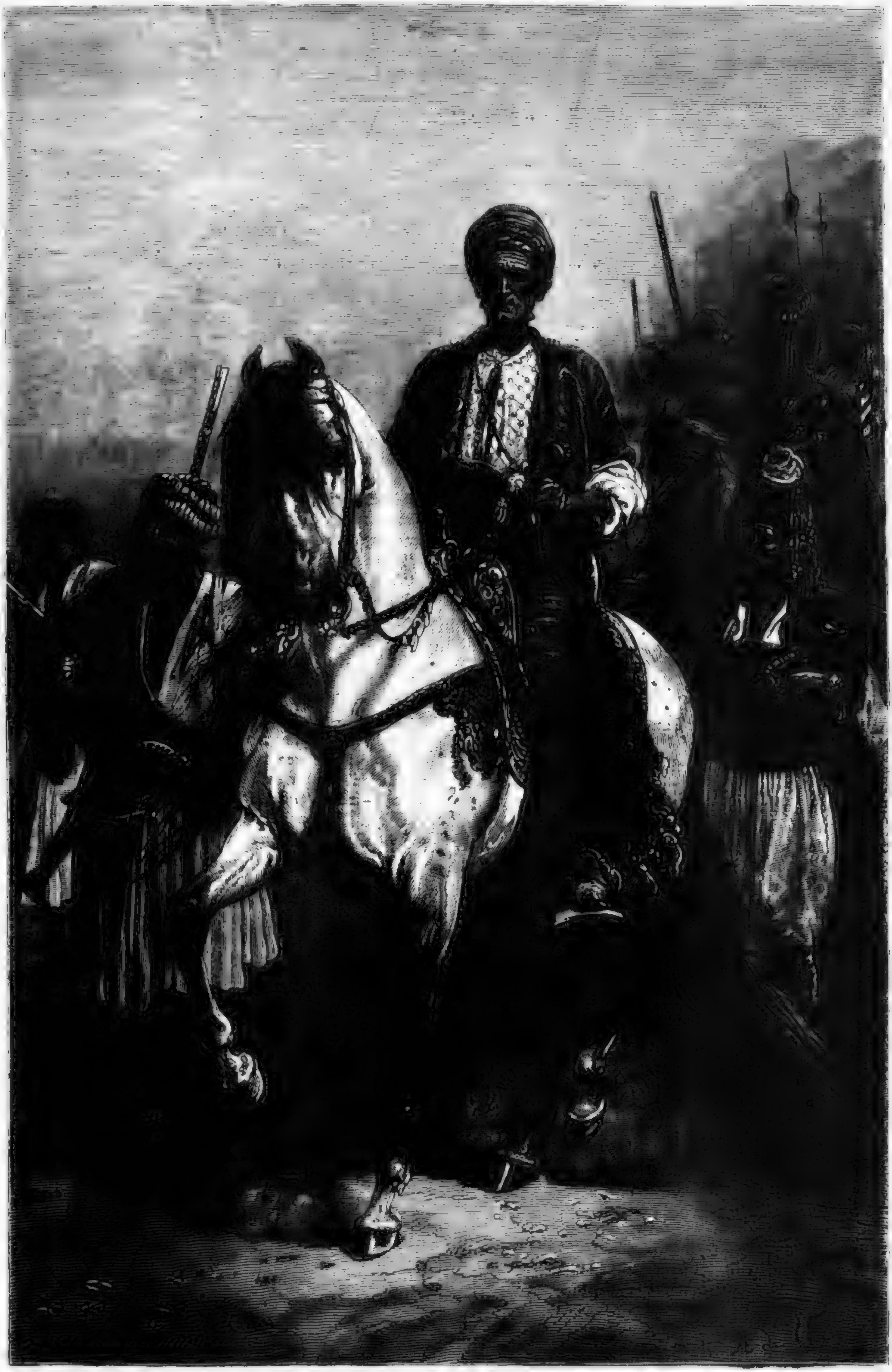
"A lovely creature, isn't she?" and Mr. Sheldon faced his nephew.

"Marvelously so!" said the young cavalier, quietly.

"And as actual a neophyte in the world's ways as any nun of them all."

Roger shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. Mr. Sheldon looked at him and knit his brows.

"We must have no sentiment, Roger, mark that," he said, with emphasis. "I shall urgently object to having the bloom rubbed off this young creature, even to keep in



WOMAN AS A WARRIOR.—KARA FATIMA, FEMALE CHIEF OF THE KURDS.—SEE PAGE 177.

XUM

practice so perfect a master as yourself. You must let Felicia alone."

"My dear uncle, you do me too much justice, and yourself too little. Is it likely she would accord me any attention while you were by?"

Mr. Sheldon turned, muttered an impatient "Pshaw!" and sat down to read. In five minutes, however, he remembered that it was time to dress for dinner, and glancing at Roger, perceived that he was in immaculate costume.

"Roger never forgets himself," he thought, angrily.

Poor Felicia, meanwhile, was awkward and ill at ease. Her new freedom was already a burden to her. But yesterday a child at the beck of the nuns, now she was cumbered with a French maid. Not that Marie was not obsequious enough. She unlaced her boots, and combed out her long, flossy brown hair, with many exclamations as to its beauty; she shook out the sombre, pearl-colored silk dress, which was Felicia's state apparel, and pronounced it unique and altogether charming. But Felicia was heartily thankful to escape from her at last. She went roaming by herself through the semi-darkness of the corridor, where Mr. Sheldon came upon her unexpectedly, and started to see such a radiant vision emerge from the gloom.

Felicia ran up to him with delight in her eyes and in her voice, linked her arm in his, and tripped along by him as if he were, indeed, her only friend.

"It is so nice to be with you again," she whispered.

He looked flushed and pleased, and laid his hand caressingly upon hers.

"Isn't my little girl comfortable? isn't Marie——"

"Marie is very good and helpful, but I am the least in the world afraid of her," confessed Felicia, laughingly. "I never saw so fine a person in my life; and Roger, too—don't tell him, please—but I am more than a little afraid of him."

Mr. Sheldon laughed, called her an unsophisticated little nun, and so, chattering and merry, they entered the dining-room, where Roger waited.

He rose at sight of Felicia and stood till she was seated, with the air of a subject paying homage to his queen.

To the depths of her innocent, romantic heart, Felicia felt this chivalric homage. Imagine it! A young girl with a head full of romance and a heart full of love, fresh from a lonely and restrained romantic life, now suddenly become the first object of interest to two men, one young, the other with the finer, rarer charm of ripeness, and both of them more winning than most men, when it suited them to be so.

She journeyed like a princess. It was as if the fresh wonders that she saw had been created expressly for her.

Mr. Sheldon had arranged it so that they reached Glenmary in the afternoon. The level shadows lay long on the lawn, the dark woodlands were cut against a golden sky, and every pinnacle and turret, every broad window, glistened and gleamed in midday splendor.

Such places as Glenmary are rare in our country. Generations of wealth and culture go to the making of them, and once made, it seems as if they had a reflex influence upon their owners. Mr. Sheldon had more than ever the air of a grand lord, and Roger the appearance of the princely heir to a noble domain, when once they had reached Glenmary.

With all its beauty and seclusion, Glenmary was only an easy distance from town. In another week, Roger assured Felicia, the house would be full of guests.

"My uncle keeps a great Summer hotel, with this difference—that here nobody pays anything for his entertainment."

Felicia laughed.

"It is beautiful, though—this wide, generous hospitality. It makes a man noble to himself and others. Doesn't it, Roger?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Excuse me, my dear cousin." She was no cousin, but it pleased him to call her so. "That is your charming way of looking at it. But I have no sentiment—not a particle."

Felicia looked at him with wide-open, dismayed eyes.

"Why, Roger, I am sure you are full of sentiment."

He smiled with amused disdain.

"You little neophyte, what do you know about me? If you knew me as I am—— But that is an ugly subject. Let us find a better one—the people who are coming here this week."

"Oh, tell me about them! Are they nice people to know?"

"Nice, child! Don't you know the Sheldons consort with the best society?"

"Be serious, Roger. I am afraid of you in that mocking mood."

"Your pardon, fair Felicia. First, there is Mrs. Fellows—a widow, blonde and beautiful. I fall in love with her every Summer, and fall out again every Autumn."

"Go on," said Felicia, frowning a little.

"The Beaumonts come next. Papa and mamma round and obese, the demoiselles Dora and Margery so celestially beautiful that no man as yet has dared to woo them to shine by his hearth."

"Are there no gentlemen?"

"What! More worlds to conquer, little one? Not satisfied with making abject slaves of us——"

"Hush, Roger! I don't like such talk. You are making fun of my ignorance."

"Your ignorance is infinitely charming to me. May you keep it as long as I live. To return. There is young Oswald—mainly mustache and necktie—and Seymour and Conway. They will talk to you about trouting and the backwoods; and Tommy Merton, horsey, but a good fellow, and——"

"Roger, I am convinced you slander my dear guardian's guests. I have no doubt they are all refined gentlemen like himself—and you."

Roger smiled suavely.

"A bitter dose, with a sugar-plum to follow. Felicia, you have in you the making of a consummate woman of the world."

The girl shuddered.

"Don't!"

"Why don't?"

"You frighten me. I'd rather go back to the convent than become such a heartless creature. I pray every day that I may be kept pure and pious."

Roger looked at her. Something tender shone across his smile.

"Poor child! I'm not sure but the convent is best. Go back to it, Felicia, before all your sweet innocence droops and dies. Be the bride of heaven, and never know the happy sorrow of love, the delirium of passion, and the bitter loss of the illusion."

"Roger! Roger!" cried the girl, "you talk like Sister Katharine. Is there no such thing as living innocent in the world? Does loss always follow love, and are all dreams a mockery?"

Her cheeks were flushed, her voice passionate and tender, hot tears swam in her eyes.

Roger turned to answer. A footfall disturbed them. It was a servant approaching. They looked up at the house—a light shape flitted across one of the windows.

"Mrs. Fellows is come!" said the servant.

Was it cloud crossing the sun, which so suddenly shadowed all the landscape, and Roger's face as well? He spoke, and all the resonant sweetness had gone out of his voice:

"Tell Mrs. Fellows I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects to her presently."

As the servant disappeared, he said:

"Come, Felicia! You've heard the old saying about our demon being nearest when we are happiest."

His tone was hard, and the hand by which he sought to draw her on had something fierce in its clasp. Felicia gazed at him almost affrighted.

"I thought you loved Mrs. Fellows," she said, simply.

He laughed sardonically.

"I love her as a man loves his evil destiny." Then, glancing at her face: "Dear child, do I frighten you? Go to your flowers and birds. Forget this scene—forget everything that is not pleasant to remember."

He kissed her hand with knightly courtesy, and went swiftly across the courtyard, entering the house by a private door, which led to his own rooms.

Felicia lingered a minute, then she slowly went on till she came to a miniature conservatory which opened from her own dainty sitting-room. With that affluence of generosity which characterized all he did, her guardian had set apart these lovely apartments for her special use. Here pallid lilies and fiery-hearted roses, daphnes odorous with the breath of heaven, and violets blue as its translucent walls, bloomed in a sweet society. Birds sang in their gay, flower-embowered cages, and a splendid macaw made himself at home. Two pet kittens, soft and white as snow, left their downy cushions to purr at her feet, and woo the caresses always so lavishly given.

But Felicia's heart was in a tumult of emotion. Tears crowded her eyes. New passions convulsed her innocent heart.

"He goes to this beautiful woman whom he loves and hates, and sends me to my birds and flowers. Why do they treat me like a child? I, too, am a woman! Dear heaven, how I suffer!"

It was all as new as it was terrible. A strong nature, first made aware of its capacities, reels and falls too often under their weight. Felicia could not in the least analyze her emotions. Her wretchedness she knew, and in her passion and terror she called aloud upon her guardian. As if to answer the appeal, a door opened, a step crossed the vestibule, and, amazed and perplexed, Mr. Sheldon stood upon the threshold. In another minute she was sobbing in his arms, and he was seeking, by every tender means, to learn the cause of her sorrow. How could she explain to him what was a mystery to herself? By-and-by her smiles shone out again—the brief storm was past. But was Felicia herself again? Deep, slow sighs came long after her tears were dried.

"I believe women really luxuriate in grief," said Mr. Sheldon, half frowning, not yet wholly pleased.

"Do they? It seems to me that we have much to suffer," said Felicia, looking at him with wan, beautiful eyes.

He gazed back at her gravely.

"When you are unhappy, my child, come to me," he said, with infinite tenderness.

The dinner-bell rang. Always the importunities of daily life scare away sentiment.

Felicia dressed herself exquisitely, and went downstairs. There were a dozen guests already. Shapes in variously colored clouds of diaphanous drapery saluted her. But Felicia remembered longest one in a mist of pale-green *crêpe*, a glory of yellow hair, and a dazzle of smiles, and a splendor of luminous eyes, and an alluring voice, and the other shapes floated around it in adoring circles, and called it Mrs. Fellows.

In a few days Felicia's vision cleared. These were commonplace mortals, and no gods or fays—all but Mrs. Fellows. To her she surrendered from the first. The magnetism of her pathetic eyes and plaintive voice the girl could not resist.

They talked of Roger, or the pretty widow did. And her motherly tenderness was beautiful to see.

"We are such old friends—Roger and I. He loved my poor husband. How can I help taking an interest in him? Anybody whom Roger loves must be dear to me," she said, expressively; and then, when Felicia's blushes burned her cheeks, she came to her and kissed her, and said that though no happiness was any longer possible to her, she could still know the delights of sympathy.

How beautiful Summer days went on! It seemed to Felicia like the splendid pageant of a dream. Little she dreamed to what wretchedness she would wake.

Roger was so kind. Every nerve in her susceptible, fresh nature thrilled to his voice, his look. One night somebody sang softly under her window—

"Come into the garden, love,
  For the black bat Night has flown—
Come into the garden, love,
  I am here at thy feet alone,
And the woodbine spices are all abroad,
  And the musk of roses blown."

Felicia opened the window and stepped out. With passionate love shining in his eyes, Roger reached up and drew her down—down to his arms and tender kisses.

"My darling, I love you so!" he whispered.

It passed like a dream of the night, but the remembrance was enough for Felicia. Her poor young soul fed on it for days. But the end was close by.

One morning the saddle-horses were brought to the door. Felicia could not ride. In her little pony-carriage she drove everywhere, though she had no courage to mount. But she watched the gay party with pleasure. There was her guardian smiling upon her, Mrs. Fellows kissing her hand with infinite zest, and Roger giving her the one look that was more than others' speech.

Felicia stood by the steps of her pony-carriage as the equestrian party moved off. Dora Beaumont lounged over her novel. She had a sick-headache, and could not ride. She was always having a sick-headache, and being obliged to let the pleasures of life go by unshared. Naturally, she hated to see other people happy. Let us forgive her, poor girl. It was her bad liver, not her wicked heart.

"You don't think you are able to go with me, then, Dora?" said Felicia.

"Dear me, no! The sun would kill me. How absurd Mrs. Fellows looked, coquetting first with Mr. Sheldon, and then with Roger. At her age, too! Ridiculous!

"Mrs. Fellows is an old friend of Roger's and of my guardian's. There is no coquetry about it," said Felicia, with spirit.

Dora turned her heavy, jaundiced eyes upon her in broad surprise.

"You little goose! As if it wasn't patent to everybody. But then, poor thing, you've lived in a convent all your life, and how should you know anything?"

"What is it that is patent to everybody?" cried Felicia, desperately.

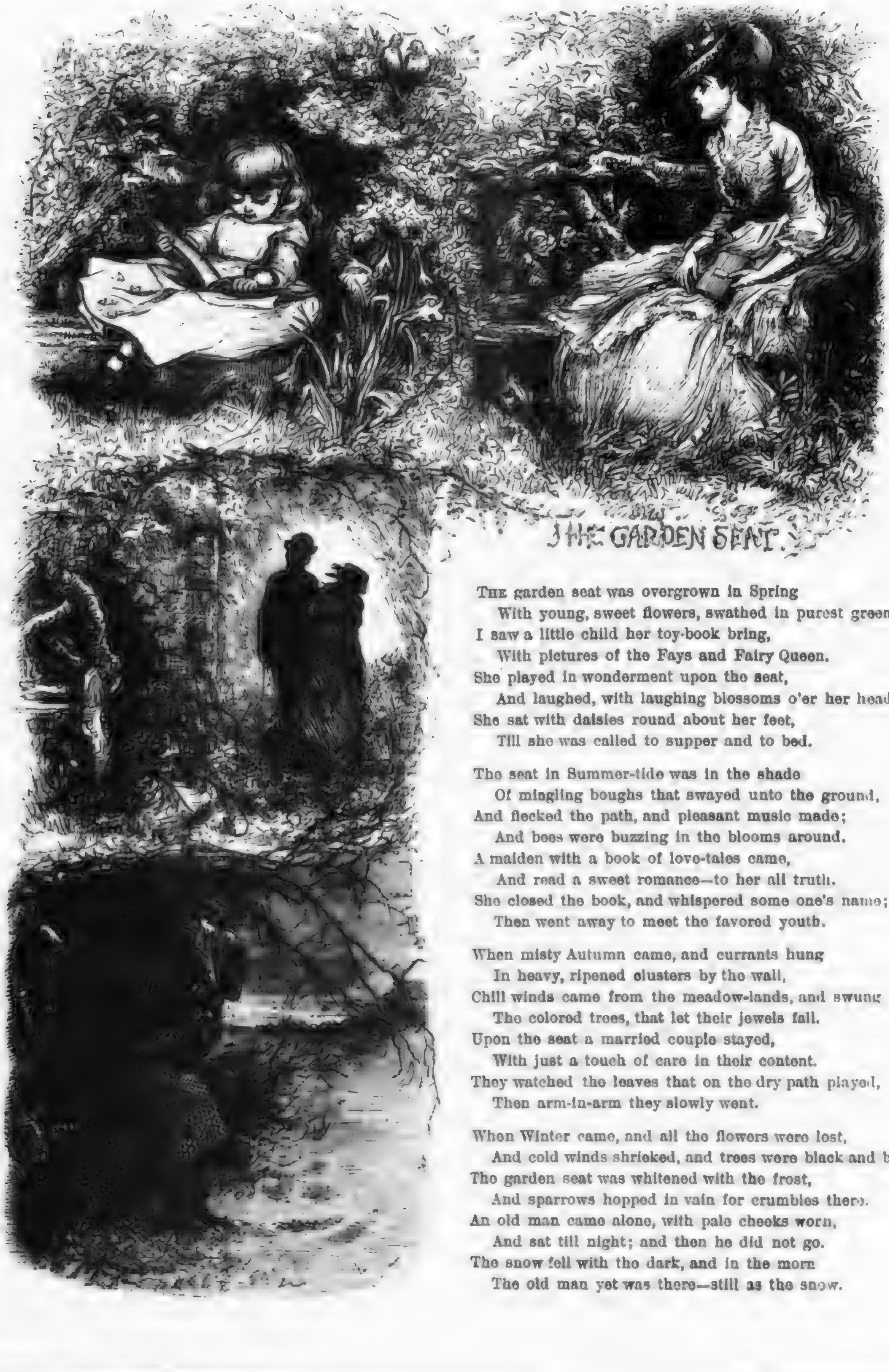
Dora gave a disagreeable laugh.

"Why, that Mrs. Fellows is in love with Mr. Bates Sheldon, and means to marry him. Roger does not mean that she or anybody else shall, because he is the heir if his uncle does not marry. So he flirts with her, and flatters her, and makes love to her, and keeps them apart, and Mrs. Fellows, who is as vain as she is selfish, oscillates between them. Don't you see?"

Felicia saw, and turned white with pain.

"But perhaps Roger loves her," she said, faintly.

"Loves her!" echoed Dora, with scorn. "Roger Sheldon loves no one but himself, nor ever will."



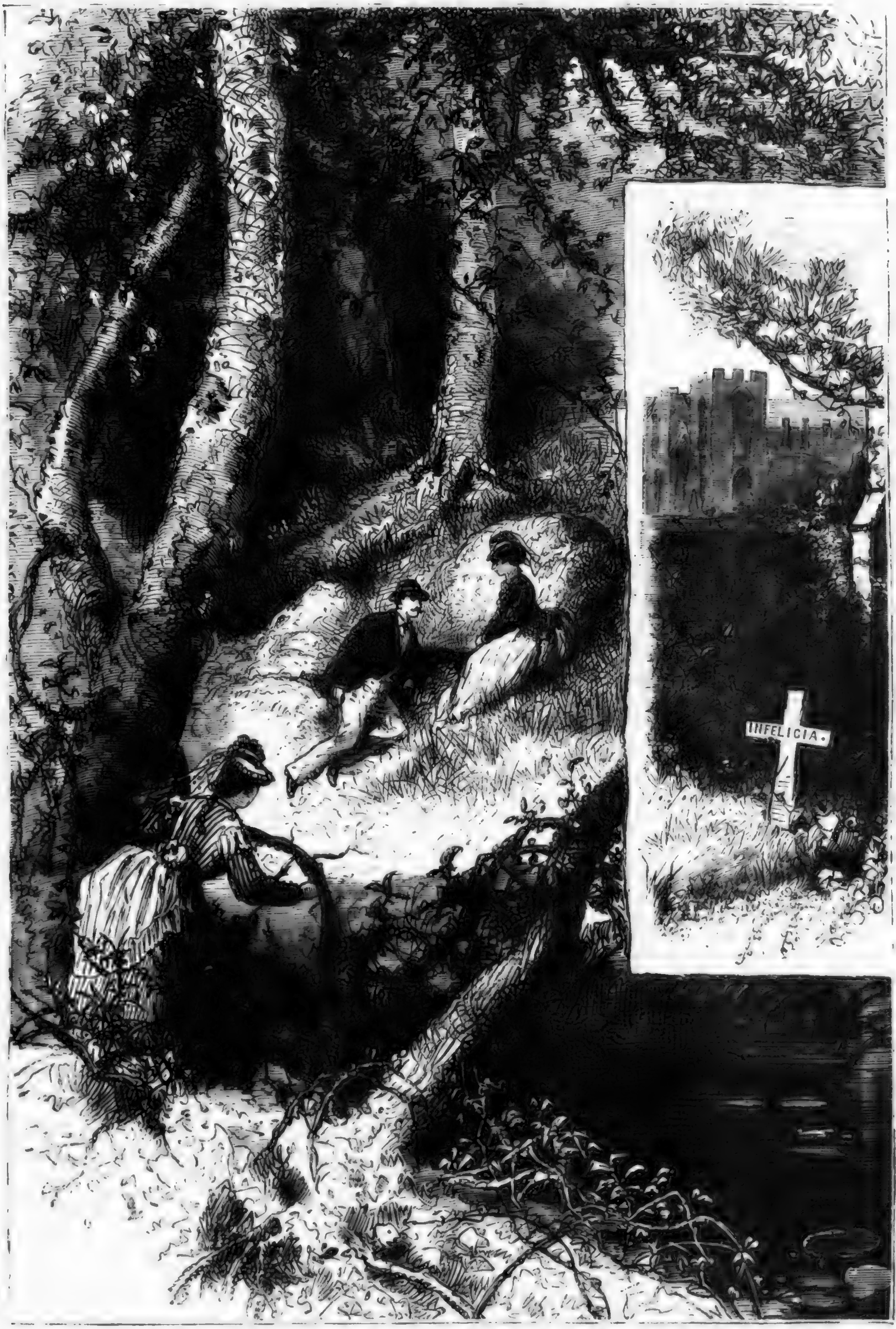
THE GARDEN SEAT.

THE garden seat was overgrown in Spring
  With young, sweet flowers, swathed in purest green;
I saw a little child her toy-book bring,
  With pictures of the Fays and Fairy Queen.
She played in wonderment upon the seat,
  And laughed, with laughing blossoms o'er her head;
She sat with daisies round about her feet,
  Till she was called to supper and to bed.

The seat in Summer-tide was in the shade
  Of mingling boughs that swayed unto the ground,
And flecked the path, and pleasant music made;
  And bees were buzzing in the blooms around.
A maiden with a book of love-tales came,
  And read a sweet romance—to her all truth.
She closed the book, and whispered some one's name;
  Then went away to meet the favored youth.

When misty Autumn came, and currants hung
  In heavy, ripened clusters by the wall,
Chill winds came from the meadow-lands, and swung
  The colored trees, that let their jewels fall.
Upon the seat a married couple stayed,
  With just a touch of care in their content.
They watched the leaves that on the dry path played,
  Then arm-in-arm they slowly went.

When Winter came, and all the flowers were lost,
  And cold winds shrieked, and trees were black and bare,
The garden seat was whitened with the frost,
  And sparrows hopped in vain for crumbles there.
An old man came alone, with pale cheeks worn,
  And sat till night; and then he did not go.
The snow fell with the dark, and in the morn
  The old man yet was there—still as the snow.



FELICIA.—"FELICIA STOPPED. MRS. FELLOWS, IN HOLIDAY-DRESS, WAS SITTING ON A MOSSY ROCK, HER SEDUCTIVE EYES AND PEACH-BLOSSOM FACE BENT TOWARD THE ELEGANT CAVALIER WHO RECLINED AT HER FEET."—SEE PAGE 183.

Felicia did not speak, but slowly, and like an old woman, she climbed into the carriage.

She was stunned, and scarcely conscious of anything.

It was a picnic-party that day, and Felicia drove blindly on to the rendezvous. Somehow she missed it, and by-and-by endeavored to make her way through the woods. Over the soft, mossy forest floor she went silently. Suddenly a waterfall sang close by, and voices soft and low chimed in with its music.

Felicia stopped. The sunshine striking across the green leaves showed a pretty wood-picture. Mrs. Fellows, in holiday dress, sitting on a mossy rock, her seductive eyes and peach-blossom face bent toward the elegant cavalier who reclined at her feet. He speaks, with Roger's voice:

"You know, dear, I love you!"

"So you've told me, Roger, a good many times; but, somehow, I doubt you," and she perplexedly examines the fronds of a fern that she holds.

He laughs softly.

"You are jealous of Felicia—poor little nun! Confess it, my beautiful queen!"

He draws her radiant face nearer, and Felicia creeps softly away, and back to the pony-carriage; and so, quite aimless and stunned, she drives on. The ponies trot along the wooded road, turn into another, and presently are returning by the same way.

But Felicia does not know it. She does not see the two figures that step suddenly into the road from the thick court. But the ponies do, and they do not know it is only Mrs. Fellows's white dress that flashes out so awfully in the woodland gloom, and they give a wild plunge, and then on and on, over the steep, tortuous road, down into the rocky gorge where the stream runs, and at last there is an awful crash, and the ponies break loose, and people come around and pick up out of the wreck something white and limp and lifeless.

If this were only the last of it! If one might die now, and so escape all further sorrow! But Felicia lives. Through weeks of untold, dreadful sufferings she struggles up to a weary convalescence.

Roger walks up and down the veranda outside her door, and thinks that soon he shall see her. Thus far she has shuddered at his name. But the plea of weakness shall not keep him away much longer. Mr. Sheldon is with her much more than he likes. If his uncle should marry this girl, and so that splendid property pass away from his grasp! He ground his teeth fiercely.

Inside lay the poor pale little blossom. She had suffered—God knows how much! But the delirium had swept away much of the sharpest torture.

She had wept oceans of tears, and now her tired heart was resting a little, striking out feebly into new soil, fitting itself to a new love, that, less passionate than the old, was more tender and gentle, and instinct with a more heavenly grace. Mr. Sheldon was with her hours at a time. She grew to watch the door for his coming, her languid eyes lighted up at the sound of his step in the hall.

"This will never do," said Mrs. Fellows to herself. "The silly girl will marry Bates Sheldon, and all my hopes be ruined. Besides, there are poor Roger's prospects."

Mr. Sheldon came one day, and gazed delightedly at the pink flush which came to Felicia's cheeks.

"She is really better," he said.

Mrs. Fellows shook her head.

"If it was only the glow of health. But that hectic flush is as deceitful as it is lovely."

Hectic flush! Ugly words. They clutched his heart like the grip of a demon. For, with all his soul, all the fervor and strength of his ripe manhood, Bates Sheldon loved this girl. Great God, if she should die now! He went away with lagging steps.

Felicia tossed restlessly about.

"He staid too long, dear," said Mrs. Fellows, leaning over her.

"Oh, no! *He* never tires me," and Felicia drew away her hand from the lady's soft clasp.

There was a tigerish gleam in Mrs. Fellows's bright eyes, but her voice was low and sweet, as she said:

"He is very entertaining. And yet no one knows Mr Sheldon who sees him now. If *I* knew him before the great trouble of his life came upon him!"

Felicia was wide awake now.

"Tell me," she said, with feverish lips.

It was a long story, and Mrs. Fellows must have been an agreeable *raconteuse*, for Felicia listened with rapt interest.

The gist of it was this: In his proud and ambitious youth Bates Sheldon had loved and been loved by a beautiful girl. When he was accepted, and the wedding imminent, he had ruthlessly deserted her to pay court to a richer, nobler woman. His punishment was that his new love repulsed him with scorn when she knew his shame, and the woman he had wronged retired broken-hearted to a convent.

"I suppose he hopes, by a single life, to atone for his wrong toward poor Katharine Sinclair, but I doubt if God ever forgives such sins," said Mrs. Fellows, with saintly piety.

"So he, too, is cruel and false!" murmured Felicia, and then lay quite still.

Nobody could guess why she sank so fast after this. Mr. Sheldon hovered around her in agony. Passive and indifferent to all his mighty love, she seemed drifting away from him.

"Is there anything you would like, my darling?" he said, one day.

"Only to go back to the convent and Sister Katharine," she replied.

She had her heart's desire. A week afterward there was a fluttering among the nuns, and the great doors opened, as they had so often done, to receive the world-wounded soul.

Weeks came and went, and, at last, one day, the convent-bell sounded, and a grave was opened in the little sunny garden, and the prayers were said, and it was all over.

All over! That was what Bates Sheldon was thinking, when, suddenly, Sister Katharine stood before him.

"She left this letter for you," she said.

He read it, and bowing his head, wept like a child. Ah, this last was a bitter blow.

It was six months afterward that Roger Sheldon received a telegram from his uncle's lawyers. Mr. Sheldon had died suddenly at the hotel in M——. Roger gnashed his teeth as he read what followed:

> "He left, by will, all his property to the convent of the Holy Sisters in M——."

Time brings its revenges. Roger married Dora, and her sick headaches and her fifty thousand dollars. Mrs. Fellows floats on the surface of watering-place society—a little, sallow, faded woman, whom one would tolerate for her amusing gossip.

Do they ever, either of them, think of the little grave in the quaint old garden far away, with its white cross, bearing the single word, "Infelicia"?

LA BELLE FERONNIERE.

WHILE sauntering through the galleries of the Louvre and admiring the works which constitute the undying glory of France, your steps are suddenly arrested by a marvelous picture. It is that of a beautiful, proud woman, in the flower of her loveliness, who smiles at you ingenuously from the canvas. What an eloquently beautiful apparition! Her look is a command; her smile the embodiment of fascination. She is royally robed. Her dress is of imperial purple, fashioned in the old Roman style, and ornate with embroidery and bands of gold.

One can see that she is born to the purple. The purity of her polished brow is apparent through the glossy hair—arranged in *bandeaux*, kept in place by a silken band clasped by a single diamond with fire blazing from its crystalline heart. A queen among women, surely, by virtue of her pride, her grace, and her beauty!

You remain under the spell of her imperial glance, awaiting the mandate which is to issue from those eloquent lips: What would your Majesty of me? Command, and I will obey!

Ask of history the name of this ideal queen, and all your illusions will be immediately dispelled. What! not know her? Why, this is La Belle Féronnière! Inquire her position, and you will learn that she was an adventuress—a woman of the people, whose morality was more than doubtful.

Francis the First, in a moment of caprice—the caprice of a *roi qui s'amuse*—made of this strange beauty the plaything of an hour, to the great scandal of his Court. She was called "La Belle Féronnière" because she was the wife of a jealous husband, named Féron.

This is the whole miserable story; and Leonardo da Vinci has done himself honor in executing this *chef d'œuvre* to belie the tale which history relates. Happily, the sweet face on the canvas tells its own story, and nothing more is needed to make us regard the Court chronicles as a calumny.

The woman whom Da Vinci has painted cannot have been a faithless wife and a shameless favorite of the King. No! this face is the creation of the grandest artist the world has ever known—she is his child—and through him is sister to the peerless St. Cecilia, in the Munich Gallery, and to the scarcely less beautiful Cecilia Galerani. The pictured face is a *chef d'œuvre*, and the mantle of respect which falls on it as such covers and effaces the Féronnière's wretched record.

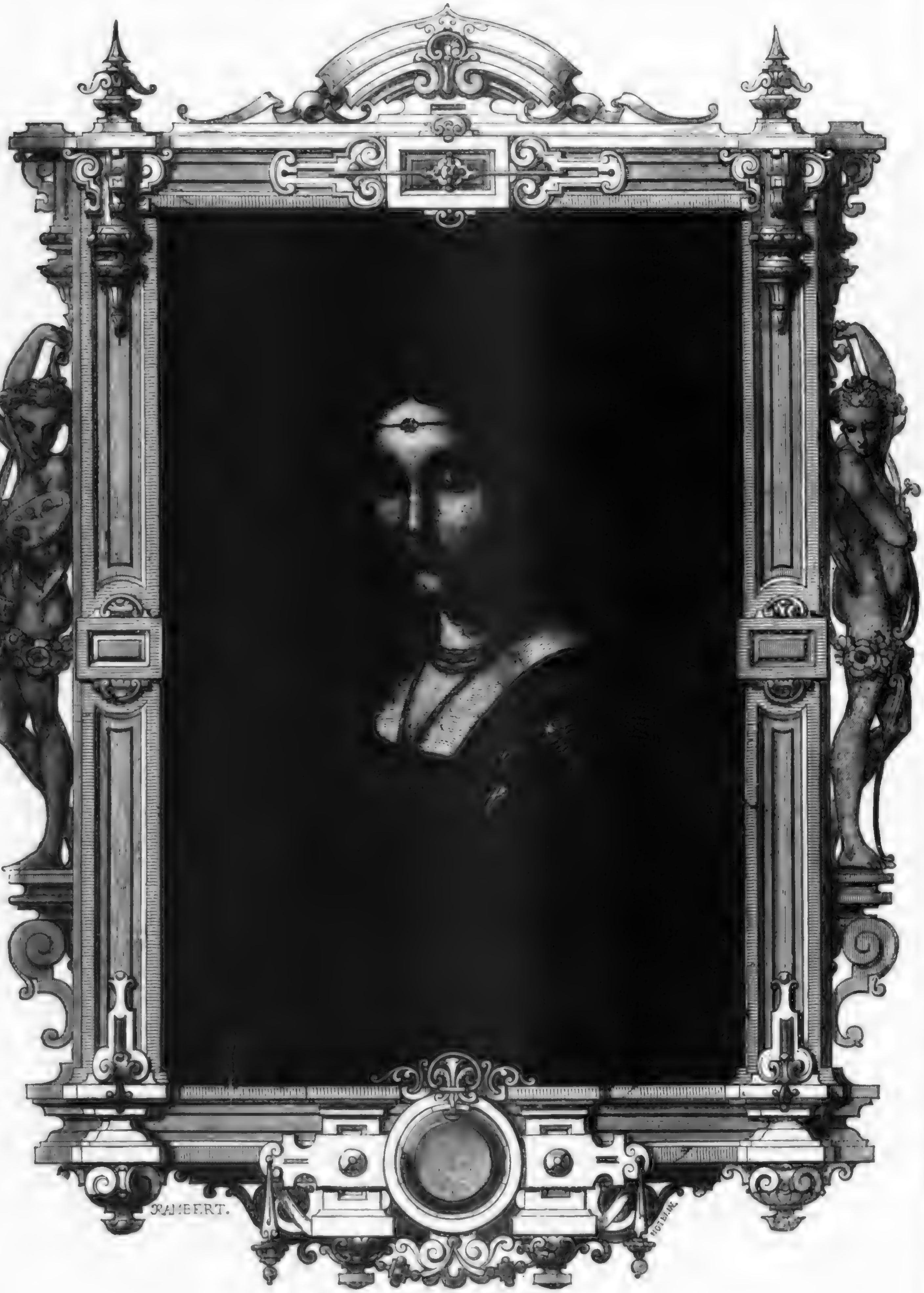
A PAGAN IDOL-MAKER'S STOCK AND DINNER.

THE house of Jucundus was closed for the night. It was the magic store of the place, and set out for sale, not articles of statuary alone, but of metal, of mosaic-work and of jewelry, as far as they were dedicated to the service of paganism. It was bright with the many colors adopted in the embellishment of images, and the many lights which silver and gold, brass and ivory, alabaster, gypsum, talc and glass reflected. Shelves and cabinets were laden with wares, both the precious material and the elaborate trinket. All tastes were suited—the popular and the refined, the fashion of the day and the love of the antique, the classical and the barbarian devotion. There you might see the rude symbols of invisible powers, which, originating in deficiency of art, had been perpetuated by reverence for the past: the mysterious cube of marble sacred among the Arabs, the pillar which was the emblem of Mercury or Bacchus, the broad-based cone of Heliogabalus, the pyramid of Paphos, and the tile or brick of Juno. There, too, were the unmeaning blocks of stone with human heads, which were to be dressed out in rich robes, and to simulate the human form. There were other articles besides, as portable as these were unmanageable: little Junos, Mercuries, Dianas and Fortunes, for the bosom or the girdle. Household gods were there, and the objects of personal devotion: Minerva or Vesta, with handsome niches or shrines in which they might reside. There, too, were the brass crowns, or *nimbi*, which were intended to protect the heads of the gods from bats and birds.

There you might buy, were you a heathen, rings with heads on them of Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Serapis, and, above all, Astaise. You would find there the rings and signets of the Basildians; amulets, too, of wood or ivory; figures of demons, preternaturally ugly little skeletons, and other superstitious devices. It would be hard, indeed, if you could not be pleased, whatever your religious denomination; unless, indeed, you were determined to reject all the appliances and objects of idolatry indiscriminately; and in that case you would rejoice that it was night when you arrived there, and in particular that darkness swallowed up other appliances and objects of pagan worship, which to darkness were due by a peculiar title, and by darkness were best shrouded, till the coming of that day when all things, good and evil, shall be made light.

Jucundus had been pleasantly engaged in a small supper party. The dinner was not altogether suitable to modern ideas of good gastronomy. The grapes from Tacape, and the dates from the Lake Tritonis, the white and black figs, the nectarines and peaches, and the watermelons, addressed themselves to the imagination of an Englishman as well as of an African of the third century. So also might the liquor derived from the sap and honey of the Getulian palm, and the sweet wine called *melilotus*, made from the poetical fruit found on the coasts of the Syrtis. He would have been struck, too, with the sweetness of the mutton; but he would have asked what the sheep's tails were before he tasted them, and found how like marrow the firm substance ate of which they consisted. He would have felt that he ought to admire the roes of the mullets pressed and dried from Mauritania, but he would have thought twice before he tried the lion cutlets, though they had the flavor of veal, and the additional *goût* of being imperial property and poached from a preserve. But when he saw the indigenous dish, the very haggis and cock-a-leekie of Africa, in the shape of (alas! alas! it must be said, with whatever apology for its introduction)—in shape, then, of a delicate puppy, served up with its head between its forepaws, we consider he would have risen from the unholy table, and thought he had fallen upon the hospitality of some sorceress of the neighboring forest.—*Cardinal Newman's "Callista."*

THE specialty of Lord Arlington's white farm is that all the birds and animals are white. It is not an uncommon thing to see between 200 and 300 white pigeons perched on the outbuildings. Just inside the entrance you observe a white peacock; further on are the white squirrels and the geese, the white goats and the white turkeys; the stalls in the yard contain no beasts but white ones. A fat white doe, given to Lord Arlington some years ago by the Queen, strides about in the well-littered stall; and just by the hutches in which the long-furred rabbits frisk and play about like Cowper's tame hares, is a model house containing white rats and mice, a present from the Prince of Wales. Even the cat and cockatoo belonging to the farmkeeper are white.


RAMBERT.
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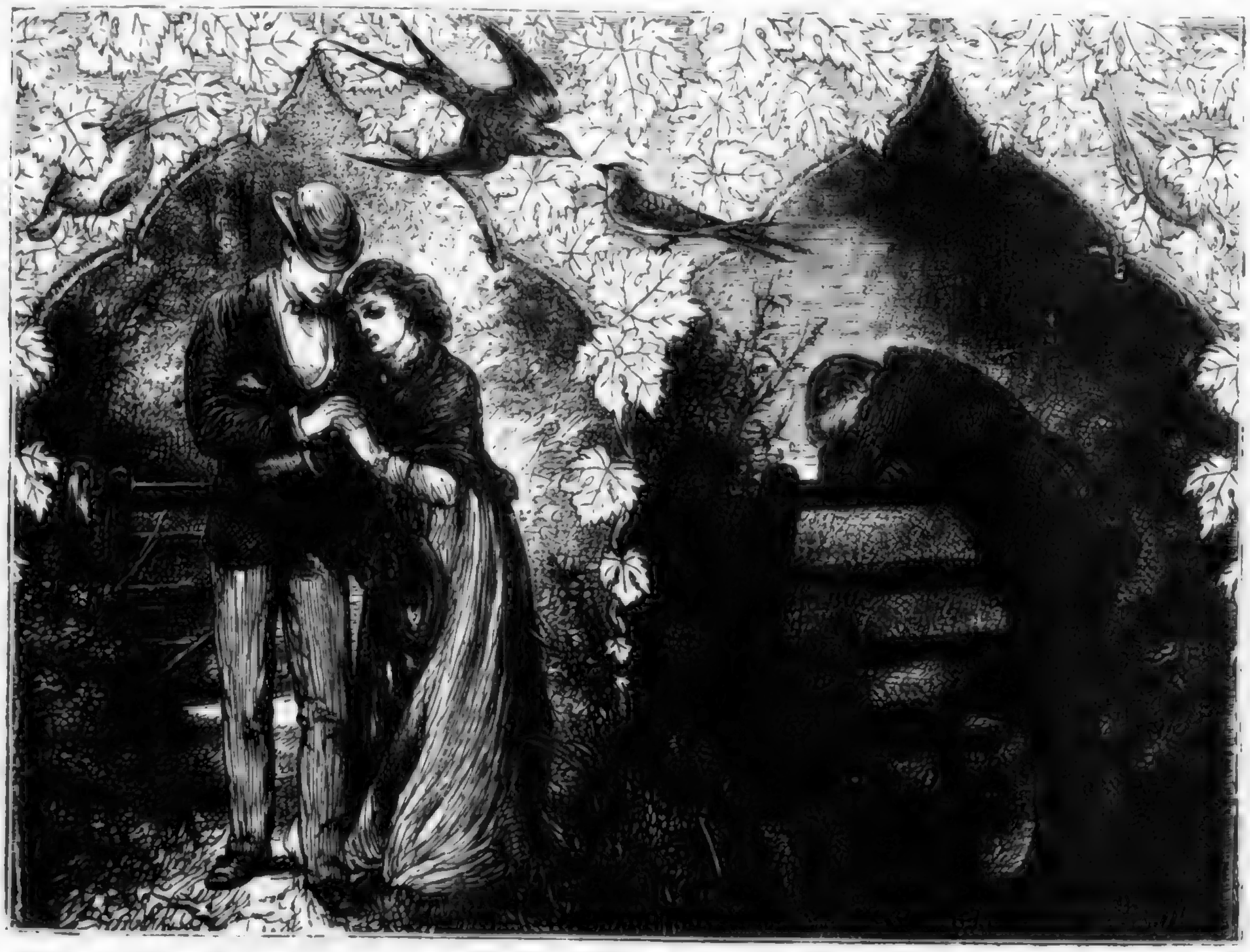
LA BELLE FERONNIERE.—SEE PAGE 191.



ACCEPTED AND REJECTED.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter I.

It was a bright June afternoon; an ocean steamer was entering the beautiful New York harbor, and among the passengers that lined its decks stood Kenneth Alderly.

A year had elapsed since he took his sick heart and disappointed hopes away to the foreign lands amid which he had wandered so restlessly; and now he was coming home, though the dismal companions, weariness and pain, which had watched him so closely night and day during the past twelvemonth, still kept too tight a hold upon his soul to leave room for any pleasurable anticipation that this return could in the least lighten their thraldom.

He looked older, his smile was less frequent, his manners graver. But Kenneth was not a man "to wear his heart upon his sleeve," and perhaps the principal change even an acute observer would have noticed in him was a certain cynical habit of thought, a hopelessness in regard to life, sad enough to see in a man who has reached middle age, but which exhibited in one still young, seems doubly sad.

Mrs. Alderly had not carried out her intention of joining her son; when the six months of freedom and solitude which she meant to give him had expired, and she was beginning to think of taking Florence Denham once more within his reach, an illness, which at first appeared slight, prevented her fulfilling her design. She had quickly enough recovered from the acute attack, caused by a neglected cold, and ending in a nervous fever. But her strength came slowly back, and the physicians from time to time persuaded her to defer her departure.

So the Summer approached, and though she would not admit it, even to herself, Mrs. Alderly still felt languid and indisposed to exertion; the idea of a foreign journey disquieted her, and she at last wrote to Kenneth, begging him to come home. She did not make her health the plea; indeed, she insisted upon calling herself well; but Florence, though too inexperienced to be uneasy, saw that she was pining for her son, and wrote him so. During May, Mr. Gresham paid a short visit to the cottage at Newport, where the ladies went early in the Spring, and had been so disturbed by the alteration in his sister-in-law, that he felt it right to urge Kenneth to return. Unless his mother got stronger, she ought to go South this Winter; and it was doubtful if she could be induced, except he bore her company.

Kenneth found these letters awaiting him in London when he reached there, after several months of wandering about Italy and the East, and he had at once decided to go home; apprised his mother of his intention, and sailed a week after.

Mrs. Alderly had come on to her town-house to await her son's arrival, but she preferred to wait alone, and she made the excuse of New York not being very healthy just then a reason for sending Florence home with Mr. Gresham, promising that she and Kenneth would follow as soon as possible, and spend a month at Laughton.

She wanted to have her boy for a little entirely to herself; ill health had rendered her more exacting and jealous in her selfish affection; but there was a motive beyond

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this. Her determination to effect a marriage between Kenneth and her niece was more fixed and eager than ever; though she did not allow herself to think that she was anxious about her own health, that feeling underlaid her thoughts, and rendered her nervously impatient to bring matters to a crisis. Florence knew nothing of the relations which had existed between her cousin and Elinor Stuart, and since his departure Mrs. Alderly persisted in the line of conduct adopted months before—that of trying, by artful suggestions, which she was careful never to put into words, to impress upon the girl a belief that Kenneth cared for her, and clung to a hope time might teach her to return his affection.

She knew in her heart that Florence was as indifferent to her son as he to her, but she told herself that a union between them was the only reasonable thing for both; and she believed it, too, for Mrs. Alderly had the profoundest faith in her own ability to regulate the future of everybody connected with her.

That Florence had indulged in a girlish dream, of which a certain young artist was the hero, she knew very well, but it had not lasted long enough to grow serious. Mrs. Alderly's watchful eyes had speedily discovered that Reginald Seymour was in love with her niece, and she had sent him away from Florence's vicinity, dashing his hopes to the ground by giving him the impression that the girl had only lately perceived his attentions were serious, and that her heart had long been her cousin's.

But all these things had happened nearly two years before. If Florence had at first been a little mortified, even hurt, by Seymour's abrupt departure, she had long since recovered therefrom. Mrs. Alderly never believed that her own perceptions could be at fault. Florence had forgotten the young man as completely as she had the most indifferent of the admirers whom her pretty face and winning manners had in turn attracted.

That Kenneth had recovered from the blow which had fallen upon him, Mrs. Alderly knew was not the case, much as it fretted and angered her to admit the fact. But she trusted to his temper and his pride; the evidence against Elinor Stuart was so strong—her brief farewell letter to him the most condemning of all—and the mother could not believe that he still loved the girl. He was bitter and sore and misanthropic; he would have had space to grow ashamed that a worthless woman's memory should possess power enough to make him so—in a word, to snatch at any chance to cure himself. It was time for him to come home—time to draw together the meshes of her carefully woven web; she who had always been able to wait with a fortitude which would have been admirable if devoted to nobler designs, grew strangely impatient now. Not because of any fears connected with her health—no, no; she was daily gaining strength, she was well now, but she could not wait. She must take advantage of Kenneth's present state of mind, the precise one in which she should find it most easy to influence him.

And he was back at length. They came to tell her the steamer had entered the harbor—and then the brief period of waiting seemed so long, that she wondered how she had borne the suspense of the last months. But she had done well to wait; she had turned the time to good use where Florence and Mr. Gresham were concerned. Earlier, too, Kenneth would have been less susceptible to her control; but now everything was in her favor, even to this annoying physical weakness, which seemed an actual indignity on the part of nature—a never-ending surprise, too, that ordinary ills could come near *her*.

She was in her dressing-room when the carriage drove up to the house. She heard the sound of the wheels, and tried to rise, meaning to go down-stairs. But her very joy and exultation brought on a nervous trembling of her limbs, which rendered her movements so slow that she had only just managed to get out of her chair as the door opened, and Kenneth entered, calling cheerfully:

"Where is the little mother? Hasn't she got any welcome for the pilgrim and prodigal?"

Then she was in his arms, and for the time the mother's heart gained the ascendency, and her worldly dreams and her iron resolves were forgotten in the happiness of that reunion.

Kenneth was shocked by the alteration in her, though it had come so gradually that its full extent might have escaped his eyes, as it had Florence's, if he had been daily with her. Even her carefully arranged dress, and the soft lace which shadowed her forehead, and the color excitement brought to her cheeks, could not hide the ravages of disease; but they showed in an extreme delicacy of appearance, which softened her stately beauty, instead of the wrinkles and harsh contours that would have afflicted most women of her age.

"But I am not ill," she persisted in saying to his anxious inquiries. "Not just strong yet; but I wanted to be petted and coaxed and taken care of—that is all."

"That would be a new phase for you," he replied, trying to echo her laugh. "You have been taking care of other people all your life."

"So much the more reason why I should indulge myself now! My bad boy must be prepared to humor me to any extent," she rejoined; "I mean to be capricious and have nerves, and show myself a thorough woman."

"Just as much as you please," he said; "but you ought to have let me know you were really out of health; I should have come back before."

"Nonsense! I am not out of health; I'm not strong yet, nothing else," she answered, almost fretfully. Then she patted his hand and began to laugh. "Don't tease me by getting the idea that I am an invalid! I didn't want to drag you home when I was ill; you could do nothing—men are no good in a sick-room. I had Florence; I can't tell you what a devoted nurse she made—she is an angel, Kenneth; dearly as I loved her, it seems to me I never half appreciated her."

"Oh, yes, she's a charming little girl in every way," he said, with a proper degree of cousinly enthusiasm in his voice, but nothing beyond. "Watkins tells me she has gone home with Mr. Gresham."

"Yes; and I have promised that we will follow in a few days," his mother replied.

She saw that the proposal pained him; she had expected it would, but she believed this very pain would work a good result. To stand once more on the spot where he parted from the woman who had deceived him—to recollect the occurrence of their last meeting—would be so bitter that it could not fail to bring a corresponding reaction; it would harden his pride to find that he could be moved by any memory of her, and render him more resolute to bar out the past utterly from his life. Mrs. Alderly continued, as if she had not observed the change in his face:

"I was selfish enough to want you for a little all to myself, and Mr. Gresham could not bear to go without Florence—he is perfectly devoted to her. I fear I was very wrong to keep her away from him so much; I must make amends now; I like him greatly. I am quite ashamed that I should have underrated him for so many years."

"I don't know what he may have been formerly, but he is certainly a very agreeable man now," said Kenneth.

"Well, I must say in self-defense, that he has greatly improved," she replied. "There is nothing of the parvenu about him, and I dare say I was prejudiced; however, I have learned to appreciate him, and I think he likes me."

"As if he could help it!" returned Kenneth. But he was still so much disturbed by the alteration in his mother that he could not fix his mind long on any other subject, and he soon went back to his inquiries, until he found that they fretted her.

"The doctors say I am getting well as fast as possible," she averred. "There is nothing the matter; I only want to recover my strength. I have an excellent constitution; I used to fancy there was something ailed my heart—it was pure imagination! You are not to worry yourself, else you will distress me; then I shall punish you by being really ill."

He dismissed the subject, but an interview the next morning with the doctor did not entirely relieve his mind, though the physician declared that Mrs. Alderly's symptoms were not at present dangerous. She must be kept tranquil; above all things, not thwarted or contradicted. Had the lady heard this verdict, her confidence in her medical adviser would have been redoubled.

CHAPTER II.

"ELINOR—ELINOR STUART! come down this instant! What do you mean, you naughty girl, by shutting yourself up when you have a holiday? I have been expecting you all the morning."

"Appear, Queen Elinor, and give an account of your sins of omission!" a laughing, masculine voice chimed in, as the feminine tones ceased.

Elinor Stuart pushed back the luxuriant masses of woodbine which screened the window of her chamber, and looked down upon the speakers, standing on the lawn beneath—a young man of five or six-and-twenty, and a lady some ten years his senior. The strong likeness between them showed that they were brother and sister, though the lady's extreme delicacy of appearance presented a great contrast to her companion's bronzed face and air of robust health, and the green vail folded thickly over her eyes gave warning of the malady which afflicted her.

"Good-morning, Miss Seymour," Elinor called; "I hope you slept well after our dissipation of sitting up so late? I don't need to ask if you suffered, Mr. Reginald."

"No, because you can't help seeing that I am quite done up—exhausted; all your fault and my unnatural sister's, in keeping me out of bed till all hours," he answered, gayly.

"I am feeling wonderfully well," Miss Seymour added. "But come down. It is such a soft, gray day, that it doesn't hurt my eyes, and Reginald wanted to inveigle us off upon an expedition."

"To prove that I have no malice, in spite of the evil treatment I receive from the pair of you," the young gentleman cried. "But don't waste time in admiring my loveliness, Miss Elinor. Get on your bonnet and come down; the carriage will be here in no time."

"Might I be allowed to ask where we are going?" she asked, laughingly.

"Oh, daughter of Eve!" he exclaimed, with a mock groan. "Can't you defer curiosity, and trust yourself to the guidance of the nobler sex?"

"We are going over to Wellsborough, Elinor," Miss Seymour explained. "They say it is a lovely road; there is a fine wood and a waterfall, and all sorts of marvels for Reginald to go into artistic ecstasies over——"

"And the hotel in the town can offer an excellent dinner to preserve the equilibrium of your more prosaic nature," interrupted her brother, saucily.

"It is a long drive, nearly two hours," Elinor said: "won't it be too much for you, Miss Seymour?"

"Oh, no; driving never tires me. After dinner I will lie down and rest, and we can come back by moonlight."

"We shall have to go by moonlight, if you unconscionable ladies waste any more time in useless explanations!" cried Reginald, in pretended impatience. "I hear the carriage—now, Miss Stuart, settle your furbelows quickly."

"I have only to put on my hat, I am all ready; I was just coming round to your house," Elinor said.

She disappeared from the window; Reginald Seymour made his sister sit down on a garden bench, arranged her shawl, talking pleasantly the while, showing in every look and word that affection and solicitude always charming to see a young man display toward a feminine relative, doubly so when the recipient is delicate and ailing.

The pair had been separated for nearly two years, Reginald passing this period in Europe, whither he had gone partly for the pursuance of his art-studies, partly to try to forget in travel and change a terrible disappointment which had stricken his heart; a blow so sudden and violent that many natures enthusiastic and sensitive as his would have had hope and faith and all that renders youth beautiful utterly crushed thereby; but Reginald Seymour was too strong and brave for destiny's worst mishaps to affect his courage or alter the sweetness and generosity of his character.

Miss Seymour had allowed him to depart alone; she knew that for a season even her companionship would be irksome, however resolutely he might refuse to recognize the fact; besides, her health was not strong enough to support the fatigue of travel, nor did the climate of Italy, where he proposed to settle after a brief tour in Europe, suit her constitution.

She had remained in her quiet home—a little village in the neighborhood of the Hudson River—patiently awaiting her brother's return; and during the last twelvemonth, breaths of praise connected with his name had floated to her across the seas, and been a solace to her unselfish soul, even amid the oppression of a great trouble which menaced her. Her eyesight had failed after a fever, and she was threatened with that most awful physical calamity which can befall a human being—blindness. She had kept the truth from Reginald as long as she could, and had then written hopefully and cheerfully, bidding him not to think of coming home, as she knew he had business engagements at once lucrative and certain to add largely to his reputation. She assured him that he was not to picture her as sad and solitary, for she had decided to quit her home and spend the Summer with a relative who lived in the heart of the picturesque Lehigh Valley.

Miss Seymour had reached the little town of Amford early in May, and a very pleasant surprise awaited her there. Only the evening of her arrival, her garrulous old cousin was giving her sketches of the neighbors she was likely to meet and know, mentioning with special favor a young lady, one of the teachers at the village academy—a girl so beautiful and talented, that Miss Seymour would certainly fall in love with her at once.

And in the midst of the conversation the lady herself entered, and Lucy Seymour with great satisfaction recognized a former acquaintance, of whom she had entirely lost sight. She and Reginald had been residing in

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Florence at the time Elinor was there studying music, and Miss Seymour's liking for the lovely, fascinating creature had heightened into admiring respect of the fortitude with which Elinor had borne the disappointment and affliction that overtook her in the loss of her voice.

Since then, the two had not met till they so unexpectedly came face to face in this little out-of-the-way Pennsylvania retreat. The reunion was a delight to both; and during the month which had succeeded, they were as constantly together as Elinor's duties would permit.

And now a new happiness had come to patient Lucy Seymour. Reginald arrived without warning, proposing to pass the Summer near her. His anxiety had grown uncontrollable, and fortunately one of his patrons conceived a fancy to have some pictures of American scenery —so Miss Seymour was able to have the contentment of feeling that his solicitude for her did not involve a loss either of time or money—a sacrifice which would have been doubly painful to her from the fact that though in possession of a moderate income, more than sufficient for her simple tastes, it was only hers for life, and the relative from whom she inherited it had, in his groundless dislike for Reginald, hampered her with so many restrictions, that the high-spirited young man refused to accept a penny of the money coming from his unjust uncle, and had made his own way with a courage which filled his sister with such pride that it somewhat softened her regrets at her own inability to aid him.

But difficulties were rapidly disappearing from Reginald's path; the last two years had begun to bring both reputation and pecuniary reward. The future promised to be successful enough to satisfy even the anticipations of his relative, whose nature was so essentially feminine that this vicarious gratifying of ambition was the sweetest she could have known.

"Now, you cynical, ungrateful Mr. Reginald Seymour, you cannot complain that I have kept you waiting long," cried Elinor, as she came down-stairs and joined the pair.

"I believe if you had, I should be obliged to pardon you," he said, laughing, but regarding her with eyes full of frank, brotherly affection and admiration. "Lucy, I don't know whether she looks most like an enchanted princess or an inspired spirit. And that gray gown hangs round her like a soft mist—no other woman's gowns ever fell in such folds; and then the bits of blue—— Well, yes, you are not unpleasant to look at, Queen Elinor."

"Oh, what a dull, commonplace conclusion!" retorted she. "I thought you were going to burst into blank verse, at the very least."

"My feelings overpower me," he said, laughing.

"He couldn't describe you if he tried, Elinor, and he knows it," added Miss Seymour. "Really, you are handsomer this morning than any woman has a right to be!"

"I'll show you I can paint her, one of these fine days," rejoined Reginald. "What's the good of friends, if you don't make use of them? Miss Elinor Stuart, I propose to coin money out of you—shekels of gold and silver."

"You abominable, mercenary wretch!" cried his sister. "But here comes the carriage, so we will revile you later."

They drove off, mutually pleased with the prospect of a long day together, for no three persons could have been more sympathetic companions in every particular.

The society of this agreeable pair was a great boon to Elinor, and she enjoyed it all the more from its contrast to the not always congenial elements of her daily life. But she had her work, and to her, work was always a solace and resource. When she and Mrs. Mosely came to Amford, she had expected the quiet place to be merely a temporary sojourn. She had been ill for awhile, but after that, health and strength came back vigorous as ever. There was an academy for girls and boys in the village, and early in the Autumn after Elinor's arrival, the abrupt departure of the principal female teacher had put the trustees in a dilemma. Miss Stuart offered to perform the duties till a lady who had promised to take them should be able to come. Six weeks elapsed, and at the end of that time the expected governess wrote to break her engagement, and Elinor had given such complete satisfaction that she was retained in her post, without having been asked for certificate or reference—the proofs she had given of her ability were the best recommendations she could have had.

So the Winter and Spring had gone. To say that Elinor Stuart was a happy woman would be untrue; she suffered cruelly, not only from the shipwreck that had engulfed her heart's brightest hopes, but the memory of the wicked slanders which clouded her reputation, cast a dark shadow between her and the sun. She never faltered, though, under her burden; she went steadily and bravely on, turning her back resolutely upon the past, centering her mind upon her work, and wise and broad-thoughted enough to seize and hold every simple enjoyment that came in her way, living for others rather than herself; and the human being who does so can never be utterly wretched.

The three had a delightful drive. Wellsborough, though a bustling place, full of rolling-mills and foundries, interested them from its contrast to the quiet village they had left, and the environs were striking and picturesque.

In the afternoon Reginald drove away several miles further to make a sketch, promising to return by evening. Toward sunset Miss Seymour lay down to rest, and Elinor strolled out amid the sunset. The hotel was on the confines of the town, and she soon found herself beyond the reach of streets and houses, and took a path which led across some green meadows that afforded a fine view of the neighboring mountains.

She reached the top of a hill shaded by a knot of walnut-trees, and seated herself to admire the pretty scene. Below her stretched a narrow dell, with a brook cutting a silvery line through its heart; in the middle distance, a quaint brown cottage sent a curling wreath of white smoke up from its chimneys, and gave a touch of pleasant domesticity to the otherwise somewhat wild and rugged spot. Elinor sat there for some time, and gradually her thoughts wandered from her actual surroundings, and lost themselves in vague reverie. She roused herself suddenly to a consciousness that the sun had disappeared, and that Miss Seymour would grow anxious if she did not return.

Just then she heard footsteps approaching—turned, and saw a man coming toward her. In another instant she recognized William Hudson.

CHAPTER III.

ELINOR STUART'S first sensation was one of inexpressible horror, but unmixed with fear. That feeling passed, and a resolution, strong as it was sudden, seized her mind. She must go and meet him; this encounter seemed providential—it would be an absolute sin to allow either pride or outraged modesty to prevent her trying to make use thereof.

She hurried forward under the impulse of that idea, which appeared actually the suggestion of an intelligence higher than her own; an impulse so powerful that it left no room for shrinking; a hope had been pointed out—a way shown—she could not hesitate or falter.

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She was quite close to him before he perceived her; she stopped and threw aside the vail which had fallen over her face. Hudson started back; for an instant there was a trouble almost amounting to terror in the eyes which stared so eagerly at her.

"Good God!" he muttered. "I thought it was a ghost!"

"It is," returned Elinor, stretching out her hand with a warning gesture. "It is the ghost of the woman you wronged—exposed to slander—come to implore you to set her right at last! Will you do it, Mr. Hudson—will you let your heart speak—let all that is good and manly in you find a voice? You have had months now to reflect. You are a passionate man—a bad-tempered man, but you are not a fiend! You can't be happy under the load that you carry on your soul—I know you well enough for that! Try as you may to forget it, the wrong you did must haunt you, and will always—always! I don't want to utter reproaches; I have forgiven you; I know it was not you, but the demon of drink that made you behave as you did. I don't believe you were ever guilty of a cruel act before—but think what it was—worse than murder—much worse! To kill a woman is not nearly so great a crime as to take away her good name—and that was what you did by me!"

She spoke so rapidly that he could not interrupt her; indeed, he was too much confused and startled to try. That her passionate words moved him, she could see; his eyes sank under hers; his features worked convulsively; a dull glow of shame mounted to his forehead, and lay there like a red cloud; he glanced furtively round and moved restlessly, as if his impulse were to escape without speaking; but, in spite of himself, the power of her glance attracted his again, and held it fast—he could not stir.

"Help me!" she cried. "It is not the woman you were angry against who pleads with you—it is your own soul! You are sorry—fight against the feeling as you may, you are sorry! For your soul's sake, William Hudson, let your heart speak—atone for your sin—free me from suffering and disgrace! If you wanted revenge, haven't you had enough? Think of what I have endured, and let that make you merciful—to yourself and me."

His breath came in quick gasps; his look and attitude were like those of a man struggling with some influence which attacked both physical and mental senses, and weighed down his force. The drops of perspiration started out on his face; he put up his hand to wipe them away; it touched the scar which disfigured his face; his whole countenance changed to an expression of wrath and sullen obstinacy.

"Ain't I had suffering—disgrace, too?" he exclaimed. "Look at this mark on me, that I'll bear always, and have to remember I was beat like a dog—I! Some talked to me about having the law of him—what good would that ha' done me? The law couldn't wipe away that mark. But I'll wash it out in blood yet; he'll come in my way again. I don't know how or when, but he will, and the next time——"

He stopped, clinching his hand with a murderous gesture; then his arm dropped to his side, and he muttered:

"I needn't threaten her. What's the good?"

"I am not pleading for any man," she said; "men are strong; bodily and mentally, they can stand their own. I am a woman—alone in the world; it would be different if I were rich, if I had friends; but I've not a penny except what I earn, and the friends I had made you deprived me of."

"Oh, he quarreled with you!" cried Hudson, laughing savagely. "Now I see what you are at. You want me to say something that will set you right with him. Well, I won't—do you hear?—I won't!"

"I have never seen Mr. Alderly since the night——"

"The night he knocked me down, and was like to have murdered me after. I ain't afraid to say it—ain't I got my shame marked here?" broke in Hudson, again touching the scar.

"I never shall see him again," continued Elinor. "He has nothing to do with the question—it is not for his sake I ask you to set me right."

"I'm likely to believe that!" exclaimed Hudson. "You loved him—it wasn't only his money and his grand position—you loved him!"

"Yes," she answered, "I loved him; but that is over long ago."

"He'd come back soon enough, if he was made to believe in you!" cried Will. "Do you think I'd do or say anything to make him happy? Not to save your soul and mine, I wouldn't. Not if hell was gaping out yonder, and nothing but that would keep me from burning in it to all eternity!"

"He did not love me," she went on, unmoved, as if speaking of something utterly foreign to her own personal experience. "It was not only that he believed me a bad woman, but he had been trifling—amusing himself. His own mother came and told me; he loved some relative of his; he may be married to her, for what I know. Look at me, you can see I am speaking the truth. Ask your wife. I know Mrs. Alderly went to see her. I have no doubt she told Madge."

"Yes, you are telling the truth," returned Hudson. "Why, you must hate him worse than you do me!"

"I have forgotten him," she replied. "I can forgive you, William Hudson; you were drunk—mad! He had no excuse. But I do not hate him; he simply does not exist for me. Oh, never mind him! This is between you and me—he has no part in the matter. I am alone in the world. You know that I have to earn my living, that I had to give up my school——"

"I don't know," interrupted Hudson, sullenly. "As soon as I got well enough, Madge and me were married, and came away. I didn't see anybody, and didn't want to. I never heard but what you was there still."

"They drove me out of the school," said Elinor. "They came and said I was not fit to teach their children. Even Mr. Gresham believed it; nobody stood by me, except Mrs. Mosely, and she was helpless. I got a situation at last—but any time the story may follow me; if it did, I should be sent away. You know what it means to us poor people when we can't get work—it means starvation."

"I'd have worked my hands to the bone for you—I'd have died for you. I'd have laid down in the mud just to let you keep your feet dry!" cried Hudson, while a mad passion broke over his face.

"For shame!" she exclaimed, sternly—"don't be a coward! You repaid my kindness by wicked conduct—you stole my good name; let that content you—don't insult me because I am a woman, alone and unprotected."

He retreated a little; his eyes sank again; the red mounted anew to his forehead; he muttered a curse, but she knew it was against himself, not leveled at her. Try as he might to be brazen and angry, sorrow and shame overmastered him. He was perfectly free from the influence of drink, and the good impulses which his nature held were struggling for utterance and action. She could move him; some strength superior to her own aided her. Providence had brought this meeting about!

"But you will not—you will not!" she exclaimed.

"Your heart is pleading with you now, William Hudson! No matter what you thought at the time—remember it was not you, but the demons who ruled you! You knew, when you came to your senses, that I had never wronged you—that I had been a kind friend, eager for your advancement, appreciative of your talents, ready to help you study and improve—that, and that only."

"Oh, all that's over," he cried. "I've given up books and studying. I can earn money enough. The little learning I got only made me uneasy and discontented."

"And now you are married to a woman who loves you, whom you love! Oh, think of my desolate life! think of me, bearing a load of unmerited shame, and be merciful!"

"Madge's a good wife enough," returned he, in an odd, absent tone, as if meditating aloud. "She's an awful temper, but she keeps it under. I ain't been a bad husband. I got the place in the foundry here—I earn big wages; I've only been once on a bit of a spree—that was after Madge and me had quarreled. Yes, I'm fond of Madge—only sometimes it's as if a wall shut between us. It ain't what life might ha' been. I'm a poor, ignorant workman; I sha'n't get no higher, and it seemed once as if I should—and I loved you! Well, I was crazy to think of it, I know, but I loved you! It comes up sometimes; then I get desperate, and—— Pshaw, what a fool I am!"

He struck his forehead in angry impatience, and gave another short, bitter laugh.

"You may become a very happy man," said Elinor, "but you must first undo the wrong you have done—you can't be happy without. Oh, you have everything—strength, work, a wife who loves you—little children will come to give you new interests—and I am all alone! You can make my life pleasant—oh, don't refuse! Think of me, afraid—always afraid; weighed down by a shame that I never deserved! Any day, perhaps, I may be driven forth again. Ah, you won't let this happen!—you will help me! William Hudson, by all you hold dearest—for your soul's sake—for your wife's sake—for the sake of children who will one day call you father, set me right! Refuse, and retribution will overtake you! God never forgets the cause of the helpless and innocent! You will be punished—probably through those you love most. Don't hesitate; this is the crisis in your life—heaven pleads with you through me! Speak—promise! I know you will not break your word!"

Before the man could answer, a woman hurried up the side path from the little cottage which Elinor had noticed, nestled in the entrance of a pretty grove. She turned the corner, and came in full view of the pair as they stood together—Elinor's hand resting on Hudson's arm, where she had unconsciously placed it in the passionate energy and exaltation of her speech.

There was a cry like that of a wild animal. With one frantic bound, Madge Hudson rushed in between the two and pushed both back, with a sweep of her outstretched arms. A raving lunatic broken loose from confinement could not have been madder. Her face was awful in its fiendish rage and jealousy; and yet she was beautiful still, and, horrible as her wrath was, her pain was greater—the fearful agony at her heart made itself paramount even to her passion.

One instant she remained motionless in the magnificent attitude in which the outward sweep of her arms had left her; then, with an inarticulate moan, she dashed toward Elinor. Hudson had just time to catch her, and it needed all his strength. For a few seconds she fought frantically with him—neither speaking—no sound but Madge's strange, stertorous breathing, while Elinor stood transfixed. She was not afraid; one thought alone filled her mind, and lifted her beyond the dominion of fear. She had lost the chance which had seemed the gift of Providence—she had been deceived—there was no mercy for her on earth or above it—heaven itself refused to help her! Only this thought in her soul, and a swift, half-formed wish that the mad woman might kill her then and there, and so end her suffering.

"Go away!" shouted Hudson. "I can't hold her—she's crazy, I think—go away!"

But Elinor did not stir; she scarcely heard his frantic adjuration. That despairing reflection possessed her senses entirely—heaven would show her no mercy—that, and the wild wish growing stronger, that in any way she might be rid of her burden. Still Hudson struggled with Madge; still she resisted in silence, her glaring eyes fixed always on her foe.

"You'd better be quiet, Madge!" he cried. "If you lay a hand on Miss Stuart, I'll shut you up in an asylum. I could do it—I will—I swear I will, as sure as God is above us—remember that!"

Madge's arms dropped to her side; she twisted herself round in his clutch so as to look in his face.

"Say that again," she said, in a voice which was scarcely more than a whisper. "I won't touch her—I swear that, too—but I want to hear you say them words again."

"There isn't any need, since you mean to be sensible," returned Will. "Now, you listen—just let me explain! Miss Stuart didn't even know we lived here; she was as much surprised as I at our meeting. She says she had to leave Laughton—folks talked about her—she wanted me, if I could, to set her right; that's all."

"Let me loose—I told you I wouldn't touch her!" exclaimed Madge, without seeming even to hear his words.

"There, then," he said, releasing her.

Madge staggered back and forth for an instant, then slowly drew herself upright, and pointed one hand at Elinor, but still keeping her eyes fixed upon her husband.

"I ain't edicated," she said, in a slow, cutting voice that held an insult in its mocking ring more deadly than the coarsest invectives could have expressed; "I'm used to calling things by plain names, like we poor, ignorant people do, so I won't mention the one that fits my lady there, 'cause, though she ain't above being the thing itself, she's delicate, and the name might hurt her."

"Madge, Madge!" groaned Elinor, so desperate in her misery that she could not turn and flee till she had made one more effort. "Nothing could hurt me now—I have suffered too much shame and disgrace, and you and your husband brought it on me! You know as well as he how little I deserved it—oh, remember we are both women—help me, help me!"

She had not meant her words to be an appeal—they uttered themselves without any volition of her own. Madge listened till she had finished; not a line of her face moved; her eyes never stirred from Hudson's countenance.

"I'm only an ignorant woman," she said, in the same voice of mockery; "so I shouldn't have language fit to talk to my lady there. I'm an honest, virtuous woman, too; so if I was ever so edicated, I shouldn't have any, either, she bein' the thing she is, which we won't name, 'cause of her delicacy."

"Now, shut up, Madge; this is worse than blows!" cried Will, though rough as his words were, his voice was regretful and ashamed.

"Oh, William Hudson, tell her the truth—if you never have, begin with her!" moaned Elinor. "Speak, for your soul's sake! Madge, as you believe we must all one day

XUM

stand in the presence of an eternal Judge, listen to your husband, and be convinced."

Still blind to her presence—stone deaf to her pleading—Madge went on speaking, looking always full in Will's face.

"A man can't have a light o' love and a wife at the same time—not when I'm the wife," she said; "and you're going to choose between us, now and here—for once and always!"

"Oh, you're crazier when you take it this way than when you rave!" cried Hudson. "I tell you I don't want ever to see her again any more than you do—any more than she does us! What Miss Stuart wants, and all she wants——"

"I ain't edicated, you know," interrupted Madge; "I'm only honest and decent—I wouldn't care to hear what light o' loves might want."

"I tell you what, my woman, you must stop this!" exclaimed Hudson. "We've done Miss Stuart harm enough; you was crazy, and I was crazy and drunk both. But I ain't either now, and I'll be a happier man when I've eased my conscience."

"I'm a-looking at the scar on your face," said Madge, gazing at him with an awful smile. "The mark you'll bear to your dying day—give to you by my lady's other lover, 'cause you wouldn't go away when she was ready to have you, and wanted a gentleman's pretty talk, and all the fine things he could give her, fitting to a real lady like her. I'm a-looking at that mark, that always beats and burns when you're tired or sick, as it is doing now. That was my lady's last present to you; she hadn't nothing else left to give, so she gave you that."

"I tell you to shut up!" exclaimed Hudson. "Don't you wake a devil in me that'll be worse than your own. What I said when I was crazy drunk is one thing—here, I tell you now, before her, the fellow was right to knock me down. There, I'm easier for saying it. I'll pay him off for the blow, if ever I get a chance—but he was right."

"Madge, Madge, you hear him?" pleaded Elinor. "Try to believe. He loves you, he always loved you. You can never be happy while you let an innocent woman suffer; God won't permit it. Oh, think, think—if you should live to be a mother—if you should be punished through your child! Let that thought soften your heart, let——"

Madge seized her husband's arm; all her mocking composure was gone; the fury blazed in her eyes again, her words crowded out in thick, broken utterance.

"You fool!" she cried, "you want to lie to help that thing—you ain't even man enough to want revenge. She comes wheedling you so that she may get the gentleman back; he'd be sorry for her, and marry her."

"Madge, he would never do that—I would not marry him," rejoined Elinor. "He left me, he never loved me. Ask his mother. Oh, Madge, let your husband set me right, and you will be happy. Think, if you had a daughter, and you lived to hear her plead with some one as I am pleading with you—Madge, Madge!"

"This is what I want to tell you," pursued Madge, still staring in Hudson's face. "I was keeping the secret; I meant to tell you this very day; you'd said it would make you happy. Now listen to me. You see that pond down yonder, you know how deep it is? You'll send her away, you'll never open your lips or write a line to her, her—you'll swear that?—else I'll drown myself, and it won't be myself alone—I'll drown your child, your unborn child, that you've wished for, hoped for——"

"Madge, Madge!" he broke in, with a cry of mingled pain and joy.

"That's all I want to say," she shrieked. "I'm going now, take her—take my lady there if you want her—I don't hinder you."

He caught her arm in terror, moaning:

"I want you, Madge, I want you!"

"She fooled you, she led you on; you can't pretend to think it was just your fancy—you know she did," cried Madge. "Will you come home, or shall I go alone? If I do, I won't stop short of the pond—God hear me, I won't."

He clung to her frantically; Elinor heard herself still pleading with them both; she knew it was idle, but she could not stop; Madge's voice all the while going on with its menaces, its recalling to Hudson his belief that he had been trifled with—he standing silent, irresolute.

"Decide!" shrieked Madge. "Choose, and be quick. You won't—you won't? Then I'll end it."

She wrenched her arm from his grasp and dashed away down the path.

"Madge!" he called, but she did not heed. He turned; as he started to run he waved his hand toward Elinor, calling:

"Don't you come near me again. If I had to be the death of one of you, it shouldn't be Madge."

He spoke so loud that his words reached his wife. She swayed to and fro, then fell on the ground.

Elinor Stuart walked away slowly, uncertainly, like a person treading a difficult path in the darkness—lost in a night blacker from contrast. For a moment heaven had seemed to open and send down a ray of light, then closed and left her alone.

Once she paused and looked back. Hudson was seated on a fallen log, holding Madge in his arms; neither noticed nor glanced after her; Elinor passed on.

Chapter IV.

DURING the three days that Kenneth and his mother remained in town, Mrs. Alderly talked a great deal about Florence, though she carefully avoided open reference to the subject which constantly engrossed her thoughts. She could not help seeing that Kenneth's mind was as far removed as ever from any idea of ranking himself among the young lady's suitors. She saw, too, that he suffered still: the trouble of the previous year was fresh as ever—the wound in his heart had not even begun to heal. He was greatly changed, too, in many ways; gentle and affectionate as he showed, it became plain to the mother that the time for any attempt at authority on her part had gone for ever—the means which the weakest of her sex might employ were the only ones whereby she could hope to influence him; and no consciousness could have been more galling to a woman who had all her life ruled autocratically over every human being connected with her.

But she meant to have her own way; her plan alone could promise peace and rest to Kenneth in the future. No matter how these foolish young people might feel now, long before middle age they would thank her for what she had done in their behalf; she regarded her intentions as if the result were already accomplished, a delusion natural enough in a person who had never yet failed in carrying out any scheme upon which she had bent her energies.

If she must coax and wheedle and plead, as ordinary women were forced to do, at least she would use every weapon in her power; and this very physical weakness, which exasperated her like an indignity that nature had put upon her out of sheer malice, should be employed as a means to her end. Kenneth was alarmed and softened; he should be made still more uneasy, and his fears of retarding her recovery by opposition or dissent would almost take the place of the despotic power of other days.

He was sitting beside her sofa on the last evening of their stay in town; he had been talking about his travels, giving details in regard to her European acquaintances, and she had seemed amused and interested. Suddenly she turned restlessly on her pillows, and he heard her sigh heavily.

"You are tired, mother," he said; "I have kept you up too long."

"No, no," she answered—"I could not sleep yet. I am not suffering physically, my dear boy—not much, at least."

"I am afraid you are," he said, looking anxiously at the pale face, rendered still more wan by the faint, shaded light—that face which could always express any emotion at will.

"No; I am not easy in my mind—something has been troubling me all day," she continued, slowly. "I can't hide things as I do when I am well—you must not be vexed with me."

"Vexed, mother? As if I could be!"

"I know you would not—you are so good and kind," she sighed. "But I don't want to make you doleful by my depression; let us talk of something else. So you saw the Moutons in Paris?"

"Yes. They are coming home this Autumn—— But never mind them! What can you have to trouble you, mother? Do tell me! I shall imagine it something a great deal worse than it is, and you know what the doctors say about the absolute necessity of keeping your mind tranquil."

She hesitated still, obliging him to plead so urgently that he seemed to force a confession upon her.

"If I must, I must!" she exclaimed, abruptly, speaking very fast, as if afraid her courage would fail if she gave herself time to reflect. "I have been thinking about this visit—about the physicians saying I must go South if I don't grow stronger. I cannot leave Florence behind—she would not be left. She knows how necessary she is to me, and no fear of personal discomfort or pain would induce her to hesitate."

"I don't know why she should have either," replied Kenneth, but his voice was disturbed now.

"You must know what I mean, my son. Things I said to you before you went away—that I wrote to you—must make it all clear. There is no reason why you should not be perfectly frank with me; the harshest critic could not accuse you of masculine pettiness and vanity in admitting what we both know to be the truth to your mother."

"I do know what you mean," returned Kenneth, "but I cannot admit it. You fancied at one time that Florence, girl-like, might want to weave a little romance, and might choose me as the hero of it, for want of a better; and you begged me to be very careful. I was so; but I felt certain then that you were mistaken, and I hoped that long before this you had come to the same conclusion."

"Blind, blind!" murmured Mrs. Alderly.

"And now," continued Kenneth, firmly, "Florence is no longer a child—she is a woman—almost twenty-one, sensible and practical, too; there is very little likelihood of her indulging in any romantic dreams without a sound basis to plant them on."

"I don't know what you mean by planting dreams on a sound basis," returned his mother, plaintively.

"I mean that she would not be likely to indulge in a fancy for any man, unless he had shown her that he cared for her."

"Oh, you think women's hearts can be controlled by line and rule!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "Hearts are stronger even than a woman's dignity and pride, Kenneth; she may be silent—she may hide her pain—but that is all she can do."

"Why, mother, if I believed there was any foundation for your fancy, it would render intercourse with my cousin very difficult," he exclaimed. "I should feel like fleeing to the ends of the earth!"

Mrs. Alderly half started up on her cushions, and seized his arm with both hands.

"Don't," she gasped, "don't talk of leaving me! Kenneth, Kenneth, I may not be here long—it would kill me to have you go—it would kill me!"

"Mother, mother, how could you suppose I meant such a thing?" he cried, frightened by her agitation.

He put his arms about her, murmuring soothing words, and gradually she grew quiet, lying back on the sofa, but holding his hand fast.

"I know you could not mean it," she said, tremulously. "Oh, Kenneth, I think of so many possibilities—I have nothing to do nowadays but think! If I had to leave you——"

"Which is a sick fancy like the rest, darling," he interrupted. "The doctors say your recovery is only a matter of time."

"Oh, the doctors!" she cried, impatiently. "Up to the day of your father's death they kept telling me he was better. Anyway, I am growing an old woman——"

"Now, mother, dear! an old woman—barely fifty, and looking years younger, too!"

"I can see how I have aged," she went on; "worst of all, I feel it. I have lost my courage—my power of endurance! Oh, Kenneth, if I could have one joy granted—the only one this world has to offer me—if I could see you married and happy!"

"I mean to be happy with you, through you, and trying to make you so," he replied, tenderly, though face and voice showed how her words had hurt by the rush of bitter memories they aroused. "But about marriage there can be no question; I have no heart to give any woman—it is better to tell you so, once for all."

"Ah," she moaned, "I hoped that a year of reflection had enabled you to live worlds beyond such morbid feelings! There was a dream baseless enough—you cannot be so weak as to let its ghost stand between you and a future of peace and usefulness."

"Mother, you said yourself hearts cannot be controlled by line and rule."

Nothing angered Mrs. Alderly like hearing her own words quoted against her. Her voice grew sharp and bitter as she replied:

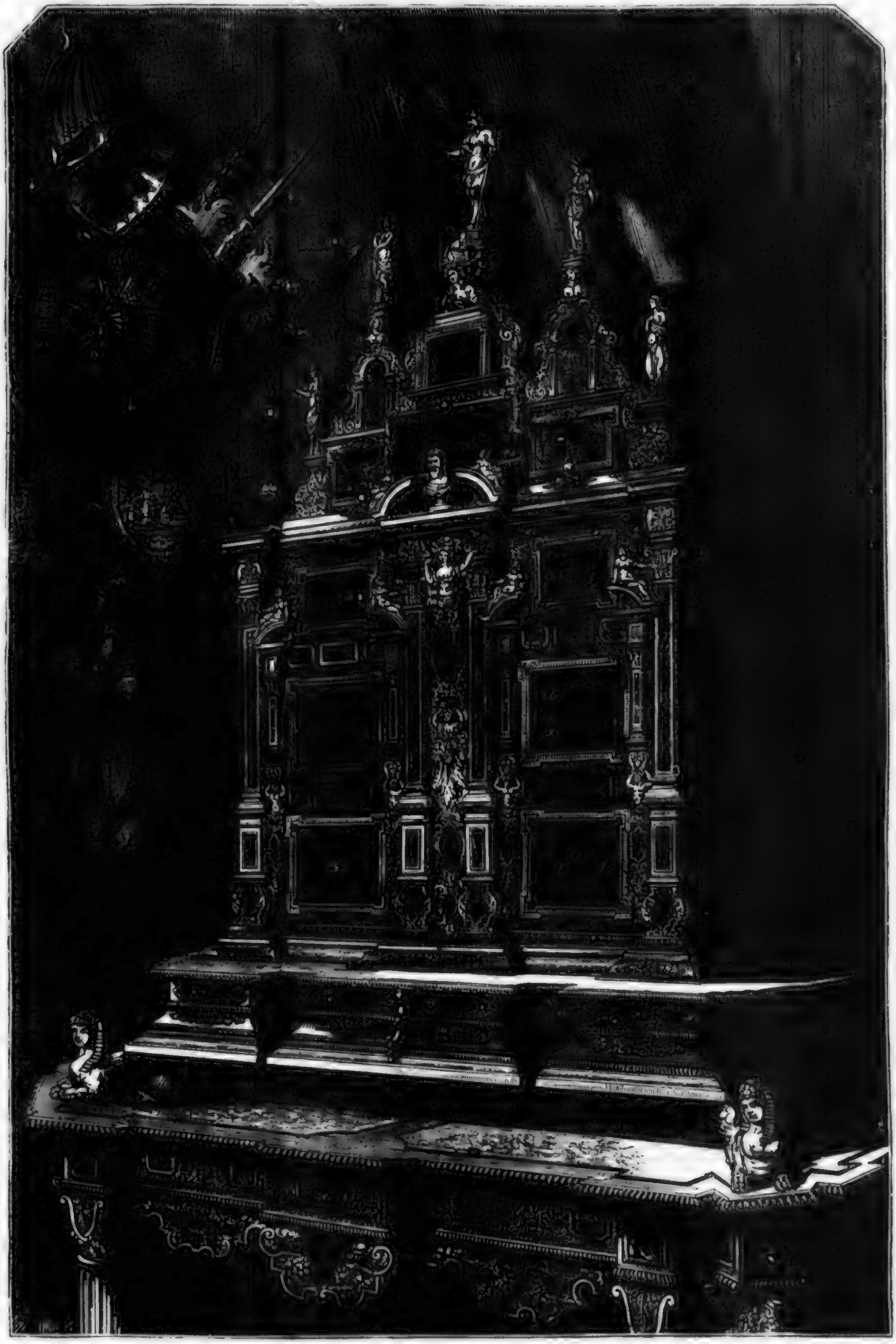
"A man should be able to control his heart when he finds that he has been deceived."

"Mother!"

"I am not accusing her—the facts of the case do that. Look at the letter she flung in my face to give you—the way she treated Mr. Gresham when he went to her in the kindest, gentlest manner; he wrote to you about it—he told me he had done so!"

"Yes; but that might easily arise from wounded pride—and she was a very proud woman. I had seemed hard and cruel; I had appeared to doubt her."

"For a moment! Do you forget that I went to Miss



A CABINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Stuart—do you suppose I was hard and unkind—that I neglected any means after my promise to you?" she cried, vehemently.

"You know I do not, mother!"

"I only wrote you vaguely what happened—why add to your pain? But if you will not be convinced, I must tell you the whole. It was not she had no wish to explain—she could not! Every attempt made her case worse, and she saw it, and turned upon me, and told me to my face that——"

"Mother, don't," he broke in. "Whether you are right or wrong in your opinion, can make no difference now—that matter is dead and buried. I know Elinor Stuart too well to believe that she would ever see me again after writing that letter."

"But if you mean to let that episode desolate your life—if you cherish a mad hope that sometime, somehow——"

"I cherish no hope," he interrupted again. "It hurts me to talk of those things. I cannot, and I will not! You are mistaken if you think I mean to let the past ruin my life—I should be a miserable, contemptible coward; but to prevent that it is not necessary I should marry, and I don't intend to do so."

He rose, and walked several times up and down the room. Presently his mother called him in a trembling voice; he went back to the sofa, kissing her forehead as he seated himself.

"You must not be annoyed with me," she said; "I shall never speak of the affair again, but I could not be at peace till I knew. Now, Kenneth, I must think of something else—I must do my duty by Florence, at any cost."

"Your duty?" he repeated, in surprise.

"Yes; and however hard I may find it, I must not shrink therefrom. Better that I should suffer than she."

"Oh, mother, if you could put by that fancy!"

"Watch and judge for yourself," Mrs. Alderly answered. "See if Florence is not sometimes constrained and shy in your society—capricious, variable; judge as you would if you were watching her and another man. Not one word has she ever said; she does not dream that I suspect her secret. But she loves you, Kenneth, and she has for years."

"I do not, I cannot believe it, mother. And if it were true, what could I do? I could not act a lie, and if I told her the truth, most certainly she would not listen."

"It would be wanton cruelty to do that," his mother said. "But if you found I was right, would it not be pleasant to think that a good, pure girl, a beautiful and clever girl, cared for you? Would not her companionship make life brighter—would not the thought of a future which gave a home, strong interests, the love of your own children—be sweet to contemplate?"

"Perhaps," he said, absently. "I had never thought of those things; they say men marry from such motives and are content enough. It does not seem to me that I could, though."

Mrs. Alderly pressed her hands over her eyes and lay for a few moments apparently buried in reflection; then she said, without uncovering her face, as if thinking aloud:

"It may come to that. I may have to lose her in order to enjoy your society, and lose you when she comes to me; I must learn to put up with it—perhaps it may not be for long."

"For God's sake, mother, don't talk like that!" he cried. "I feel as if I could do anything, promise anything, rather than cause you suffering. Let us wait, put your fears aside; I may be able to convince you they were utterly wasted."

"And if you cannot?" she asked, leaning forward and again seizing his arm. "If you find that I am right, that Florence loves you, would it make you impatient—make you hate her?"

"No, no! how could it? I should be sorry, it would make me feel very tender toward her—"

"Which would be the commencement of a quiet, reasonable affection, that would in the end render you both happy," she interrupted. "Well, let us leave the matter here. I only ask you to watch, to study Florence, to try and do it as calmly and in as unprejudiced a fashion as if you were seeking to discover her real feeling for another person."

He smiled a little bitterly at being asked to give so good a proof of self-abnegation, but he felt no impatience toward his mother for making the request; it grew out of her great love for the girl, and a dread, natural enough to a sensitive nature, that any suffering should come to the daughter of her dead sister through her own son.

"You demand a good deal," he said, slowly.

"Oh, Kenneth, I demand nothing—don't put it in that way, else you will make me feel that I have hurt and offended you!" she cried, with pathetic earnestness.

"No, no; that was not what I meant, mother," he said, conscience-stricken at the idea of having expressed his thought so clumsily that it could assume such construction in her mind.

"I am sure it was not," she answered. "Of course, I am sure of that—don't I know my son? But tell me what you did mean, Kenneth; I don't understand. It seems to me that I ask nothing unreasonable—only to watch—to use your great discernment, unbiased by any personal considerations whatever."

"But that is just what is so difficult, mother," he urged, half playfully, yet very earnest in spite of his effort. "To do it, a man would require to possess an ability for self-abnegation amounting to heroism, and I have nothing of the sort in my composition; indeed, I fear I am rather selfish, and given to making my *ego* of vast importance in any matter that touches me."

"You do yourself great injustice!" she exclaimed, with loving impatience. "Oh, I know you better than you do yourself, Kenneth! You are capable of being a hero, if occasion required. There is no height you could not reach if circumstances demanded it."

"Such a blind, partial mother—clear-sighted as she is in other things!" he sighed, half sadly, half tenderly. "Well, dear, I will try my best to do what you wish—I mean about trying to discover if you are right in your suspicions; more I could not promise."

"As if I would ask it!" she cried. "Oh, Kenneth, it is your judgment, your heart that must decide—even a mother has no right to attempt to control those. I may be imperious, but you don't think I would ever be wicked enough to try and do that, my darling!"

"Good heavens, no! Imperious, mother? Why, you are not! I believe I used to think you inclined to be so, now and then, when I was a hot-headed boy. You can afford to forgive the impertinence, since I have so completely got over my error," he added, kissing her hand.

"I was by nature," she replied, penitently, "but I have tried hard to overcome the fault."

"Well, you certainly have succeeded," he said.

She smiled. It gratified her to find how successful her recent mode of managing him had proved. It required a constant struggle to restrain and hide her despotic will; but it was an ample reward to perceive that this pretense of softness, of yielding to his opinions, of wanting as she approached age to lean and rest upon him, leaving the guidance of both their lives in his hands, increased tenfold her influence over her impetuous son.

But gratifying as it was to hear avowals which proved the wisdom of the new part she had chosen, the wily schemer had no time to waste in listening longer. She wanted to render this conversation decisive; she could not risk wearying Kenneth by often recurring to the topic. She must advance the most weighty consideration of all, and then leave him free and apparently unwatched, certain that to his quick sense of honor the plea she meant to utter, in a way which would make it seem she had involuntarily been betrayed into the confession by the excitement of the moment, would produce more effect upon his mind than anything else.

His next words brought her to the point she desired to reach.

"Mother," he exclaimed, flushing painfully under a sudden thought which disturbed his mind, "if, when I have done what you desire, I find that—that—— Oh, I am ashamed to finish—it makes me seem such a vain, conceited ass even to suggest the possibility!"

"You mean if you find that I am right," she rejoined, composedly.

"Yes," he cried. "I feel an idiotic coxcomb in saying it!"

"I beg you to speak out, Kenneth," she said; "I am not likely to misunderstand you."

"No, that is a little comfort. This is it. If I find that Florence cares—— Mind you, I firmly believe you are mistaken; I have known for a good while you thought so, and it has made me perhaps a little reserved toward her. But if I find you are right, I don't see how anything would be gained. We should be just where we are now—worse off, for I should feel guilty and wretched."

"I do not see that, since you just told me it would make you feel very, very tender toward her."

"But, mother, I could not go to her, and say, 'I have no heart to give—I know you care for me—I offer you my hand.' Why, that would be an insult!"

"Yes, Kenneth—an unpardonable one. God forbid that you should ever open your lips until the time comes—unless it comes, I mean—when you can offer full sympathy and tenderness. Oh, these count for so much with us women—they are everything! But my prayer is you may be able to do that. Oh, such calm affection would make life a paradise compared to the desolation and shame she must endure now—fearing that she has deceived herself—mistaken your manner—— Oh, I did not mean to say that!" she added, pausing abruptly.

She had spoken with every appearance of intense excitement, and now she seemed overpowered with distress that she had allowed herself to be betrayed into the confession her words held.

"Good heavens, mother!" cried Kenneth, in dismay. "You don't mean—you can't mean that Florence ever fancied I cared for her!"

She had turned away her head for a moment; she looked back again, and said, in a tone of deep emotion:

"I feel a wretch for having betrayed her secret; she does not dream that I suspect it, remember."

"Florence fancied that I cared?" he repeated, in pained bewilderment.

"Yes," his mother answered, more firmly. "I have gone too far unintentionally to stop now—I must tell you the whole. I am sure she thought it; recollect, like the rest, it may be my sick fancy—but I cannot believe it. And, Kenneth——"

"Well, mother, well?"

"Oh, my darling, I am not blaming you, but I never noticed any sign of the reserve which you speak of having felt—far from it, very far! I thought—I thought—ah, I am not accusing you of having flirted—I know you are incapable of such meanness. But your manners toward women are so gentle, so caressing, they might easily deceive without you having the least idea. And Florence you treated as you did no other young lady, and—oh, don't be vexed, don't—there was a time when I, too, thought you loved her."

"Great heavens, mother!"

"I did; it was last year, after you came home from Europe. I did, up to the time you wrote me from Laughton."

Kenneth was so dismayed and shocked that he could with difficulty retain any show of composure; only his mother's painful agitation and the fear of increasing it enabled him to sit quiet.

"If I ever come to believe you right," he said, after a long silence, "my duty would be plain. There, mother, I can say no more."

She flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him passionately.

"I have spoken for the last time," she said. "I leave it all in your hands—I can trust my son's honor. Kenneth, Kenneth, you are not vexed with me—you don't blame me?"

"No, mother, no!"

"I can sleep now," she said, smiling up at him; "that is off my mind. But remember, I cannot have my boy sacrificed, either. If I am proved correct—if she cares, and seeing that, rouses sympathy and tenderness in your heart—only on that condition!"

He kissed her in silence, and led her away to her room.

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE DENHAM was sitting alone in a room off the library in Mr. Gresham's house. It was her favorite nook, and Mr. Gresham called it "Florence's nest," glad and thankful that nowadays his pretty bird brightened his house so often by her presence that he could regard some place therein as especially her own.

Florence had learned to love her stepfather very dearly; indeed, she knew now that she had always been strongly attracted toward him, and that it was only the fear of offending her aunt which had prevented her manifesting her affection, or even admitting to herself how warm it was. Still it never occurred to her to blame Mrs. Alderly; that lady's former haughty disregard of her brother-in-law had arisen from the fact that she did not really know him; for any past mistakes—Florence could not have dreamed of terming them willful, wicked errors—she had made ample amends by her thorough appreciation, since circumstances had again thrown them together, and acquaintance had rendered them friends.

On his side, Mr. Gresham was too generous to give Florence the slightest hint of the evil part Mrs. Alderly had acted in his life; under no circumstances, probably, would he have ever done so, but now she had so completely deceived him that he believed her character had radically changed; she regretted her former cruelty and desired to atone, not only by the frank offering of her esteem and friendship, but by allowing him the happiness of Florence's society, and doing everything in her power to cement the affection between them.

So the girl brought a new sunshine to his heart, and during these past two weeks, since Mrs. Alderly and Kenneth joined them, he had enjoyed himself greatly. He perceived the change in Kenneth, but it was not so great but that Mrs. Alderly's explanation accounted therefor—he was growing older, taking life more seriously. The pair exchanged confidences in regard to their mutual desire to see a match brought about between the youthful couple; but the lady assumed with him the ground that as yet both were blind to the strength of their feeling for one another; everything must be left to time; young people, even those as good and sweet as Kenneth and Florence, were very apt to be recalcitrant if they discovered that their pastors and masters wished to regulate the future destiny of their hearts. Time would set all right; the growth of their affection had been so gradual that they did not recognize it as love; some chance would show them the truth—till then, mother and guardian must appear blind.

Mrs. Alderly's security put Mr. Gresham quite at ease; a shrewd, discerning woman like her was not easily deceived; so, with new faith in his hopes, he could enjoy the pleasant days and the society of the pair who were dearer to him now than anything on earth. Mrs. Alderly could wait with composure, too, though she was not idle; but her finest art was adopted in the treatment of her niece and son. She knew that in the end her plan would succeed—her conversation with Kenneth had settled her last fear; she should succeed, and the two would live to bless her for their happiness; and in this belief, at least, she was perfectly sincere. So she could watch and wait patiently enough, and her complacency was increased by a fact which Mr. Gresham had confided to her: he had made his will. It gave a large legacy to Kenneth, and the bulk of his wealth would revert to Florence.

The girl was seated in her favorite nook, in the soft light of the sunset; the French windows were open upon the garden, and the scent of the flowers came up with fresh sweetness under the influence of a Summer shower, heavy enough to confine her to the house, though it scarcely disturbed the beauty of the sunset.

The room was only separated from the great library by a row of pillars, across which hung rich curtains, partially drawn back, and leaving Florence visible to any one who entered. Her aunt was tired after a drive, and had gone to lie down; good old Miss Gresham was busy with her usual Saturday donations to her numerous pensioners, and as Mr. Gresham and Kenneth were out, Florence had been left to her own devices.

She had wanted a stroll in the garden, and the sudden shower prevented her, so she wandered about for a while in the restless fashion common to us all under slight disappointments, and at last, wearied by her own stupidity in being able to settle to nothing, she sat down by a table and picked up a newspaper which Mr. Gresham had left her.

Idly glancing along the columns, reading here and there notices in regard to the Summer movements of acquaintances, she came upon a paragraph which contained Reginald Seymour's name; a good deal of pleasant praise, too, of the young artist, who was so rapidly winning a prominent place in his profession.

Florence had not heard of his return to America; indeed, had not heard his name mentioned for months. She very seldom allowed herself to think of the bright Summer weeks when fate had flung them together, and a dream, sweet as it was brief, sprang up in her young heart.

Her thoughts went back to that season now, always a painful memory, for his hasty and silent departure had made it evident that she alone had dreamed. The newspaper dropped from her hand, and she sat there recalling the events of that sunny episode, whose fading had left youth less joyous.

Kenneth Alderly entered the library, and, looking up the length of the shadowy room, saw her in the distance in her little nook, making a lovely picture as she sat framed in by the parted draperies, the garden and shrubberies for a background, and the sunlight forming a sort of halo about her head.

He wondered of what she could be thinking—the sweet face looked so wistful and sad. Until lately he had regarded Florence as a pretty child, not in any degree appreciating the strength of mind and character which lay under her gay exterior; and, indeed, with him she had usually shown herself in high girlish spirits, full of laughter and merry nonsense, else reserved, almost shy, and sometimes capricious and abrupt.

He went softly forward. He was reflecting how much brighter and fuller his life would be if he could love her —wondering, as he had so constantly done during this past fortnight, if there were any truth in his mother's suspicions. He had tried to study her carefully, but he could arrive at no conclusion. Only one thing he began to perceive—Florence was not the child he had always considered her—the mere society belle, with numerous showy accomplishments and a parrot-like ability to repeat the opinions of which she had gained a surface knowledge from books. She was clever and appreciative; and so far from her reading being confined to novels and poetry, she was quite an earnest student in a quiet way, and reflected, and originated ideas.

If she cared for him—if he could teach himself to care —that was his thought. Life was empty—empty; that blighted hope—that thwarted affection, shut itself between him and all interest, all peace! It was weak and unmanly. Elinor Stuart had cast him off. He believed in her goodness and purity, but he could not help the conclusion that she had been guilty of coquetry; and this was hard to forgive. Such folly, in a nature gifted like hers, appeared doubly unworthy. But whether he forgave her or not, was a matter of no consequence—they were separated for ever. What he had to do was to forget—forget; find new aims in life; show himself a man! Only life was dreary —dreary. Ah, if Florence loved him—if he could learn to care!

He went swiftly up the room, realizing that he had some vague intention in his mind—feeling, though scarcely expressing it to himself, that in some way this interview was important; thinking, too, in the same unformed fashion, that at this moment he was in a mood when a discovery of the correctness of his mother's suspicions might rouse a warmth of emotion, a sufficiency of tenderness and interest, to place him far on the road he would have been glad to tread.

The thick carpet rendered his step inaudible; and, lost in her reverie, Florence was unaware of his approach till the silk curtains rustled under his touch as he pushed them aside, and entered the boudoir. She started nervously, then sank back in her chair, saying:

"Why, Kenneth, you startled me! You came in as unexpectedly and noiselessly as a ghost!"

"I don't believe any such visitor ever haunts you," he said, smiling.

She smiled, too, but with a certain wistful sadness; then she answered;

"Nobody ought to let ghosts haunt him—it is weak and wicked. Life wasn't given us to waste in useless regrets. If we can't get roses, we must take violets, or any flower that offers; it is silly to keep our gardens barren just because we can't have our favorite blossoms."

She was thinking of herself and her last half-hour's reverie, but the words seemed so applicable to his own case, that Kenneth marveled for a second if she meant them to. Then he remembered that she knew nothing whatever about his secret; and a fresh wonder filled his mind—he would not, even with his new growing appreciation, have expected a theory from her which held so much thought and resolution.

"You looked as if you were dreaming," he said, playfully; "but I did not suppose it was about matters so grave."

"Ah, that is because you fancy my dreams don't go beyond a new bonnet, or anticipation about a ball," she retorted.

"Indeed, you are very unjust, Florence," he replied. "We have seen so little of each other, that I am only just learning to know you; but I certainly did not judge you in that fashion, though I confess I did not imagine you were so earnest a student."

"Now please—please!" she cried, impatiently. "Just because you have discovered I read something besides novels, don't go to the other extreme! I am not a student or a genius, but then I'm not a stupid, babyish girl, either."

They were both in a mood so unusual, that it did not strike either as odd that their talk should suddenly have assumed a tone so different from their ordinary style of conversation. They had been so little together that they had never made any approach to the frank intimacy usual between relatives. Kenneth always treated her with the gallant deference he would any young lady in society; he had never dreamed that she had perceived how much he underrated her mental powers, and he felt somewhat confused at this sudden, almost irritated betrayal of that knowledge.

"Well," he said, "if you won't have compliments, at least let me add that I hope you won't refuse me your acquaintance. I feel as if that were only just beginning, odd as it is to say of one's cousin."

"Ah, but you see, perhaps you would be less polite then," returned she, laughing. "When male cousins get intimate, they are like brothers; they take liberties, and point out one's faults, and tyrannize, and are generally disagreeable."

"Good gracious! what awful characters you give us!" cried he. "Come, I promise to be an exception. If you refuse to accept me in my cousinly *rôle*, at least we may be friends, I trust—you won't be offended at my liking and admiring you?"

He spoke heedlessly, but as the words left his lips he remembered that they might take a deeper significance to her ears than he had intended them to do. As the thought crossed his mind he glanced toward her; he saw her stir restlessly in her chair; that shyness, almost confusion, he had sometimes noticed when they were alone, became apparent. Was his mother right—did Florence care?

Before he had finished his rapid reflection, she said, gayly, though in a voice not quite steady:

"Friends, most certainly; only I warn you I make it a rule to quarrel now and then with mine—it freshens the air and brightens one up."

As she spoke she leaned forward, ostensibly for the newspaper lying at her feet; perhaps to give herself time to recover herself, was his thought, as he stooped and picked up the journal.

"I have not seen a paper to-day," he said, as if the action had given a new impulse to his ideas; in reality, because his thought troubled him; he knew he did not wish to be convinced that his mother's conviction had any basis. "One gets into idle ways in the country," he added, glancing down the page.

"Oh, there is nothing in the paper—nothing at all," said Florence, quickly, holding out her hand for it.

As he was folding it, Kenneth's eye chanced to fall on the paragraph concerning the young artist.

"So Reginald Seymour is sketching in the Lehigh Valley," he said. "I told you he came home on the steamer with me?"

"No," Florence answered.

"Did I not?" returned he, still with his eyes on the paragraph. "I used to know him quite well; he's a splendid fellow. I'd not seen him for a good while, and he didn't seem to wish to renew our acquaintance—he let me severely alone. I've no idea what I ever did to offend him—I'd have asked, if he had given me the chance."

Florence murmured some inarticulate reply.

"Did you ever know him?" Kenneth asked.

"Yes; we met him one Summer in the Catskills; you were in Europe," Florence replied.

Her voice was steady enough, yet had something so forced in its composure that he looked quickly at her. A burning blush suffused her cheeks; it faded as quickly as it came, leaving her very pale. At the same instant Miss Gresham appeared in at the open window, and called:

"Oh, there you are, Florence! The shower is over; come out and look at the lilies; the gravel is scarcely wet."

"I am dying for a breath of air," cried Florence. And rising quickly, she ran out into the garden, leaving Kenneth lost in a fresh and more perplexing wonder than had gone before. But presently he heard Miss Gresham call again:

"I did not know you were there, Mr. Alderly; come out, too, and admire my beautiful lilies."

He joined them, and they strolled about among the flower-beds for a little time. Florence had entirely recovered from her odd emotion, and jested and laughed in her pretty fashion; but before long she made an excuse to get away—she must see if her aunt had wakened. She did not go to Mrs. Alderly's apartments, however; she hurried away to her own room, and locked herself in to be safe from intrusion.

"Such a dear, sweet girl," Miss Gresham said, looking after her as she walked away; "as good and clever as she is lovely—that is saying a good deal."

Kenneth assented, but he did not want to talk about Florence just then, and he changed the conversation, asking some questions which set the spinster off upon her favorite hobby of gardening.

They stopped for awhile; Kenneth helped Miss Gresham gather some of her pet lilies, then a sudden dread of damp feet seized her, and she proposed going indoors. Kenneth accompanied her, carrying the flowers, which she began arranging in a vase.

"They are so pure and white, that they are just suited to Florence's sanctum," she said, in the pretty, fanciful way which kept her from appearing just an ordinary, commonplace old maid. "Though Florence is more like a rosebud. I'll tell you who always reminded me of a lily—Miss Stuart. I never see one without thinking of her."

It was the first time her name had been mentioned. Kenneth had often longed to ask Miss Gresham if she knew anything of her whereabouts, but had never found the courage.

"You are right," he said. "Do you know where Miss Stuart went?"

Just as he uttered the name, Mrs. Alderly, who had entered the library, reached the boudoir. Kenneth had unintentionally drawn the curtains together when he joined Florence; his mother stood still and listened.

"Somewhere in the Lehigh Valley. Mrs. Mosely took her there to a sister of hers. She told me Miss Stuart had a place in a school, that was all," replied Miss Gresham, in a quavering voice. "Oh, it was all dreadful—I can't bear to think of it; and we were helpless. Oh, I knew my brother would gladly have helped her! I do not believe anything against her; I never did for an instant. She was not a flirt—you knew her. Ah, it was bad enough for them to say she flirted with you, but it was infamous to pretend to misunderstand her motive where that man Hudson was concerned."

She stopped with a little cry of fright; Kenneth had given a sudden start, which nearly upset the table.

"People said—said—gossiped about my acquaintance with her?" he gasped.

"Yes. You know I told you what Mrs. Mosely said," returned the spinster. "Oh, forgive me! I oughtn't to have reminded you. It must be very painful—but you were not to blame."

Kenneth controlled himself, though a pang of agony which seemed rending body and soul asunder struck him. He did not even remind Miss Gresham that she had told him nothing of this; he only asked in a hard, stern tone:

"Will you tell me what was said?"

"I did, you know," she said, ready to cry. "I oughtn't to have spoken—so unkind, so inconsiderate. Forgive me; don't let my brother or your mother know."

"But what did they say?"

"Afterward—after you had gone, you mean? Oh, that you had found her out—that—ah, you can imagine! Don't make me talk about it, it is all forgotten now. I trust the poor girl is happy," quavered Miss Gresham. "She was a good woman, was she not? You liked and respected her?"

"Yes," Kenneth answered, warmly. "I believe in her as firmly as I do in Florence—in you—in my own mother." Then a wave of wrath and unreasoning remorse seized him, and he cried: "If I could fix the slander on any man, I would——"

Again Miss Gresham gave a strangled squeak, and began to whimper.

"Oh, you frighten me!" she gasped. "Please don't say another word. It is too late. I must see if my brother has come in."

She hurried off through the library, but the room was already dusky with the shadows of twilight, and in her haste and tearful agitation she did not notice Mrs. Alderly, who, before her appearance, had gained a distant window, and was standing there, gazing out into the gloom.

That night, after she was in her own room, and Florence had left her, the girl came back, bringing with her a letter.

"Aunty, dear," she said, "I'm the most careless creature in the world. Watkins gave me this letter for you before dinner, and I forgot it."

"Nothing of any importance, probably," Mrs. Alderly answered; "don't let your uneasy conscience trouble you, my dear."

She kissed her, and Florence went away. While her maid was arranging her hair, Mrs. Alderly opened the letter, glanced in wonder at the coarse, uneven writing, then turned the page, read the signature, and murmured under her breath:

"Madge Hudson!"

"I beg your pardon—I didn't hurt you, ma'am?" asked her woman.

"No, no," her mistress replied, in a smothered voice. "I am very tired—make haste, please, Watkins."

When she was alone, Mrs. Alderly read the letter—read Madge's angry account of Elinor Stuart's attempt to bring trouble between her husband and her. She had heard Mrs. Alderly was at Laughton; she wanted advice—help.

"And she shall have both," Mrs. Alderly muttered. "Oh, Elinor Stuart! Elinor Stuart, you are in the way—always in the way!"

Chapter VI.

In the first remorseful misery caused by poor Miss Gresham's unintentional revelation, it seemed to Kenneth Alderly that he must go in search of Elinor Stuart, if it were only to tell her of the anguish he suffered in learning that he was in any way connected with the slanders which had affected her good name.

But reflection showed him the uselessness of any such step; she would not listen. The memory of her farewell letter came up with all the dreadful possibilities of meaning it contained, and checked him. He was able at length to recognize that at least he had no cause for remorse—he had not wittingly injured her, though feeling this did not lessen the pain and horror of knowing that he had done so.

His mother watched him narrowly, busy with her plans for finding some means by which she could drive Elinor Stuart forth from her present refuge, and leave Kenneth in ignorance of her whereabouts, lest he might, in what the mother termed his unpardonable weakness, be moved to make known to her some expression of his regret and trouble.

Then a new idea struck her. She only wondered at her own dullness in not having found it when first alarmed and enraged by the possible consequences of Miss Gresham's inopportune disclosure. Here was something that she could do at once; she had been idiotic to waste ten whole days, during which time Kenneth's varying phases of feeling, often so fraught with speedy danger to her carefully wrought fabric of deception, had been as plain to her keen sight as if he had put his misery and his often-rejected resolutions into plain speech.

It was late at night; she had been unable to sleep, and she knew that Kenneth had not long gone to bed, for his room was next hers, and she had heard him moving cautiously about until within the last half hour.

She went into the corridor, and opened the door of his chamber. He started up on his pillow at the sound; the shutters were ajar, and the moonlight streamed in so that he could see her distinctly.

"Are you ill, mother?" he asked.

"No, dear," she replied; "but I was sure you were awake still, and I wanted to speak to you."

"You bad mother!" he said, trying to speak cheerfully—"you ought to have been asleep two hours ago."

She went up to the bed, laid her hand on his shoulder, and gently forced him to lie down again; then seated herself.

"Did you think I could rest when I knew you were unhappy?" she demanded. "Kenneth, I know what is fretting you. I heard what that foolish Miss Gresham told you the other day! I don't need to explain that I did not listen voluntarily."

"It would have been right, if you had," he answered. "Oh, mother—mother! it is terrible to think that in addition to all the rest, people should have gossiped about her and me, and she to have known it!"

"She did not know—that is what I wanted to tell you," returned Mrs. Alderly, quickly.

"Are you sure—sure?"

"Perfectly sure," she replied, in a tone of profound conviction. "I had my interview with her only a few hours before she left Laughton. I was so afraid she might have heard and be troubled; I could not bear to ask, but I managed to find out that she knew nothing about it—there, at least your mind can be at rest."

"And it is a great comfort," he sighed.

"I ought to have told you at once," continued his mother, "but it was so painful to speak—you have avoided the subject ——"

"Yes, yes; but I am glad to know. Mother, I want to ask you one question. Are you certain that she—she was not influenced in her decision by feeling that I had hesitated—had doubted?"

"Oh, Kenneth, no; her letter answered that question plainly enough—you could not be so blind as to fail to see the real reason."

"Then if it was not anger and wounded pride—that it was is the thought which always haunts me," he said, slowly, after a pause—"there could be only one other motive."

"Only one—you know what that was," Mrs. Alderly replied, in a pained, hesitating tone. "Kenneth, Kenneth, I could not bear to put it into words; but I must—I cannot see you wasting your life over a mere dream—I must tell you."

"Yes; I want to hear," he said.

"You know the spirit in which I went to her—you do me justice—you know my only thought was for your happiness?"

"Yes, mother, yes!"

"She treated me with utter scorn; she would not even touch my hand. Kenneth, she was like a mad woman, for all she was so quiet. She was full of remorse, she told me so; she had an insane idea that the man would die—she should be his murderess, and she knew too late that—that it was he whom she had loved."

Her voice was very low, but every word sounded fearfully distinct; she felt the whole bed tremble for a moment under the paroxysm which shook Kenneth from head to foot; then he lay still, with his eyes closed.

"There is more," she said; "hard as it is, it must be told. She wrote to him—his aunt knew—but he was getting well then. The patient devotion of that poor Madge had done its work. He saw that he had only been bewildered and fascinated; he saw Elinor Stuart as she really was—a flirt, a coquette. That is all—oh, it is like tearing my heart out to tell you this. But, my son, my son, you must live past those memories; you must give up any wild hope, any unfounded trust—I cannot see you waste and ruin your whole life."

He remained silent for a long time, then he said:

"They are all gone now, mother—I shall not waste my life. We will never speak her name again."

She kissed him and went away, and alone in her own chamber she said to herself:

"The surgeon is not cruel when he cuts the gangrened limb with a sharp knife. What I have done is for my boy's happiness, his real happiness—he will go on and seek it now."

(To be continued.)

SIR ANDREW BARTON, THE SCOTCH PRIVATEER, DEFEATED BY THE HOWARDS.

A NAVAL engagement between Scotch and English vessels has a strange sound to our ears. Bannockburn, Flodden, Glencoe and Culloden come to the mind as fields where Scot and Saxon met in deadly fray, but naval engagements were less familiar.

The spirited picture shows a desperate fight between a Scotch privateer and an English war vessel of the day. It had scarcely a claim to a place in history, yet it led to a war.

A Portuguese squadron had, in the year 1476, seized a Scottish ship laden with a rich cargo, and commanded by John Barton. Letters of marque were granted him, which he had not, apparently, used to any great advantage, for they were renewed to his three sons thirty years afterward. The Bartons were not content with repaying themselves for their loss, but found the Portuguese captures so profitable that they became confirmed pirates, "and when they felt their own strength, they seem, with little scruple, to have considered ships of any nation as their fair prize." Complaints were lodged before Henry VIII., but were almost ignored, "till the Earl of Surrey, then Treasurer and Marshal of England, declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be so infested."

Two ships, commanded by his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, were made ready, with the King's knowledge and consent. The two brothers put to sea, but were separated by stress of weather; the same happened to the two pirate ships—the *Lion*, under Sir Andrew Barton's own command, and the *Jenny Perwin*, or *Bark of Scotland*. The strength of one of them is thus described in an old ballad, by a merchant, one of Sir Andrew's victims, who is supposed to relate his tale to Sir Thomas Howard:

> "He is brass within, and steel without,
> With beams on his top-castle strong;
> And thirty pieces of ordnance
> He carries on each side along;
> And he hath a pinnace dearly dight,
> St. Andrew's cross it is his guide;
> His pinnace beareth nine score men,
> And fifteen cannons on each side.
>
> * * * *
>
> "Were ye twenty ships, and he but one,
> I swear by Kirk, and bower and hall,
> He would overcome them every one,
> If once his beams they do down fall."

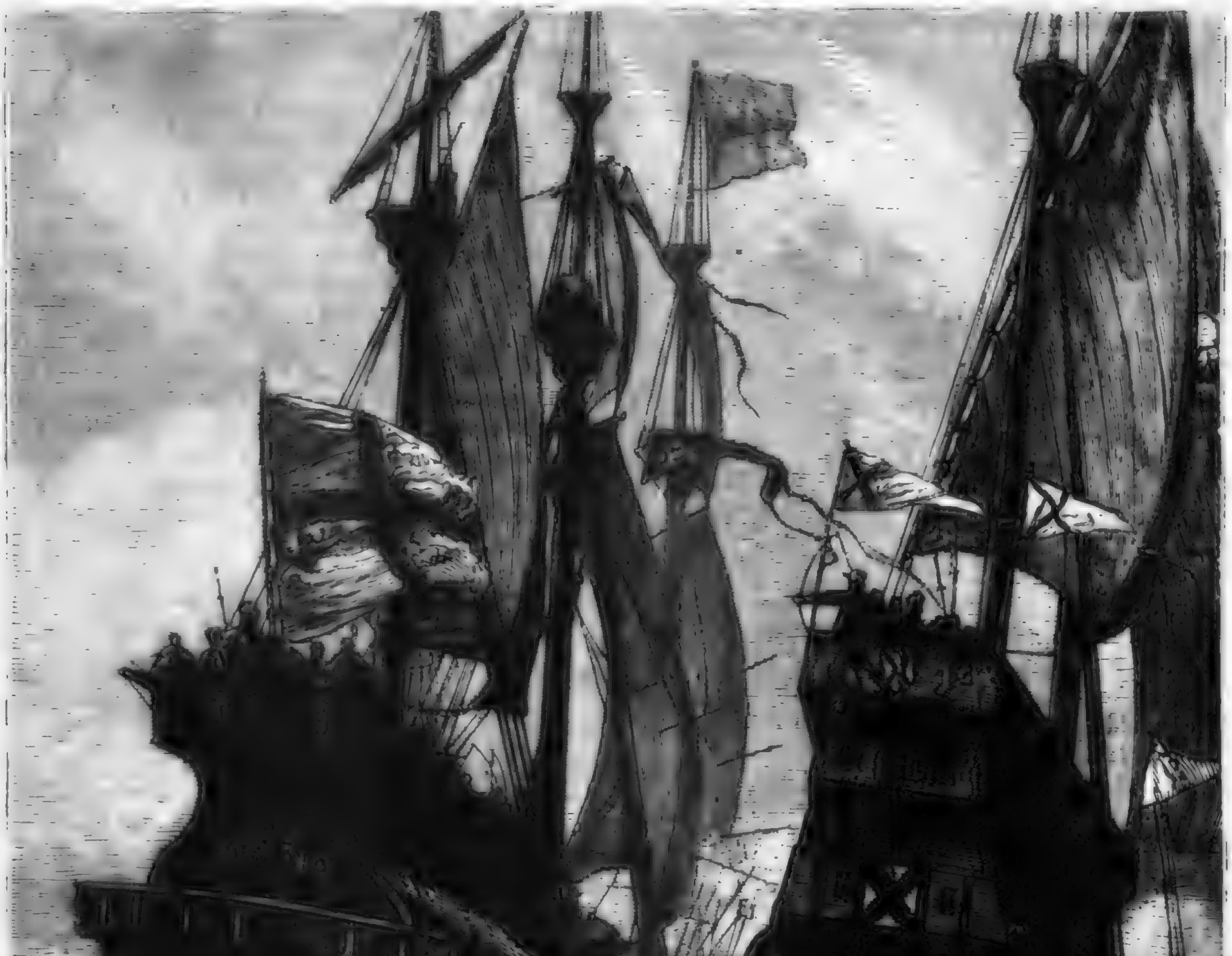
But it was not so to be. Sir Thomas Howard, as he lay in the Downs, descried the former making for Scotland, and immediately gave chase, "and there was a sore battle. The Englishmen were fierce, and the Scots defended themselves manfully, and ever Andrew blew his whistle to encourage his men. Yet, for all that, Lord Howard and his men, by clean force, entered the main deck. There the English entered on all sides, and the Scots fought sore on the hatches; but in conclusion, Andrew was taken, being so sore wounded that he died there, and then the remnant of the Scots were taken, with their ship."

Meantime Sir Edward Howard had encountered the other piratical ship, and though the Scots defended themselves like "hardy and well-stomached men," succeeded in boarding it. The prizes were taken to Blackwall, and the prisoners, 150 in number, being all left alive, "so bloody had the action been," were tried at Whitehall, before the Bishop of Winchester and a council.

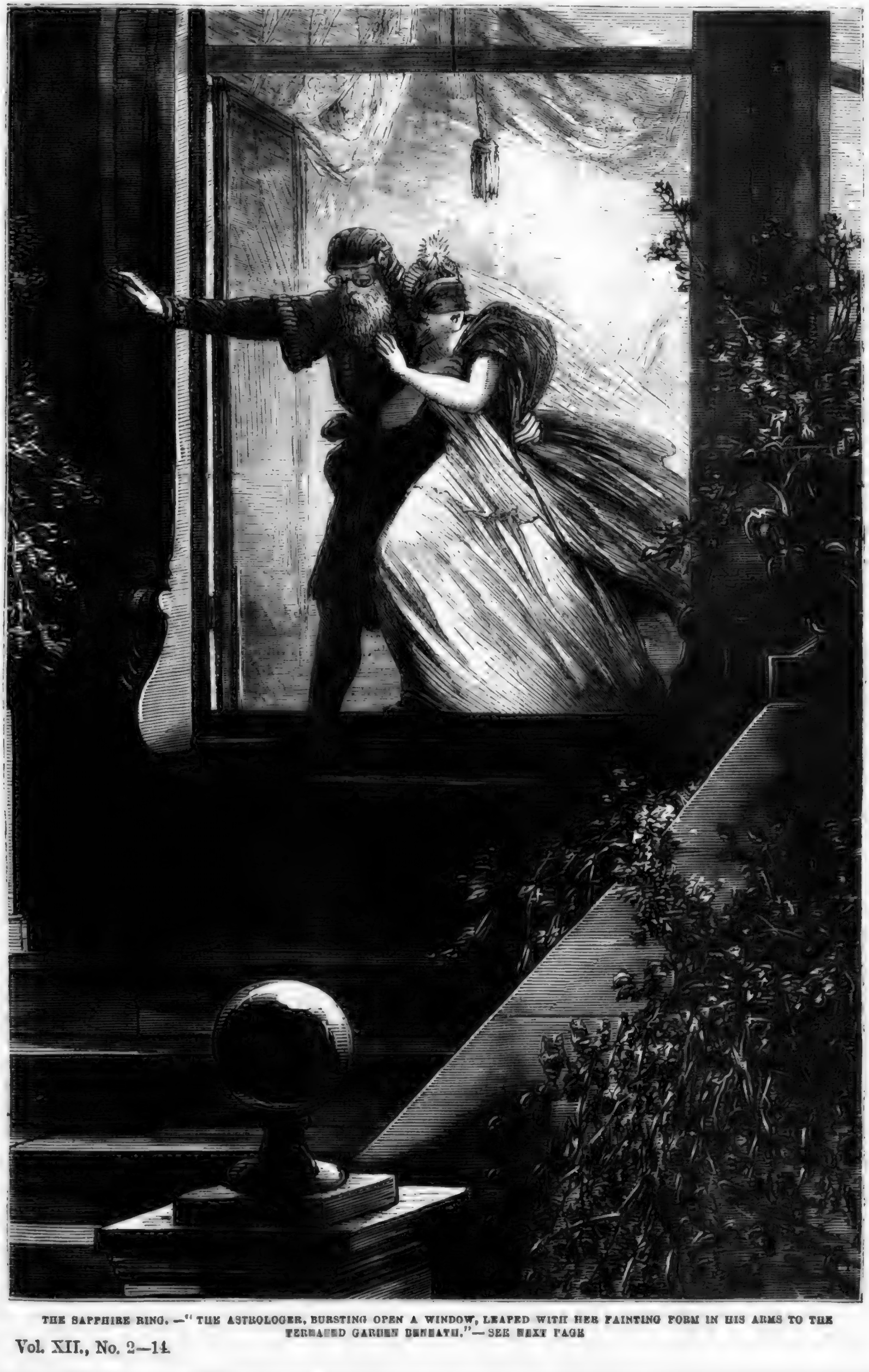
The bishop reminded them that, "though there was peace between England and Scotland, they, contrary to that, as thieves and pirates, had robbed the King's subjects within his streams, wherefore they had deserved to die by the law, and to be hanged at the low-water mark." Then said the Scots, "We acknowledge our offense, and ask mercy, and not the law;" and a priest, who was also a prisoner, said, "My lord, we appeal from the King's justice to his mercy." Then the bishop asked if he were authorized by them to say thus, and they all cried, "Yea, yea!" "Well, then," said the bishop, "you shall find the King's mercy above his justice; for, where you were dead by the law, yet by his mercy he will revive you. You shall depart out of this realm within twenty days, on pain of death if ye be found after the twentieth day; and pray for the King."

James subsequently required restitution from Henry, who answered "with brotherly salutation" that "it became not a prince to charge his confederate with breach of peace for doing justice upon a pirate and thief." But there is no doubt that it was regarded as a national affair in Scotland, and helped to precipitate the war which speedily ensued.

An absolute singleness of pursuit almost means a mind always in one attitude; an eye that regards every object, however many-sided, from one point of view; an intellectual dietary beginning and ending with one article. Exclusiveness of this kind is apt to produce serious evils. It disposes each man to exaggerate the force and value of his own particular attainment, and perhaps therewith his own importance. It deprives the mind of the refreshment which is healthfully afforded by alternation of labor.



SIR ANDREW BARTON, THE SCOTCH PRIVATEER, DEFEATED BY THE HOWARDS.



THE SAPPHIRE RING.—"THE ASTROLOGER, BURSTING OPEN A WINDOW, LEAPED WITH HER FAINTING FORM IN HIS ARMS TO THE TERRACED GARDEN BENEATH."—SEE NEXT PAGE

THE SAPPHIRE RING.

WHO is in that close, dark carriage we have seen ahead of us occasionally for the last three days, Fritz?" said a tall, haughty-looking man, in a military undress, as he stepped into his own barouche.

"I have not been able to find out, your highness," answered the servant, with a deprecating air.

"Did I not bid you do so?" said his master, sternly.

"Indeed, your highness, I did my best. I have asked at the post stations; and at Coblentz, when some refreshments were handed into the carriage, I did catch a glimpse of a vailed lady by the flashing of the lamps, but that was all. No one can give me any information."

"Away, stupid!" said his master, as he leaned back in his carriage; "take a horse and follow. See, they are winding up that steep hill yonder. Keep close to them, and report to me at the next halting-place. I would know more of those mysterious people who preserve such a strict incognito. Here, this shall be yours if you succeed," and he shook a purse of gold in the man's dazzled eyes.

"That may sharpen the fellow's wits," he murmured, as he sank back again on the luxurious cushions. "I *must* find out who the lady is. Such a lovely white hand I saw stretched out, giving alms to a beggar! that gleaming sapphire ring on one finger! I *will* know; and when did General Liebenan *will*, and not succeed?"

Tall and stately, of a majestic herculean figure, there was a firmness to the well-cut mouth that spoke an iron will, and contradicted the almost feminine softness of the large dark eyes. To his servant he was an inexorable master, feared next to death; to women, fascinating and bewildering; to the world at large, imperious and disdainful. Of immense wealth, and belonging to one of the noblest families of Germany, he was traveling toward Paris, stopping here and there, as his fancy willed.

Night came on, and found the general seated in a luxurious hotel, impatiently awaiting the return of Fritz. The light sparkled pleasantly into the glass of ruby wine which he sipped, the perfume of the grapes with which he toyed absently was delicious, yet he waited moodily. A soft knock at the door, and the object of his thoughts presented himself.

"Ah! you are here at last," he said, eagerly. "Come; what have you to say?"

"I fear not much, your highness," said the man, stammering; then, as he saw the dark frown gathering on his master's brow, he hastened to add: "I followed the carriage closely, as your highness bade me, and under cover of darkness I crept behind it as they halted in the courtyard of the 'Royal Dragon.' They did not stop long, but I heard the lady speak of rooms engaged at the Hôtel de la Couronne, at Paris. I stood close beside the carriage listening for every word, and as the lady put out her hand for a cup of coffee, she dropped this glove. No one observed it, and when the carriage drove off I picked it up. I found this ring in one of the fingers," and he handed his master a magnificent sapphire ring, set with large diamonds, together with a dainty little glove, perfumed faintly with violets. "Afterward, as I took a hasty supper, I questioned the host, but he knew nothing of them, save that there was a gentleman and lady with a lady's-maid in the carriage."

General Liebenan took the ring and examined the German motto inside it, "God send thee well to keep." It must be the one he had himself seen on that lovely hand.

"You have done well, Fritz, so far. Now take a fresh horse and press on to Paris. Take apartments at the Hôtel de la Couronne; if possible, adjoining those of the unknown lady. If I am satisfied, this purse shall be yours."

Fritz bowed and retired, his mind filled with visions of the well-filled purse, with which he might buy a little farm, and marry his beloved Cathay. All his wits were sharpened, and his energies roused for the success of his mission.

Two days later he met his master at the Barrier, a smile which boded success upon his face.

"I think your highness will be suited," he whispered. "I have secured the apartments immediately adjoining those of the unknown party. They have arrived but a few hours."

The general was conducted to his rooms by the bowing landlord, who placed everything in the house at his disposal, and when he had retired, Fritz, with a mysterious air, led the way into a small, dark dressing-room. In a whisper he called his master's attention to a little oriel window which swung on a pivot high on the wall, and invited him to mount on a table which stood underneath. Dismissing Fritz to the outer rooms to keep watch, he stepped upon the impromptu ladder, and looked through the window. From a deep recess, which almost concealed the window, his eye rested on the dining-room of the splendid suite of apartments the unknown lady occupied. Partially opening the window, he was enabled to hear all said within. A servant had just announced that dinner was served, and from an adjoining *salon* a lady swept into the room. Yes! that was the fair hand he had seen, and oh! how transcendently beautiful she was, with a skin of the most dazzling fairness, deep, liquid blue eyes, with long, fringed lashes, and hair like clusters of rippling gold.

Closely following her was a tall, elegant man, and he exclaimed, passionately, as he entered the room:

"Dismiss your maid, my beautiful Therese, I entreat; let me be once alone with you, my angel."

"Come no nearer," said the lady, imperiously, as he advanced toward her, retreating, with a look of aversion upon her face, as he advanced. "The hour of your fancied triumph yields you nothing but my contempt, which is all you ever had from the beginning. Know that *you*, the admired of the Court, the fascinating Prince Windergratze, have been but my lackey, my servant, the chosen implement of my revenge on the man who would have married me against my will. I know you, heartless libertine, and I dismiss you, now that your work is done. There are your wages," and she contemptuously flung a purse of gold at his feet. "Spend them at the gaming-table, as you are wont."

The prince stood silent before her, his features working convulsively, but his smile was sinister, and boded evil.

"You do not go," exclaimed Therese, stamping her small foot, "when I tell you I despise you!"

"No, my sweet tormentor; I still continue your devoted slave. Since you threw your fair fame for ever into my hands by eloping with me, you must love me, my charming Therese; and as you have thrown yourself into my arms, I shall most assuredly keep you there."

"Fool!" exclaimed the lady, haughtily; "can you not see the use I made of you? How was I to escape a marriage with a man I hated, commanded by the Empress to wed me? My only alternative was to disgrace myself, apparently, in the eyes of the world, and I did it most effectually when I disappeared with you. Now, will you go?"

And she shot a scornful glance from her dark blue eyes.

The withering scorn of her manner awoke a tempest in the breast of the man who stood before her.

"By heavens, madame, you shall repent this! You shall be mine yet—I swear it—by fair means or foul."

"In the meantime I will dine," said the lady, indifferently, seating herself at the table. "Here, my good Gretel, you shall serve me," and she began to eat with great relish.

"A little more of that salmi, Gretel; it must be confessed this cooking is exquisite. I shall enjoy this lovely Paris when the prince relieves me of his company."

And she glanced mockingly at him as she ate.

The prince stood leaning against the mantelpiece, his features distorted with passion, glaring at the woman who had made such a dupe of him. The sneer that curled her beautiful lip, and the mocking demon which danced in her blue eye, but heightened her beauty, while a new brilliancy warmed her cheek into a glow like ripened Summer. Her beauty almost maddened him as he gazed at her.

"Perhaps you would like to eat, my prince," she said, as she rose from her seat. "I have finished." And she threw herself languidly into an arm-chair.

"Take care how you try me too far," he said, hoarsely, his very lips turning white. "I could murder you now, as you sit there in your insolent beauty."

"The police are very vigilant in Paris, I have heard," she answered, negligently. "It might prove dangerous."

"Think not you have done with me, madame; you will hear from me shortly, to your cost," and he hastily quitted the room, as if he could no longer contain his rage.

What was the lady's surprise to see her maid dart into the adjoining room, and returning in an instant with her bonnet and shawl, leave the room by the same door, without one word to her mistress.

"Where can Gretel be going?" she murmured, astonished. "Ah, she must be fearful of the threats of that bad man. Faithful creature!" and she sank back in her chair, absorbed in a reverie.

Servants removed the dinner service, and still she sat there, while the hours rolled by unheeded.

In the meantime the general remained at his post, as if spellbound, awaiting the termination to the singular scene he had witnessed. And as he gazed on the perfect face and figure of the Countess Therese, as she sat with her head leaning on her hands, the time passed swiftly, each moment nourishing the love which had sprung up in his heart as he first gazed on her.

At last the door opened, and the maid entered, pallid and breathless, as if from swift walking.

"Why, Gretel, where have you been? What is the matter?" her mistress exclaimed, as she sank trembling on a chair; and she hastily poured a glass of wine from a decanter on the table, holding it to her colorless lips until she had drank it.

"Ah! my lady, I will tell you," the old woman gasped. "I followed him—that man—I was afraid he would do you a mischief, his rage was so fearful. He walked away very fast, and I kept after him until he came to a river with a bridge over it. It must have been the Seine. I remember it in my young days. He stood for a long time looking over at the water, and once or twice he put his hand to his head, as if he felt sick, then he clambered up on one of the abutments, sitting down there. I watched him for a long time, and then, all of a sudden, he fell over into the river."

"Drowned! oh, how fearful!" exclaimed the countess, turning very pale. "Tell me, Gretel; did he die? Oh! I would not have had him suffer so for my sake, though he would have killed me."

"There was no one near, my lady, and I did not call," the woman proceeded, hurriedly. "He is well out of the way; he was a bad man."

"But drowned, Gretel! Oh, I cannot bear to think of it," she said, with a shudder, hastily leaving the room. "Come, I will retire," she called back to the woman, who seemed in no haste to follow.

"Yes, he is well out of the way," she muttered to herself. "I knew the lozenges would do their work, even if the river had not finished it. Heaven forgive me, but he would have killed us in his rage. I knew how 'twould be when he was so angry that I was kept with them in the carriage, when my mistress would give him scarce a word. I feared for her when he should know the truth, but now he is dead, and we are safe. But she shall never know, pretty dear; she would hate her old Gretel if she knew what had been done for her sake."

She extinguished the lights and followed her mistress, while the listener descended from his post of observation, cramped with his tiresome position, and almost thinking he was dreaming. He awakened the sleeping Fritz, after hastily refreshing himself from a table which had been set, and dismissing him, retired to sleep. All night the lovely Therese flitted before him in dreams, now fleeing from him, and again beckoning to him with alluring smiles, until just as she handed him a ruby goblet containing poison, which he was ready to drink for her sake, he awoke.

The morning was far advanced, and his first act was to steal to the oriel window. All was still, and he proceeded to make his toilet and breakfast, leaving Fritz to watch for the appearance of the lady. At length she appeared, lovely as ever, but very pale, her beautiful form arrayed in a muslin *négligée*, trimmed with a profusion of soft lace.

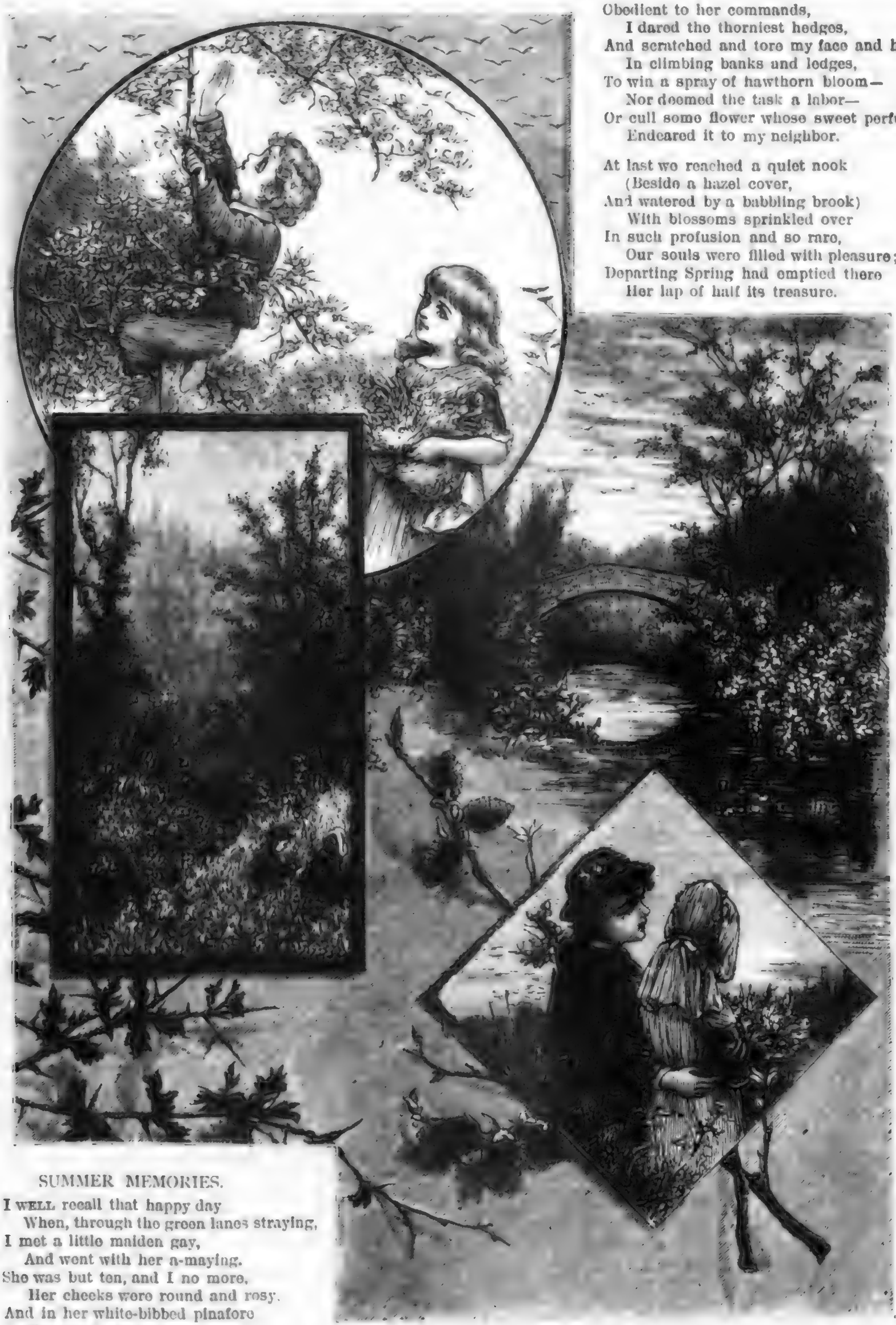
"Ah, Gretel," she said, as her old nurse anxiously regarded her, "I have had a fearful night. I have continually seen *him* struggling in the water," and she shuddered. "But we must avert all suspicion that we know anything of the prince's disappearance. Go down, Gretel, and inquire if my cousin, Prince Windergratze, has returned to the house. His absence will be noted by the landlord. Say he went out for a walk last night, not feeling well, and did not return, as I expected, to bid good-night. I would know if he is ill, or—anything you like. You will know how, Gretel."

The lady toyed absently with her almost untasted breakfast, and then left the room before her maid returned.

"Fritz, go down and get your breakfast," said General Liebenau, as he left the dressing-room. "Learn all you can of the gossip of the house concerning these people. Stay; here is the purse you have earned, and earned it well, too," and he handed the gold to the delighted servant.

As the day wore on, Fritz brought word to his master that the gentleman who accompanied the lady—Prince Windergratze—had disappeared in a mysterious manner. He had gone out for a walk on the preceding evening, and had not returned. The police were employed to search for him.

Thus several days passed, and the general became more and more absorbed in his fair neighbor. She seemed apathetic and gloomy whenever he caught sight of her, while Gretel in vain tried to induce her to go out. Various



SUMMER MEMORIES.

I WELL recall that happy day
When, through the green lanes straying,
I met a little maiden gay,
And went with her a-maying.
She was but ten, and I no more,
Her cheeks were round and rosy,
And in her white-bibbed pinafore
She wore a pretty posy.

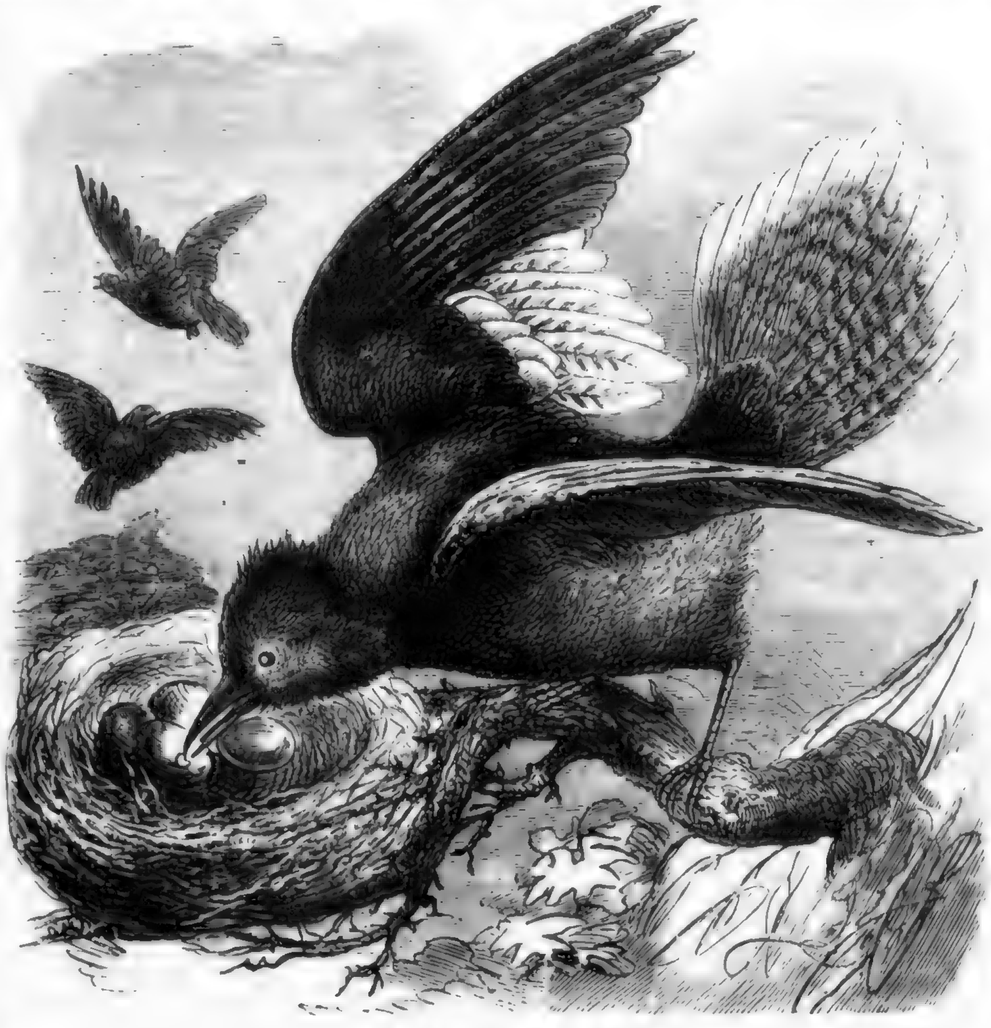
Obedient to her commands,
I dared the thorniest hedges,
And scratched and tore my face and hands
In climbing banks and ledges,
To win a spray of hawthorn bloom—
Nor deemed the task a labor—
Or cull some flower whose sweet perfume
Endeared it to my neighbor.

At last we reached a quiet nook
(Beside a hazel cover,
And watered by a babbling brook)
With blossoms sprinkled over
In such profusion and so rare,
Our souls were filled with pleasure;
Departing Spring had emptied there
Her lap of half its treasure.

conjectures were afloat in the house concerning the fair lady, while no trace of her escort-cousin, as he was believed to be, was found. At length, one morning, on going to his usual post of observation, he found the room silent and deserted, with no sign of occupancy; and before long, Fritz brought word from below that the Countess of Schulenberg had taken her departure unexpectedly, leaving no sign. The landlord informed him that her grief was so great at the mysterious disappearance of her cousin, Prince Windergratze—that she had determined to leave Paris at once.

Perfectly infatuated by the beauty of this lady, in whose history he had taken so sudden and strange an interest, General Liebenan determined to follow her in spite of all obstacles; but all inquiries, and bribery, even, were in vain, for Gretel, fearful that the murder of the prince would in some way be traced to them, had persuaded her mistress to leave the city in disguise, and she did not resume her own name till far from Paris. At last he sent Fritz away on a mere ghost of a trace, with the promise of more gold to render him faithful, while he himself plunged into the gayeties of Paris. Each night a vision of the fair and dazzling beauty haunted his sleep, and a fancied resemblance in a silvery laugh, a stately figure, encountered at some ball, made his heart beat, until investigation resulted in disappointment.

Weeks rolled on, and the general was beginning to weary of Paris, meditating seriously a change to Italy for the Winter, when one day Fritz suddenly presented himself. He had faithfully followed up the clew, faint though it was, until he had ascertained that the Countess Schulenberg had taken a villa near Florence, and, with a large retinue of servants, was living in great magnificence. With renewed hope, the general caused instant preparations to be made, and the next day beheld him on the way the land of song and orange-blossoms.



THE BLUE JAY.—SEE PAGE 214.

Through gorges made musical by the fall of waters; through woods where the red vines were looped upon the trees, and the olives and citron scented the air; through villages, all poetry and romance without, all poverty and dirt within; past deep blue lakes with little fairy islands in their midst, and vast palaces left moldering in the dust, with hanging gardens now choked with weeds, and marble statues discolored and broken; past beggars innumerable, ragged, picturesque; and so over the plains of sunny Italy, to Florence at last. But the general had no eye for these beauties of nature; he passed them all with unheeding gaze, his mind intent on one object.

Even the stately cathedrals, with gloomy music, grand old paintings, and misty incense rising in the gloom, floating o'er the golden lamps and stained windows, seemed powerless to interest or enchain. To reach the lady of his love, to obtain access to her, and throw himself at her feet, there to present her the ring he had so carefully cherished, and perchance to win her favor—that was the aim he had before him.

He reached Florence, and was speedily mingling in society, where his name was well known and honored. Before many days had elapsed, the object of his journey was accomplished. At a grand ball given at the Ducal Palace, he was presented to the lovely countess. In a dress of silver gauze covered with diamond stars and looped with large emeralds, while the same rare gems glittered on her white neck and rounded, polished arms, and were twined in the braids and tresses of her golden hair, she shone pre-eminent among the dark beauties of the sunny South, with the fair glories of the rising sun. Yes, this *ignis-fatuus*, which had so long eluded his grasp, was at last a reality, and as he quaffed sparkling draughts at the fountain of her wondrous beauty, or whirled with her in the delicious waltz, his senses became more and more intoxicated, his love more burning and ardent. He realized that for the first time in his life he was really in love.

"Were you ever in Paris, madame?" he said, as his fair companion toyed with an ice. A slight shiver passed through her frame as she replied in the negative. The general enlarged on the splendors of Paris, on the wit and beauty of Parisians; but she grew cold, presently leaving his side with a friend.

Meeting constantly in the gay circles of Florence, listening to operas in the fairy little theatre of the Pergola, and visiting constantly at her own beautiful villa, General Liebenan became more and more hopelessly in love.

Although of high lineage and immense wealth, he feared to dare all by a proposal. He could not conceal from himself that at times the countess avoided him, even appearing to ignore his attentions. Then again she would appear to take pleasure in his society, and cause his heart to beat high with hope.

At length, while in this state of tormenting uncertainty, the Florentine world was aroused to unusual animation by a grand masquerade ball, given on a scale of unusual magnificence.

Crowds of the common people were peering in through the illuminated windows on a wilderness of blooming flowers, on flashing mirrors and gorgeous hangings, on glittering jewels, and a glistening kaleidoscope of colors.

At this ball General Liebenan hoped to obtain an opportunity to declare his love. Although the utmost secrecy had been carried out respecting the different costumes, yet the general, through the agency of the ingenious Fritz, had ascertained the character which the countess was to represent.

He had not been long in the room—himself in the disguise of an Egyptian astrologer, with a heavy black robe of velvet, covered with singular hieroglyphics—when he saw the countess, superb in her costume of a priestess of the sun. A white tulle robe, profusely embroidered with gold, enveloped her like a cloud, while a vail of the rarest lace floated from the golden tresses, confined under a massive coronal of sparkling richness, and fell over the graceful figure.

Through the bewildering scene the general followed the lady of his love like a shadow, until she flitted into a beautiful conservatory, and among the perfumed flowers he spoke to her:

"I would cast your horoscope, fair priestess," he said, pretending to consult a mysterious book he carried in his hand, which was clasped with massive silver clasps. "Listen to me. You will shortly meet a great danger. He who rescues you will restore to your fair hand a sapphire ring which you lost under peculiar circumstances while on a disastrous journey—a journey which brought death to one who was with you."

The countess turned pale under her mask, while her whole frame was convulsed by an irrepressible shudder.

"Stay, I have not finished," he pursued, as she would have left him. "Your preserver loves you—will love you for ever ; beware how you slight the devotion of so true a heart."

His voice trembled slightly, and as he would have removed his mask in order to urge his suit in his own character, the countess, with a sudden movement, darted from his side. He lost her in the crowd for a time, until he espied her whirling in the waltz with a gay cavalier.

As he stood silently gazing at her, while the bewitching melody of one of Strauss's waltzes floated through the room, he became aware of a fearful scene before him.

A blazing candle suddenly fell from a projecting ornament at the side of the ballroom directly upon the fleecy dress of a fairy. It caught, it blazed, as she whirled in the giddy dance, and ere the fatal knowledge reached the unhappy victim, she was encircled with flame.

Through the densely crowded ballroom, in the midst of flower-girls and fairies, of hermits and knights, sped the terrified woman, till others became the same object of terror in the fatal encounter. Screams of horror rose piercing above the music, each moment adding new terror, new victims.

Paralyzed with fright, the fair priestess of the sun stood, forsaken by her cavalier in the general flight, while a blazing figure rushed toward her.

"Save me ! oh, save me !" she cried, piteously, when, rushing through the frantic, swaying crowd, with the excited might of a giant, the astrologer made his way. Tearing off his heavy velvet robe, he threw it over the light dress of the countess, and bursting open a window, leaped with her fainting form in his arms to the terraced garden beneath.

"I have saved you !" he whispered in her ear, as he placed her in her carriage, "and here is the sapphire ring! Will you give me the life I have preserved ? Will you let me win the love which will render my life a paradise—without which it will prove a desert ? You know me—you know my devotion ! Oh, Therese, my angel, be mine——"

The countess burst into tears.

"I cannot tell you anything !" she sobbed. "I can see nothing but those fearful flames, those burning figures !"

"May I come to-morrow and tell you my story ?" he urged. "May I tell you how I came to love you before you ever saw me—how I found your ring ?" And with her assent, he was fain to content himself.

Several days elapsed before the countess was sufficiently recovered from the shock of the terrible scene from which she had had so marvelous an escape, before General Liebenan obtained access to her house.

Tormented with impatience, half hope, half fear, he went day after day, and at last he was admitted. When he had told her his story of the strange fascination which impelled his pursuit almost in spite of himself, and had poured forth his ardent love in impassioned words, the lovely countess yielded herself a willing captive to the gallant general, and bestowed her hand upon him.

In the course of their happy wedded life, the beautiful sapphire ring was ever kept as a sacred memento of their singular meeting, and the strange manner in which General Liebenan won his bride.

THE BLUE JAY.

The inhabitants of Cedar Grove were thrown into a great state of excitement when it became known that Mr. and Mrs. Jay were building themselves a house in the top of one of the cedar-trees. Master Catbird was in his element. He had something to gossip about, and a large and attentive audience were eagerly drinking in all that he had to say.

"I tell you what it is," screamed he, in a very harsh voice, "I know all about these people. It was only this morning that I heard Farmer Gray say that the whole Jay family ought to be exterminated. They were the greatest thieves and mischief-makers in the country, except——" Here the young gentleman paused abruptly, and looked rather sheepish. Every one laughed and winked, but all cried "Go on ! go on !" "Well," proceeded Master Catbird, "he said that this morning Mrs. Jay, who is to be our next-door neighbor, was the cause of his losing a very fine deer. She was sneaking along after him to see what he was about, and when she saw him raise his gun, shrieked out at the top of her voice, and frightened the deer away. Oh, if you young birds won't have to catch it ! They tell me that these terrible Jays live altogether by plundering and murdering small birds."

At this the little birds set up a doleful cry, and some of the lady-birds fainted dead away. Mrs. Thrush, and some others of a gentle, retiring disposition, wept bitterly, and withdrew to the privacy of their own homes.

"Oh, my dear Thrushy," said Mrs. Thrush, in a mournful voice, "is it possible that, after the trouble and care of raising them, our little ones are doomed to fall victims to these terrible Jays ? We must move immediately."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Thrush. "I am quite willing to do as you wish ; but I am afraid that we shall not be able to complete another dwelling before it is time for your second brood. I think, perhaps, we had better remain where we are. It is a dark place, and very secluded. I doubt if we could find a better one ; and the children are growing large enough to protect themselves."

Mrs. Thrush shook her head and continued to weep over the possible fate of the little Thrushes.

Meanwhile the crowd about Master Catbird were growing more and more excited, and when he had finished a long and thrilling account of the fate of some of the Jays'

XUM

victims, the frantic populace gave vent to their indignation in loud cries of "Put them out!" "Break their house to pieces, and kill the wretched creatures!"

"Gracious!" growled old Father Owl, from the tree above them, where he was taking a nap, "what noisy pests these birds are! One is never allowed to sleep in peace. I say, you, Master Catbird, what is the matter?"

At the same time Father Owl performed the wonderful gymnastic feat of turning his head entirely round on his shoulders, without any inconvenience, apparently.

A dozen voices answered him at once, and as soon as he heard the name of Jay, Father Owl himself was struck with consternation.

"No more peace for me," he muttered. "Those Jays are the torment of my life."

Now, all this would tend to give one a very bad impression as to the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Jay; but still it might be all a mistake. Young Catbird was always saying spiteful things of his neighbors. He had caught the habit from lounging about the village, and listening to the people's conversation; and as for old Father Owl, he was always looking at the dark side of everything.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay paid no attention to what was going on around them. They seemed too much engaged with their work to understand what the excitement was about. For the first few days they kept themselves very quiet, and no one found anything to complain of. The other birds began to think that they had been misinformed, and when the Jays furiously attacked and drove away a hawk that was about to pounce upon one of the little Catbirds, they all said that Master Catbird owed the Jays an apology for slandering their character; but this apology he stoutly refused to make, and told them to wait, and they would see that he was right.

Now, every morning a small crowd of birds were accustomed to assemble near the dwelling of the Jays, to witness the amusing and ridiculous sight of Mr. Jay strutting back and forth in the sun, admiring himself. He would practice every morning the most entrancing love-songs, turning his head and gazing upon himself in the most silly, love-sick way imaginable.

One morning the laughing crowd about him were startled by the scream of a hawk and the cry of a little bird in distress. All flew to the rescue of their little ones, but no hawk was to be found. The excitement had somewhat subsided, when the cry was repeated, with the same result, and this was kept up most of the day.

Master Catbird shook his head, and looked very knowingly in the direction of the Jays, and by-and-by it was whispered about that Mr. Jay could explain the mysterious cries, if he saw fit.

It seemed that this morning was the commencement of hostilities on the part of the Jays. Little birds began to disappear, eggs were broken and the contents eaten, the old birds being driven away from their nests. The cries of the different birds were mimicked to such perfection that husbands were sent on useless errands after distressed wives, and parents were called away by the cry of some little one in the forest, to return after a fruitless search and find their progeny killed and their home destroyed by the enemy.

Master Catbird was triumphant, and, accompanied by some other inquisitive youngsters, followed Mrs. Jay, and discovered in some of her hiding-places money, jewels, etc., that proved, without a doubt, that she was a thief.

The other birds decided that "something must be done," and appointed a meeting to take place, in which all responsible heads of families were to speak their minds freely, and were to decide on the best course to pursue.

But this meeting was destined never to take place, for, the morning before the time appointed, a young man from the neighboring village, being out walking in Cedar Grove, espied Mr. and Mrs. Jay destroying the little ones of poor Mrs. Thrush, and, in his indignation, raised his gun and fired, killing Mrs. Jay and injuring her husband so badly that he was soon dispatched.

Great was the joy among the other birds at Cedar Grove, and, instead of the grave meeting, a grand ball was given in honor of Master Catbird, who had so kindly warned them, and it became whispered about that he was in some way connected with their happy delivery from their enemy, the Jays, who, though a very beautiful and interesting bird, is a great pest, not only to bird and beast, but to man also—not only considered a very objectionable neighbor by the feathered tribes, but hunted and driven away by every one.

By the negroes of the South they are supposed to be possessed of a sort of supernatural power, and hated and feared accordingly.

The jay, or the blue jay, as it is called in America, can be very easily taught to talk, and can be made very tame; never, however, losing its propensity for thieving and mischievous tricks of all kinds. Its diet consists mostly of animal food, rather than vegetable. It will sometimes, indeed, do a great deal of damage among fruits and vegetables, but, as a general thing, prefers the eggs and young of other birds, sometimes even attacking old birds. It is also very fond of nuts and seeds. When pressed by hunger they become very bold, and have been known to assemble together in large flocks, make a raid on some encampment, and carry off everything eatable that can be found.

The nest of the blue jay is large and clumsily made, and generally placed on the tops of cedar-trees. The eggs, four or five in number, are of a dull olive color, spotted with brown.

The blue jay is a very beautiful bird, and quite vain and proud; the male especially entertaining a great admiration for himself, and showing it in a most amusing manner. The upper portions of the body are a light bluish purple color, the head being adorned with a movable crest of bright blue or purple feathers. On each side of the head is a narrow black line rising higher than the eyes; and round the neck, and extending to the breast, is a band also of black. The chin, cheeks and throat are bluish white; the abdomen pure white. The tail feathers are light blue, barred with black, and tipped with white, except the two middle ones, which are tipped with purple. The eyes are hazel.

It is the easiest thing in the world to live happily, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry, and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

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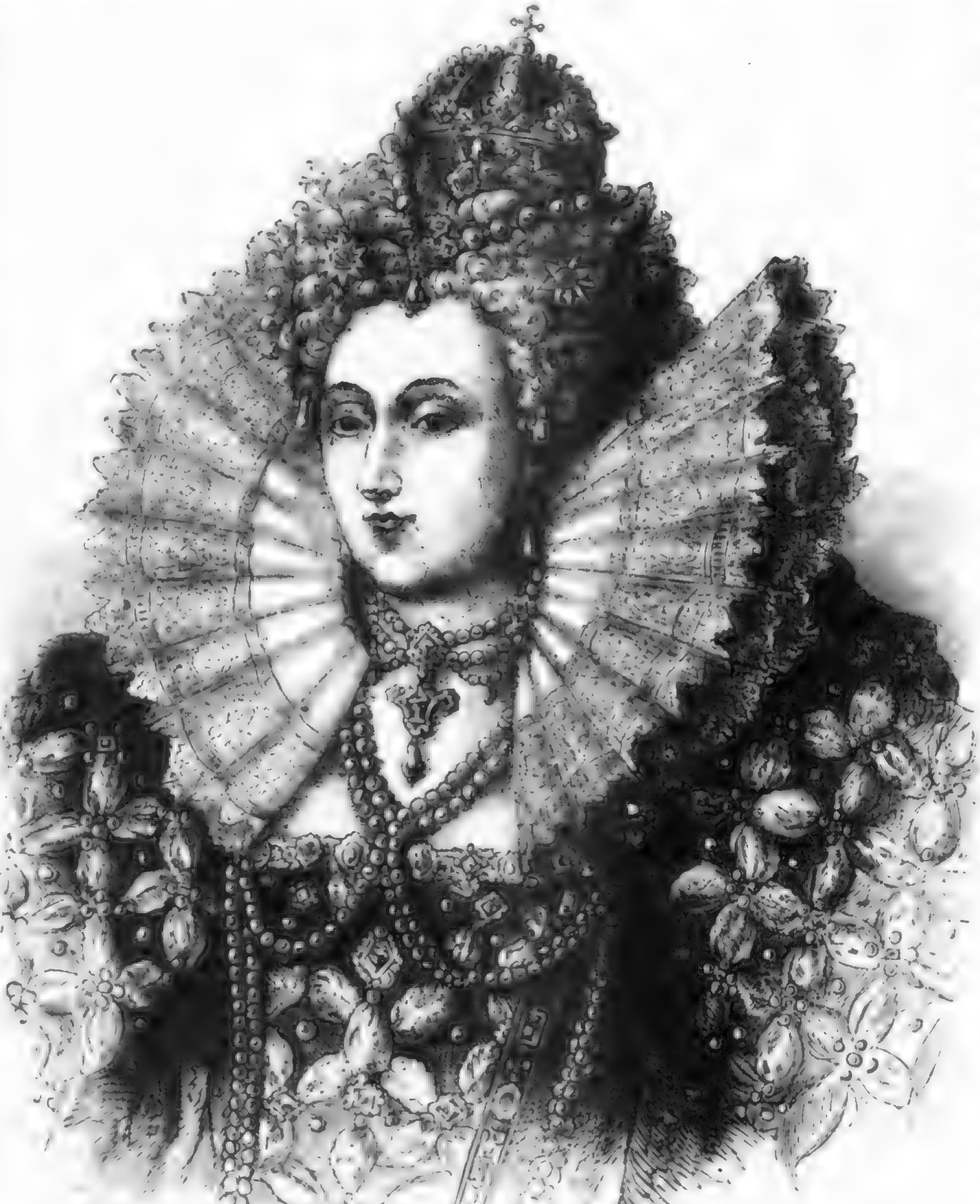
JEWELS, JEWELRY, AND GOLDSMITH'S WORK.

By M. E. W. Sherwood.

In Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," we find this quotation in respect of jewels: "They adorn kings' crowns, grace the fingers, enrich our household stuffs, defend us from enchantment, preserve health, cure disease, drive away grief and cares, and exhilarate the mind."

The older encyclopedias define a jewel as "any ornament or precious stone, set with precious stones."

We give it a wider meaning. A jewel with us means an ornament of gold and precious stones, or not, as the case may be; as a bracelet, whether set with precious stones or not, is called by purists in the language a "beautiful jewel." The word "trinket" formerly was used to express this meaning, but we now include all ornaments made of gold, silver, brass, glass, precious gems and cameo, intaglii and ivory, tortoise-shell, carnelian, lapis-lazuli, malachite and coral, even of india rubber, as "jewelry." Doubtless the term is too generally applied, and the old definition is the best one. Still, as modern writers use the term generally for those trinkets with which all savage and civilized nations have seen fit to adorn themselves in all ages, we may as well adopt it.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER JEWELS.

We meet here with another difficulty. How shall we separate the goldsmith's craft from that of the jeweler? They began together, their history commences at the same moment. They both melt, emboss and chase the same metals. They mount the diamond, the ruby and the emerald. How important was their function when the inhabitants of India gathered the gold from beds of torrents flowing down from the Himalayas; and when the visible wealth of a monarch or satrap was worn on his arms and ankles. The goldsmith had his place, too, amongst the hordes of Northern savages, if we may trust to the testimony of two immense and ponderous gold bracelets, now preserved at the Hôtel Cluny, which once encircled brawny arms.

The attempt to measure the wealth of the antique world in gold-work would drive us to despair. It crops out at Troy, Cyprus, Cuzco. It is found in every tomb, and in many a city wall, where the jewels of some frightened woman were hidden and forgotten. Corinth and Tangiers, Grenada and Barcelona. Brittany and Normandy, English Chester, the shores of the North Sea, the old German towns, Bavaria and Hungary, all yield us an occasional surprise, as some digger unearths a box of it. We read that there existed in Rome statues of solid gold, and one writer, going still further back, says: "The golden calf of the Hebrews was but a vulgar bauble when compared with the splendors of Solomon's temple." In Persia, that home of a fine and singular race, in which imagination and mysticism predominated, we find the earliest and most artistic goldwork. There the workmen who handled gold were subjected to great and fearful responsibilities.

The goldsmith did not enter into the enjoyment of his labors. Nor does he yet in India, where the itinerant jeweler borrows the gold, fixes his small anvil in the ground, and proceeds to hammer, chisel and beat with a surprising degree of patience, ability and taste. These goldsmiths produce a golden thread of subtle fineness, and twist it into bracelets and necklaces which no

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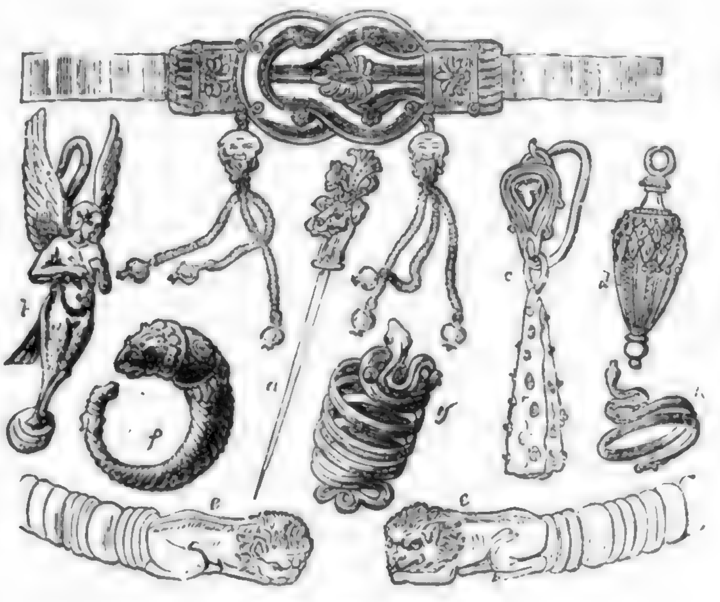
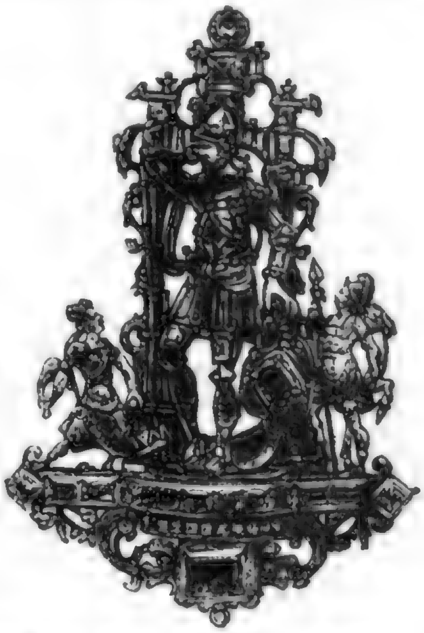
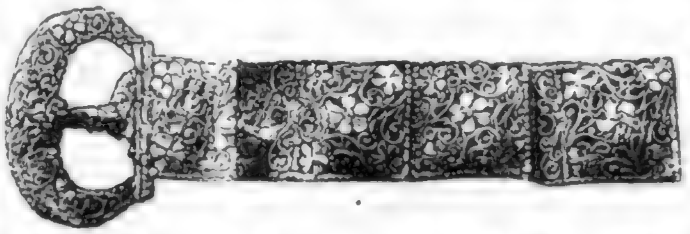


ANCIENT GREEK JEWELRY.



PENDANT, 17TH CENTURY, FROM THE DRESDEN MUSEUM.

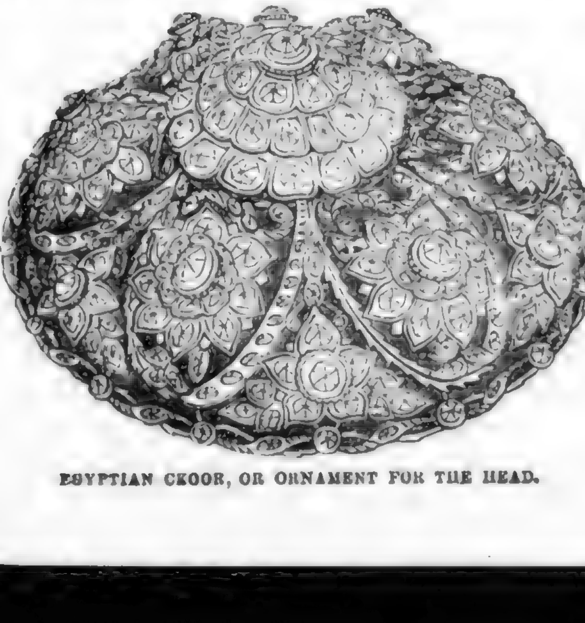
European can match. They are paid with a handful of rice and a few ounces of gold. They beat gold into a plate of surprising thinness, and of such tenuity must probably have been the platings of the horns of the heifer which Nestor ordered of the gilder Laerceus, in the pages of the Odyssey. The Egyptians carried the art of working gold to the highest degree of perfection. Chains, bracelets, earrings and signets, and masks for the mummies, are found in the tombs. Cloisonné enamels and pastes were known to these cunning jewelers. The emerald, found in such abundance near Coptus, gave them an unfailing supply for their signets. The Romans derived their emeralds from this Egyptian source; and although the Arabs despoiled and robbed the tombs before we did, there are still specimens found daily of Egyptian jewelry.



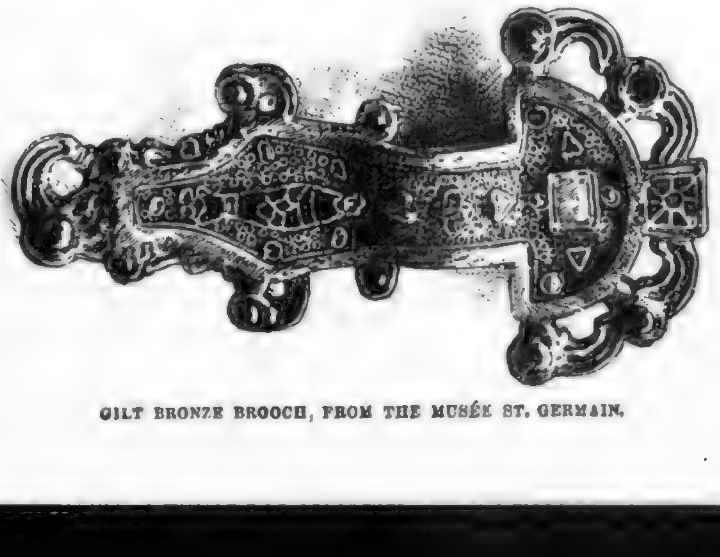
ROMAN LADY'S JEWELED BELT, FROM THE MUSEUM OF THE LOUVRE.

The modern Egyptian jewelry is poor and showy, but still has a sort of Oriental charm about it. The necklaces with alligator teeth and the armadillo skin fitly supplement the ancient scarabeus; and the delicately interlaced fine gold wire, as seen in our illustration, fitly represents both the antique and modern Egyptian styles. The Phœnicians took up the art, and their work, eight centuries before Christ, is elegant and studious. In a necropolis at Rhodes, M. Salzman discovered earrings of a superb design. These earrings have the slender Indian chains, the quivering pomegranate branches from the Persian, the Egyptian and Ethiop heads, which these wandering people had gathered "as they sailed, as they sailed." For the maritime Phœnicians adopted the ideas of all the ports at which they touched.

But the processes by which the Indians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Etruscans and Assyrians accomplished their marvelous work are unknown to us. There are earrings in the Di Cesnola collection which are the despair of every worker in gold. There is a certain fine, granulated edge, a microscopic finish, to the Etruscan jewelry, which has nearly driven Castellani mad. He studied Pliny, the monk Theophrastus, and Benvenuto Cellini, to no purpose. This antique jewelry, he found, was made by the application of one piece to another, instead of owing its value to the chisel or the embossing-iron, as in our day. It is the old story of the human hand, which, by its assiduous touch, carries the rich personality of the individual into the manufactured thing. Even the imperfections and involuntary irregularities give to antique jewelry an artistic aspect which no modern work can reach. It has the spontaneous idea and inspiration of the artist. How different from the cold and disinterested sameness which deprives so much of our modern art of the quaint simplicity and charm of the antique!



EGYPTIAN CKOOR, OR ORNAMENT FOR THE HEAD.



GILT BRONZE BROOCH, FROM THE MUSÉE ST. GERMAIN.

But Castellani determined to pursue his researches, and to achieve this granulated ornamentation. He studied the works of the Indian jewelers, the Genoese and Maltese; but it was only in a retired corner of the Marches, at St. Angelo, in Vado, a little place hidden in the depths of the Apennines, far from modern civilization, that he found some traces of the processes of the Etruscans. A special school of traditional jewelry had been carried on always in this region of Italy, resembling somewhat the workmanship of ancient art. Castellani brought a few workmen from St. Angelo to Rome, and handed them Etruscan designs. Heirs of the patient modesty of their fathers, these workmen almost reached the antique perfection, and they gave their labors a kind of characteristic ease of style, as if it cropped out from their inner consciousness. To this *renaissance* we owe our modern "Castellani" jewelry. But the learned jeweler himself adds: "We despair of ever imitating the ancient work perfectly, unless by the agency of some scientific discovery or other which shall yet be made."

Since Mr. Gladstone gladly reads history by the light of the jewels dug up by Dr. Schliemann in that famous hill at Hissarlid, where so many "Troys" have been found—since Helen's earrings and headdress may decide the question of the authenticity of Homer, we need not be ashamed to trace the history of jewelry by the history of the world. We learn that in the imperial days of Rome, the art of Greek and Etruscan jewelry steadily declined. After the fall of Rome, there was a long night of utter darkness in art. The early Christian jewels are semi-barbarous; for a degenerate senility, such as art then suffered, produces always inferior work to the artless sketches of childhood. We find the workmanship and art poor at this period; even the celebrated crowns of the Gothic Kings are like the work of a tinman. It is the lowest ebb of the goldsmith's art, until the immediate past of the United States. But as we pass from Rome to Byzantium, the centre of the Roman Empire became semi-Asiatic. The Oriental influence, always refined, made itself immediately felt, and we begin to detect the coming power of the new Christian faith, as opulent women boldly wore the Jewish cross. We read in the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus of the marvelous jewels in St. Sophia, accumulated by Justinian and his successors. It was in the year 1000—the darkest of the dark—when Europe could no longer read and write, that the luxury of the Emperors of the East assumed barbaric splendor. A flame of Greek art illuminates the jewelry of this period, and Byzantine jewelry became the finest expression of the combined civilizations.

It was in the middle of the eleventh century that Germany, accepting the Byzantine traditions, put forth the buds which were to blossom in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The contagion spread, and in France, the great Bishop Eloy and Abbot Suger, names honorable in art, commenced that *renaissance* which was to preserve the dynastic past of Merovingian jewelry. Minister and counselor to the two Kings Louis VI. and VII., Suger was invested with the regency of the kingdom during the second Crusade. In 1152 he died, having carefully saved for individual owners and the Church the vast wealth intrusted to his good hands. The wealth of kings, lords and gentry was largely in gold and precious stones, and many bequeathed their all to the Church in case of death in the Crusades.

Suger loved art, and understood it. Under the influence of his inspiration, his goldsmiths, as audacious as they were intelligent, bound together the pearls and precious stones of his immense treasure-house in cups and vessels and crucifixes of gold, and in reliquaries, which bore all the intelligence of the past on their chiseled borders. Amongst the splendid bequests to Suger may be mentioned the gifts of two convents, Citeaux and Fontevrault, which spontaneously handed over to the abbot a large collection of sapphires, emeralds, hyacinths, rubies and topazes—the gift of Count Thibaud, nephew to the King of England. These great collections went to enrich the tomb of St. Denis in 1144, and with these great works the art of *orfèvrerie* returned to France under the mild, beneficent, calm and artistic rule of the Abbot Suger. But they no longer exist—they were melted down. In 1590, the heads of the League—the Pope's legate, the Duc de Nemours and the provosts of Paris, believed themselves especially privileged to melt and transform these beautiful works into ingots.

In the fourteenth century we read of the first jewel rooms. That of Charles V., in the Louvre, measured nine fathoms in length and four and a half in width. In the famous house of Jacques Cœur we see another *chambre des joyeux*, where were kept the jewels of the most ungrateful of kings. Louis XI. made large loans to the saints when in precarious circumstances, the old hypocrite! Says one of his satirists, "He lent money to heaven at a high rate of interest, claiming for a dividend indulgence for himself and confusion to his enemies. St. Martin of Tours was the one of heaven's bankers in whom he reposed most confidence." The pillage of this church by the Huguenots, in 1562, produced about 5,000,000 of francs in gold work and jewelry.

The Italian Renaissance, all-conquering in its grace, brightness and beauty, overwhelmed that of France and Germany. Benvenuto Cellini was both goldsmith and jeweler; and we could go on for ever following that ardent flame which illuminated art, while it consumed those gifted artists who are comprehended under the name of the "Goldsmiths of Florence"—Ghirlandajo and his followers. What activity, what enthusiasm, what science, what refined men, what captivating and what cultivated women, does the history of jewelry here involve! It would take a lifetime to record it.

But still we find these men eagerly searching for the gems which the long-buried past was slowly beginning to give up. Benvenuto bought eagerly the carved emeralds which the peasants found in the Campagna, and consequently owns his indebtedness to the almost lost art of the intaglio-cutters.

And here we come to the long story of the carved gems, the beloved antiques of the collector—the Hercules leading Cerberus in chains, the dolphin in an emerald "the size of a bean," the topaz with the head of Minerva, the profile of Jupiter on a sard, cut so wonderfully that Michael Angelo threw down his graver in despair.

Again, here we behold one of the sad accidents of art—the Pope Clement, in want of money, placing before Benvenuto his tiaras, and all the precious stones belonging to the Apostolic chamber, and bidding him uncement them, that they might be sold. What marvels of workmanship and ornamentation were then thrown with those discarded gold settings into the melting-pot!

But the subject grows too large for our space, and we must barely glance at the history of stones as they are revealed to us in this hurried retrospect of some of the lost and the regained arts of jewelry.

The diamond, the most valued stone of the ancients, as it is of the moderns, was supposed by the old Jewish doctors to be the *jahalom*, the third in the second row of stones in the breastplate of the high priest. The Greeks called it *adamas*, "the unsubduable." Pliny speaks of

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six varieties. The great, mysterious India gave it first to the world. The brilliant gem is now found all over the world, but principally in India, Brazil, in the Ural Mountains, and in the famous fields of South Africa. Georgia, North Carolina and California all yield a few. They were cut into facets at an early period by the Indians, and first at Nuremburg in 1373. The English cutters became famous in 1670, then the trade went to Holland, where it remained until after the famous Koh-i-noor was polished; now it is said to have returned to Great Britain.

Never, however, in any age of the world, were there so many diamonds worn as now, and in all the history of jewelry never were such large diamonds found.

The earth is giving up her gems, so long hidden: India, South Africa, Brazil, and the European side of the Ural Mountains, are producing vast numbers of very large diamonds, and the Pitt, the Sancey, the Koh-i-noor, and the Orloff, in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia, are all distanced in size. The earrings of one opulent lady in New York are larger than some of these famous stones, and are indeed mountains of light, each one of them.

The finding of such immense quantities of this noble stone has, of course, reduced its value; and, although the diamond is used in great quantities to surround other stones, it is still, however, far from cheap. It still forms the chief proud coronal of beauty; yet in value it has been passed by the ruby.

This most exquisite of all gems is a variety of the hyacinthus. It is the ancient lychius, or jacinth. The best rubies come from India, although some fine ones are found in Bohemia. The choice color is that of "pigeon's blood"—a superb purplish red. This stone was seldom used by any but the Oriental artists for the purposes of engraving; but there still are some renowned ruby *intaglii*. Its exquisite beauty makes it almost a sin to cut into it. Fine rubies uncut, but rudely polished, occur in ancient jewelry, and are set in antique rings. There is, in the Herz collection, a necklace formed of rough rubies and emeralds of fine color, drilled through and linked with strong twisted gold wire. It yields in hardness to the sapphire, but is more rare and more valuable. It is frequently set with small diamonds, but rarely with any other stone.

The sapphire, the hyacinthus of the ancients, is a superb gem of shining blue, transparent, and of splendid lustre. At present, all our sapphires come from Ceylon, although they have been found in France. They are obtained from the beds of torrents; for this gem never occurs in the matrix. This stone, although hard, was a favorite with the old engravers, and many antique *intaglii* on sapphires exist. This stone derived its ancient name from its resemblance in color to the blue *fleur-de-lys*, fabled to have sprung from the blood of Apollo's favorite, Hyacinthus; but it should be mentioned that red, yellow, and even green sapphires have been found. In Cellini's day, the relative value of stones was:

Ruby of one carat weight, 800 gold scudi.
Emerald " " " 400 " "
Diamond " " " 100 " "
Sapphire " " " 10 " "

The jewelers of to-day rate the gems in the following order—ruby, diamond, sapphire, emerald.

Vossius mentions a ruby belonging to the Emperor Rudolph, which was as large as a small hen's egg, and valued at 60,000 ducats, or $30,000. The King of Ava possesses one even larger, more perfect in color and water, set as an eardrop, inestimable in value.

The emerald comes to us from Peru, and it has been denied by lapidaries that it was ever known in India. But it is known to have come from Egypt and from Assyria in large quantities. It was a very favorite stone in the East as a signet. We hear of the celebrated emerald signet of Polycrates, and that of King Phyrus. The veins and shading of the stone aided the art of the cutter. Nero is represented as using an emerald to assist his near-sightedness; a stone cut in concave shape was designed for him, through which he watched the gladiatorial games. The green color of this delightful gem was used by stone-cutters to rest their eyes, and it is uniformly believed that the mistaken idea that emerald thus assisted the vision, delayed for years the discovery of eyeglasses and spectacles. Emeralds are easily imitated, and it is said to be a trade on the British coast, at Brighton, to throw glass bottles into the sea, the fragments of which come up polished by the shingle into very good apparent emeralds. The Cingalese also do a good trade in this.

A perfect emerald is almost unknown—they are injured by flaws, the best of them. Its beautiful dark-green, clear color is, however, peerless in its way. Emeralds differ very much in value from this liability to defects. A parure of emeralds, set in diamonds, has, however, been sold within a few years for $11,000, and considered cheap. There were in it thirty stones, each as large as a filbert.

The turquoise, or *callais*, is a stone tinged with oxide of copper, and was a great favorite with the ancients. Pliny describes the finding of it on the icy cliffs of Carmania, and says: "By a chain or collar of these turquoises, men are judged wealthy, more or less." However, many fictitious turquoises were known to the ancients, and no doubt enter largely into modern jewelry. These are simply osseous deposits, colored by copper—hence their name "callais." This "fossil ivory," as Theophrastus calls it, was of every shade of clear blue, greenish blue ("*turquoise malade*" is a favorite phrase with the French to express a dull greenish blue), and all the varieties of these two shades. It is opaque, and shares with other gems in certain superstitious mystical belongings. It is said to turn pale when its giver proves unkind, and when the person who wears it is ill. It has also great power in bringing good luck to its owner. It is a very fashionable stone just now for finger-rings, and for mixture with the garnet and the pearl, as in the composite jewelry copied after the Stuart *rococo* ornaments. This particular jewelry is made in great quantities at Florence into necklaces and bracelets, set in silver, which are very cheap. It is impossible that these stones should be true stone turquoises. They are the "little bits of ancient osteology," spoken of by Theophrastus.

The jade, a stone nearly allied to the jaspers, has come again into fashion, after years of desuetude. It is a remarkably hard, opaque lapis, of waxy appearance, and a greenish olivaceous or grayish hue, requiring the assistance of diamond-dust to polish it, and retaining after the process only an imperfect, greasy appearance. Its extreme hardness has caused it to be used by the East Indians for hatchet-heads. The modern Hindoos work it up into various bijoux, and form rings of it. In modern jewelry, owls and little dogs, apes and insects of strange shape, are made of it, and mounted in gold. There are many medieval antiquities in which jade figures—thumb rings and bas-reliefs, and cinque-cento vases. It has a very stylish appearance as an ornament; is translucent in a strong light. It was used but sparingly in ancient intaglios, on account of its extreme hardness, and is very expensive always.

The beautiful opal, which combines all the charms of all gems, is at this moment out of fashion. It has a bad

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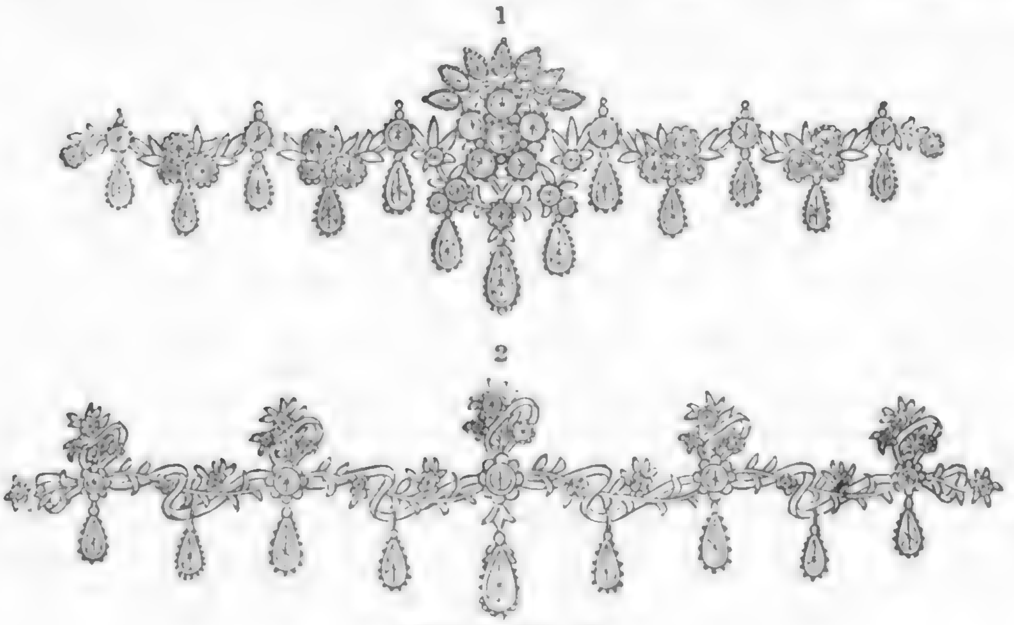
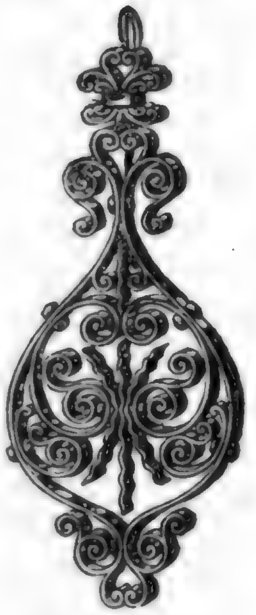


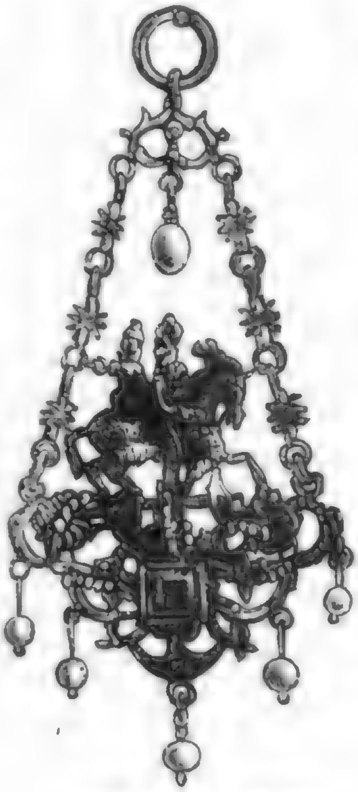
EGYPTIAN NECKLACES.



ARABIC EARRING.

name, and is so supposed to bring misfortune to its wearer that Tiffany's boxes are full of returned stones, which he cannot sell at any price. This gem was highly prized by the ancients, and frequently engraved; its hidden fire intensifying the expression of the faces cut on its surface. The stones, however, which were most frequently used by the makers of intaglios, cameos and signets were the sard, carnelian, amethyst, plasma, jasper in all its varieties, nicolo, onyx, beryl, aquamarine, chalcedony and emeralds; one choice specimen of the latter stone being preserved at the Vatican, with a supposed head of Christ. This stone has been frequently photographed.

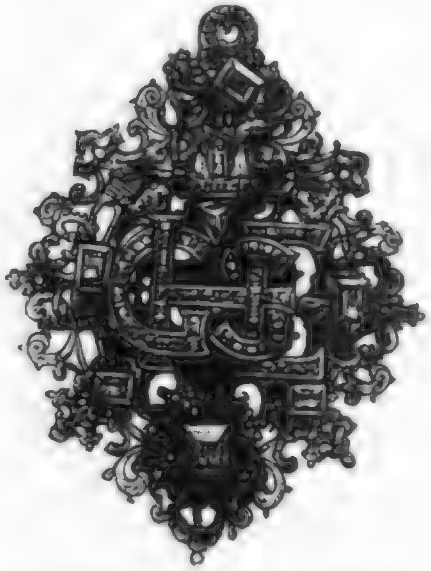
To Dr. Schliemann's excavations at the hill of Hissarlik we are indebted for some very fine specimens of ancient jewelry; General Di Cesnola has enriched our own museum with wonderful specimens of that found at Cyprus; and in examining these undoubted records of the luxury of the past, we ask ourselves, How and wherein do we surpass those historical dames?



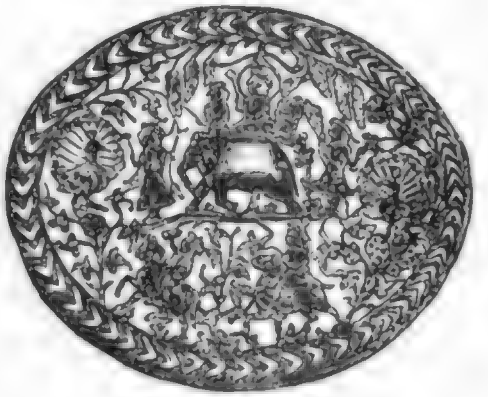
RENAISSANCE EARRING.

Queen Elizabeth, who loved precious stones, who collected them, and whose black pearls are a matter of history, was only so far ahead of Helen of Troy and of Queen Hashop, the bride of Thothmes III. of Egypt, as that she had some jewels which had been *cut into facets.* Even, however, in her day the art of the lapidary was not what it has since become. Tiffany and Starr & Marcus could offer to the Egyptian lady no jewelry so fine as her own, excepting in the matter of brilliantly cut stones. Our diamonds, rubies and sapphires are all brighter and more resplendent than those formerly worn, although the uncut jewels have still a charm in the eye of fashion, and are included in the term *en cabochon*—or, as the jewelers say, "tallow drop" form of polished, but not cut, stones.

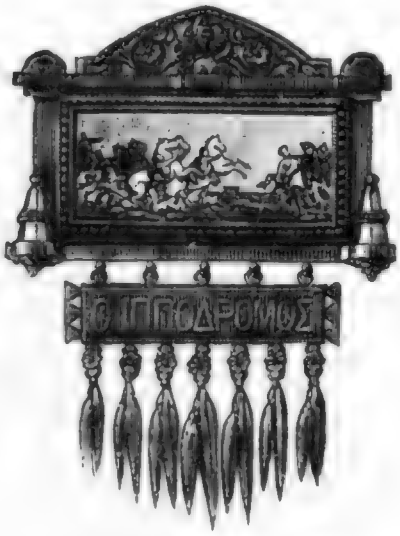
The cat's-eye, a species of quartz or chalcedon, is now especially fashionable for gentlemen's jewelry. The Prince of



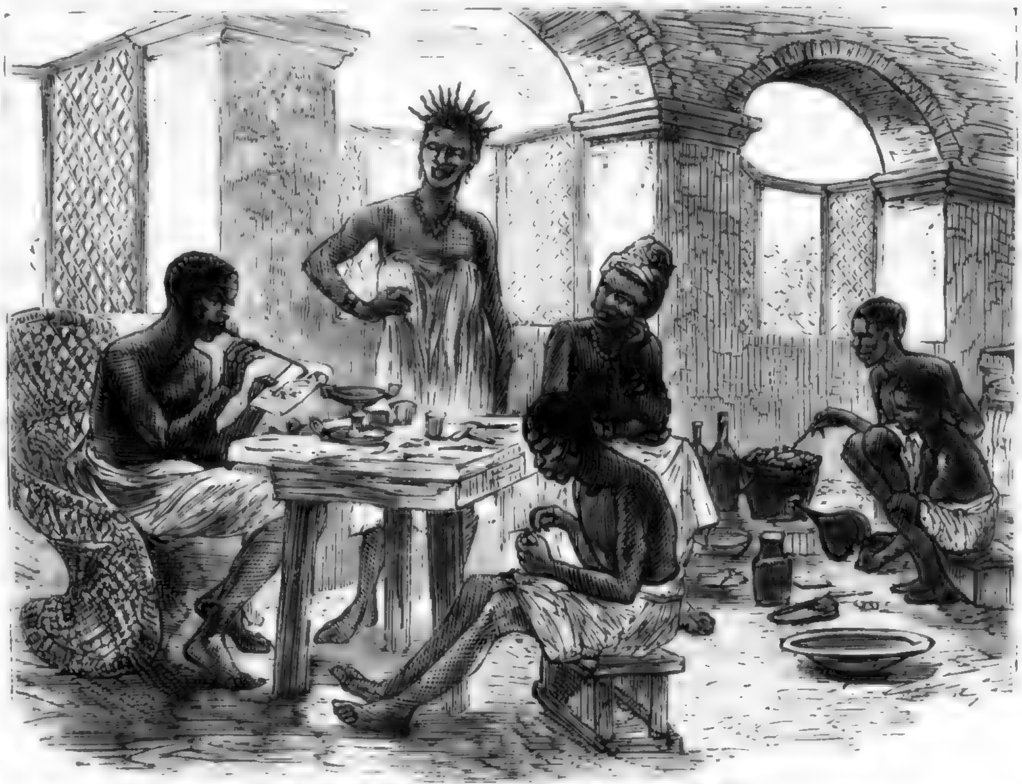
MONOGRAM AND DIAMOND PENDANT, MUSEUM OF DRESDEN.



EMERALD INCRUSTED WITH GOLD.



ENAMELED ETRUSCAN PIN.


JEWELER'S SHOP AT CAPE COAST CASTLE, AFRICA.

Wales has brought in the custom of finger-rings for men, and favors the cats-eye especially. Of this stone Starr & Marcus, in New York, show some wonderful varieties. From these noted gem-collectors we learn that the United States furnish many precious stones. They show now, amid the wonders of modern jewelry, a superb medallion or pendant, shaped like a St. George's Cross. This has that rare stone, the *zircon*, with the power of a diamond, and the hardness of a sapphire, and the color of a pale, smoky, yellow topaz, for a centre piece. Around it are ranged the red tourmaline of Russia, a pink sapphire and a green sapphire from North Carolina, and a ruby spinel from Maine. All these brilliant stones are set about with a paling of diamonds; the effect is magnificent; the price, $3,000.

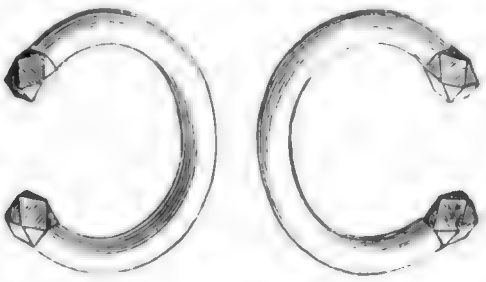
The great house of Tiffany possesses now a diamond larger than the Koh-i-noor, 125 carats, price, $30,000; a 7-carat emerald, $25,000; a 22-carat sapphire, $9,000; two ruby earrings, 10 carats each, $9,000.

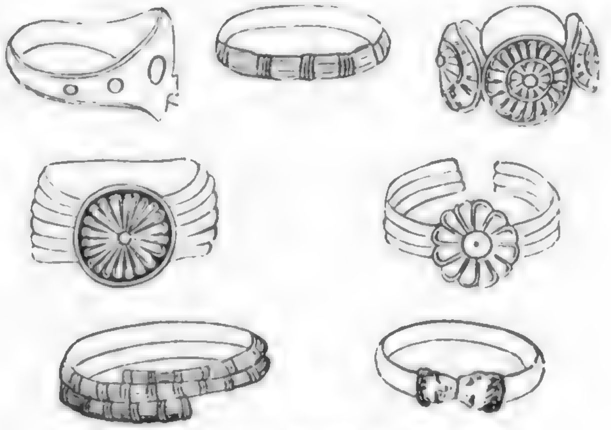
How does this compare with the expenditure of Lollia Paullinia, of whom Pliny the elder says that she possessed jewels to the amount of 322,916 English pounds?

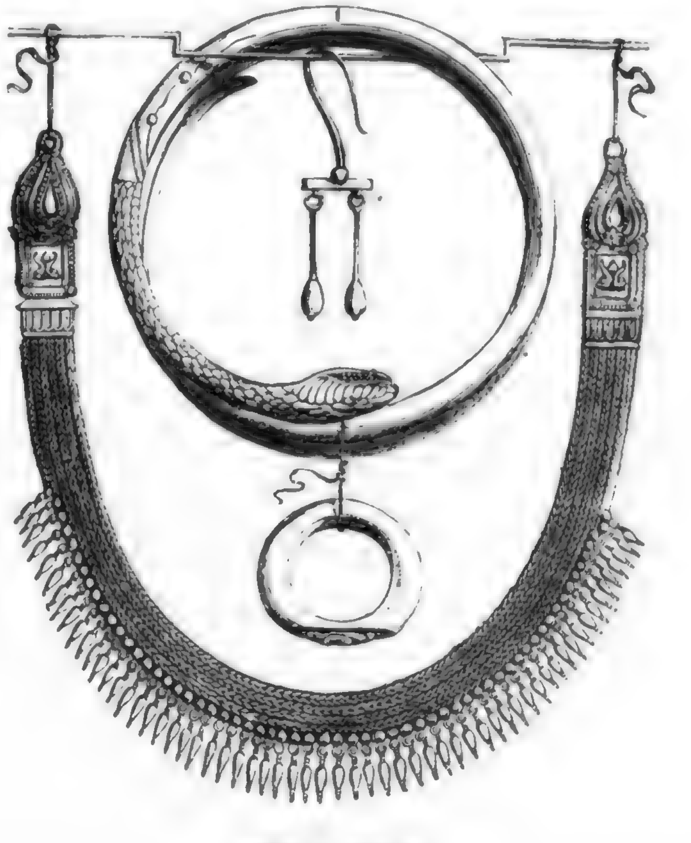
Who of the nineteenth century will appropriate so many of Tiffany's cut stones as to make a private jewel-box equal to Lollia Paullinia's?

Paris is now the great jewel-factory of the world, furnishing seventy millions of dollars' worth a year. Three grades of gold only are allowed, and the trade is carefully watched by the Government. London does the gem-cutting, and had, in 1870, 900 jewelers, 4 wedding-ring makers, 29 gold-chain makers, 11 gold-cutters, 77 gem merchants, 39 diamond-cutters, 100 diamond-merchants, doubtless all increased in ten years; 3 dealers in rough diamonds only.

Silver jewelry, now so fashionable (and so ugly), is almost exclusively manufactured in London, although ladies are fond of picking up unique peasant silver jewelry in Scotland, Ireland, Normandy and Sweden. That of Russia enameled on silver is very beautiful; indeed, all


ANKLETS.


ASSYRIAN BRACELETS.


POMPEIAN JEWELRY.

Russian gold and silver work is very choice. There are now forty-two establishments in Paris for tortoise-shell jewelry, which began its existence in Rome and Naples. Amber comes from Germany, principally; is very fashionable and becoming. Ivory jewelry is made in France, Germany and England; and jet, known in England even in the stone age. Jet and vulcanized jewelry still remain the industries of several English counties.

The gold work of the Mexicans, like that of all primitive people, was once very fine, like the Indian work. But American—United States—jewelry proper has been very wanting, always, in individuality and good taste. The first jeweler of note was a man named Hinsdale, of Newark. He made the copper-tinted gold watch-chains of our great-grandfathers, which were copied from the tinted gold-work of Louis XVI.'s time. His trade has spread, however, until even Providence, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Springfield, Cincinnati, and Attleboro, Mass., pour out great floods of cheap jewelry. A great deal of it is *filled jewelry*, and there is complaint that the gold is more often of eight carat than of eighteen. No civilized people wear so much jewelry as the Americans, nor is its use confined to any particular class. It is estimated that over $50,000,000 is invested in the jewelry business alone. One house, from the 15th of August to the middle of November, put forth five thousand pairs of bangles!

But artistic debasement is not universal. If we cannot rival those gorgeous necklaces of the time of Maximilian, when large emeralds and rubies and sapphires were set in yellow gold, with long pendant pearls drooping from them; if we cannot yet command the exquisite gold granulations of the ancients, even if we have no national style, we can still purchase cool pearl necklaces, superb diamond groups, sparkling rubies and sapphires, and an imitation of the best styles of every age, at our leading houses.

There we find the yellow gold earrings, carefully copied from those chimera-headed gems of the Cesnola collection, the artistic work of Castellani, the scarabeus of the Egyptian, the pliant chain of the East Indian, and the turquoise of the "Monk Theophrastus." If we want imitations and false stones, they are plentiful and cheap. But better one little gold button, with a Roman finish, than the whole of them. Better one genuine stone, however small, that has been handed down as an heirloom. And we learn with some pride that our own first-class houses now cut their own diamonds, design and make their own settings, and do the work of the goldsmith and the jeweler, both so well that they compel admiration even in Europe. And we are certain that at these first-class houses there is no fear that the buyer may be deceived. All is genuine that is sold as such.

ORIGIN OF SANDWICHES.—Sandwiches, which now form a staple article of luncheon for city men who have no time for a regular dinner, were named after the Earl of Sandwich, the celebrated statesman of the reigns of George II. and George III. Grose, the antiquary and contemporary of the earl, notes the sandwich as "said to have been a favorite dish of the Earl of Sandwich." The Earl of Sandwich was an inveterate gambler, and, so as to be able to eat without stopping the game, used to tell the waiters to bring him for refreshment a slice of meat between two pieces of bread.

THE thunder of great words does not always betoken a great thought, for many a grand salute is fired with a blank cartridge.

NEVER does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

IN THE SUMMER WOODS.

BY JANE DIXON.

NOW THE cowslip's golden reign is over;
Lilac's clustered bloom has passed away:
Scythe-blades sever white and purple clover;
And rich meadows, ripe for scented hay,
In the rosy light
Flush with flowers bedight,
Ere their glories wither out of sight.

Fast from copse to brake, the cuckoo, flying,
Gives her sweet monotony to the gale;
"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" sadly crying,
Like the princess of a fairy tale,
Changed into a bird,
Pleading to be heard,
Wailing out her sorrows in a word.

Through long grass the rushing corn-crake hisses;
Large-eyed rabbits leap from tufts of broom;
Bees are courting meadow-sweet with kisses;
Low on banks lies gorse's luscious bloom;
Little shrew-mice creep,
Nibble blades, and peep
Shyly up, with eyes too bright for sleep.

Wherefore should this luxury and sweetness
Thrill my heart with such a pang of pain?
Is it but the thought of beauty's fleetness,
Or the past, like some weird funeral strain,
Throbbing on mine ear,
Marvelously clear,
"Linked, long-drawn-out," and strangely dear?

One I loved was plucking the wild roses
On these paths, last Summer, by my side;
Now the pimpernel's red blossom closes
O'er her grave, what hour the sunbeams hide,
Or with open eye
Greets the cloudless sky,
Threshold of my darling's home on high.

THE DOCTOR'S DEVICE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MARRIAGE.

DR. BUZENVAL is short, stout and good natured; scant of breath, but full of shrewdness and charity; mild as the dove when nothing occurs to irritate him, but cunning as the serpent always.

Here he comes up the walk; a round, fat shadow following him upon the grass, his nose high in air smelling the fragrance of the afternoon, and his hands behind his back. He is thinking about something, and it is evidently something very serious; but what can it be?

Laughter there! Whose, I wonder? Oh, it is the Mesdemoiselles Blainville—Diane and Aurelie—and they are playing with a little terrier. Tipsy, as they call him, has a velvet back and golden feet, and eyes that are black diamonds, and as he runs after his ball he is certainly very handsome, and quite worthy to be the pet of two such lovely girls.

Aurelie sees Dr. Buzenval first. She comes forward, smiling, and her hand out. She is not tall, but so slender that she might as well be; and now, as Diane turns, you perceive that one sister perfectly resembles the other, and so much so that a stranger would scarcely be able to distinguish them apart at a first meeting.

Their voices and movements, even to the slighest gesture, are the same, and in one respect only are they different. What is that? After all, it would be difficult to describe. There is a kind of sober good sense and gravity in the eyes of Aurelie which you do not perceive in those of Diane. On the contrary, Diane's eyes have a wild, mirthful look—strange lights and shadows pass within their depths—and they seem to say, very forcibly: "This young lady is a madcap."

Truly enough, perhaps; for Diane, on seeing the doctor, springs toward him and throws her lovely arms round his neck, as people do when they meet in those melodramas so true to nature we often see. But Aurelie, after pressing his hand, relieves him of his enviable embrace, and then everybody turns to Tipsy, who is barking with all his might.

Diane ends these demonstrations by taking the little fellow up and smothering him with kisses.

"Why is it that he dislikes me so?" asks the doctor, smiling at the pretty girl's effusion, which Tipsy doesn't seem to appreciate in the least.

"Dogs always bark at bears," says Diane, between the kisses.

And then Dr. Buzenval laughs more. Aurelie is a little more grave.

"Oh, doctor, your patient is so peevish to-day. How ridiculous to call a sick person a patient, when he is the most *im*patient of all mankind!" she says.

"I must go to him at once," answers the physician, suddenly remembering.

But the girls do not allow him to leave them yet. Aurelie asks him many questions, and Diane teases him in every way she can devise; but presently he breaks from them both and trots away, purple with laughter, while their own rings out with silvery sweetness upon the afternoon air.

Dr. Buzenval enters "The Hermitage." It is a sombre and rather decayed old building, but not entirely without its charm.

As the physician goes up the stairs he meets Madame Formey, the housekeeper, coming down, and he softly pats her withered cheek, and they exchange a word, for she is very much pleased; and in the corridor he encounters Bordeau, the valet, with whom he cracks a joke. At last he enters the room on the left.

There is a tall man in a dressing-gown standing in the middle of the floor, and hearing the doctor's footstep, he turns. He is young, and singularly handsome; dark hair and mustache, but complexion fair; yet there is a want of strongly defined expression in his countenance. What is the reason? Advancing a step, he seems to grope, as if he had lost something and were looking for it. Yes, something is gone, for he is blind.

This is St. Lambert, and he has been waiting impatiently for the doctor, as may be perceived by his joy at his approach. He has been blind for several years, but there is strong hope that he will one day recover his sight.

Meanwhile he is very delicate in health, as he has always been, and they are obliged to be very careful with him. It is understood that a serious illness would kill him.

"Well, doctor?" he says, eagerly, for the blind see with their ears, and he knows the footstep.

Dr. Buzenval is no longer cheerful. He is, on the contrary, very much puzzled over how he shall communicate some intelligence that he has.

"It is as we feared," he says.

St. Lambert sinks into a chair and covers his face with his thin, delicate hands.

"Fatality!" he groans.

"Yes; the will leaves no alternative. Madame the baroness was, as you know, whimsical and obstinate. You must have the money, that is certain; but you cannot have the money and Diane both."

"Why, why am I so thwarted!" breaks out the invalid. "I love Diane, and do not love Aurelie. Can you tell me any earthly reason why I should not marry the one I love, instead of the one for whom I care nothing?"

"The baroness thought Diane volatile, and without those qualities that would make you happy. She is rather the prettier, but that was almost a kind of fault in your aunt's eyes. Accept the inevitable, my friend."

"No!" cries St. Lambert, furiously; "I will not marry this young lady, doctor. The money may go."

The physician watches him anxiously as he now rises and begins striding up and down the floor, talking to himself, and in a great rage.

At the end of ten minutes his frenzy suddenly comes to an end; something gathers about his heart, his hands go up to his throat, and he reels; Dr. Buzenval catches him in his arms, and places him upon the bed.

The bell is pulled hastily, and servants appear. For a time there is great confusion and trampling of feet, and then this gradually subsides, and is succeeded by an unearthly quiet.

All faces are grave, and every whisper is freighted with foreboding. What can it be? Only this—St. Lambert is dying!

Dr. Buzenval is sitting by the bed, the sufferer's hand in his own. About seven o'clock there is a movement, and St. Lambert turns his head.

"Doctor, I think I am dying," he says.

"We must hope for the best."

"My aunt's money cannot save me, you know," he continues, very quietly; "but I should die in peace if I were the husband of my darling Diane."

The physician looks up sharply.

"There are such things as deathbed marriages," proceeds the other, slowly. "What do they call it—*in articulo*, isn't it? Well, doctor, I shall marry Diane, after all," he adds, firmly. "She will not refuse. Speak to her, and send for the priest."

Dr. Buzenvel is nervous, and is even a little pallid. A strange light is in his small, round eyes.

"Are you resolved upon this? Remember that you lose your aunt's legacy."

"I am dying, doctor."

"But if you should recover?"

"Death is at hand."

"You are determined?"

"It is fate."

Dr. Buzenval is suddenly another man. He swiftly leaves the room and seeks Madame Formey. He tells her something, and together they tell the same thing to the valet Bordeau. Then the doctor communicates with Aurelie and Diane. Whatever his words are, he delivers them earnestly, and even beseechingly.

The girls grow white and tearful, and are not to be won over without argument and persuasion. After all, is it not a terrible thing to marry a man who is almost a corpse—to be this minute a bride, and the next a widow?

But the physician conquers.

At nine o'clock the parish priest comes. He enters the sick-room, and the two young girls come after him. Last of all, Dr. Buzenval appears. The housekeeper and valet were already present.

It is a strange scene, this wedding *in articulo*, and there is a sombre awe upon everything as it proceeds. But it at length comes to an end.

"Joy! joy!" murmurs St. Lambert, as he sinks back. He grows unconscious.

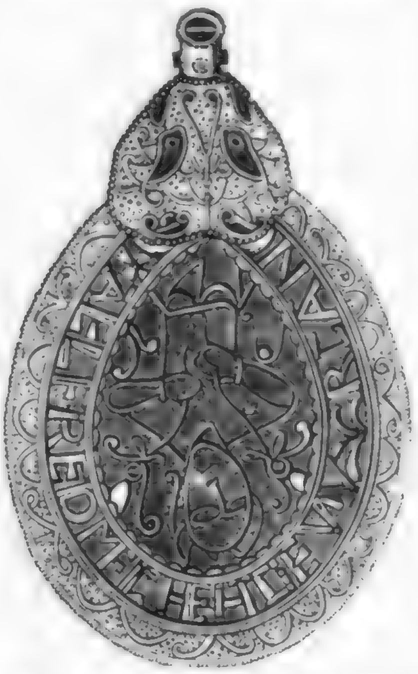
Dr. Buzenval hastens to feel his pulse.

Is he dead?

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET.

THREE years have passed. It is midsummer at The Hermitage, and two persons are in the grounds. One is St. Lambert, handsomer, if possible, than ever, and the other is his little son, Victor. They are attended by a pretty terrier, whose name is, of course, Tipsy.


ANGLO-SAXON WORK—THE ALFRED JEWEL.

"Will not mamma come back soon?" asks the child, presently, looking up to his father's face.

"Yes, soon, Victor. Mamma has been gone a long time now, but she will return. I hear some one coming along the walk. Isn't it the doctor?"

Yes, it was good Dr. Buzenval, rather graver and stouter, but still very merry, as may be seen by his greeting of little Victor. By this time, in the course of many visits, the physician has also made a warm friend of the little dog, and Tipsy's joy is likewise emphatically expressed.

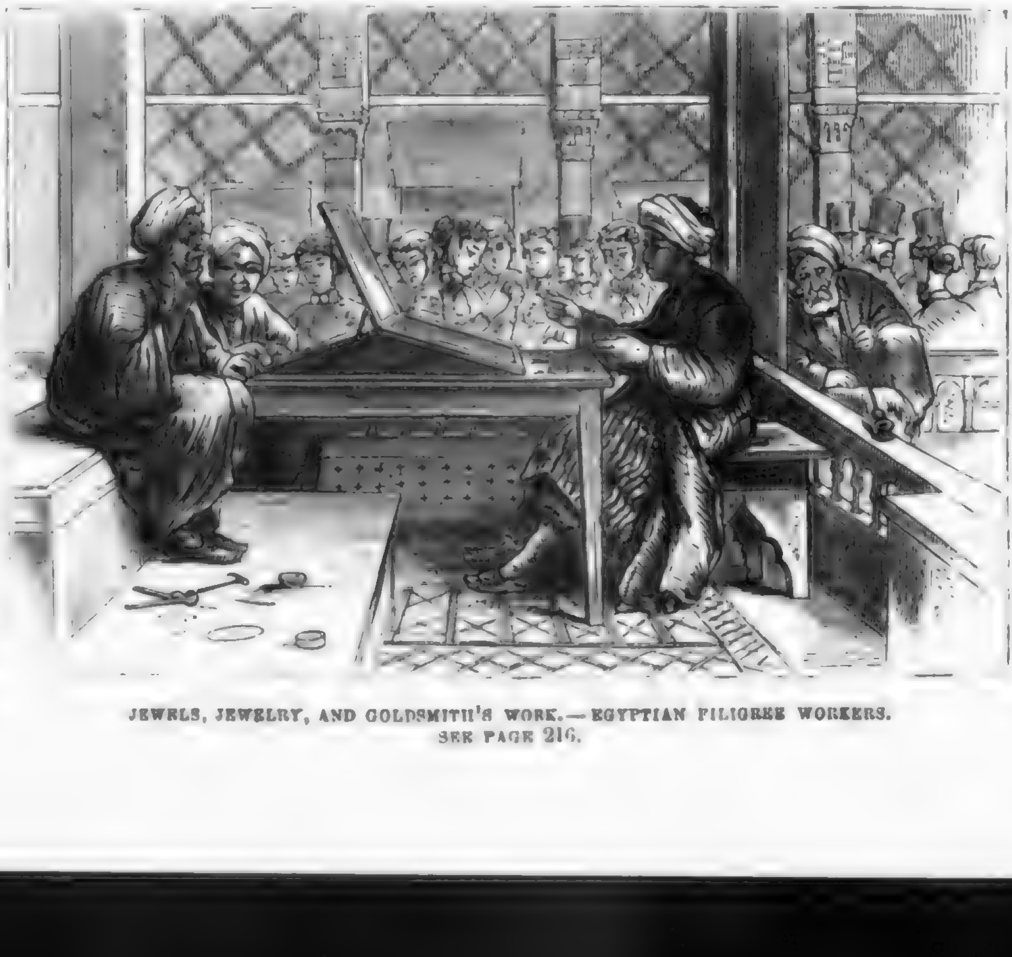
It soon follows that the child and the dog run away to play together, and then St. Lambert and his friend sit under one of the trees.

"Doctor," says the former, speaking very deliberately, "I shall say something to you now that has been in my mind for a considerable time."

The doctor starts and looks troubled; but, assuming again upon the instant his lighter manner, he answers:

"Do so, by all means."

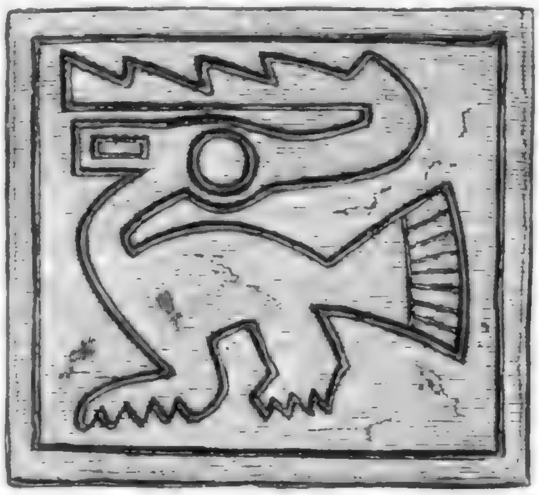
St. Lambert has arranged everything in advance, it is plain, and he now proceeds, rapidly:


JEWELS, JEWELRY, AND GOLDSMITH'S WORK.—EGYPTIAN FILIGREE WORKERS.
SEE PAGE 216.

"Some three years ago, I was very ill—dying. Of the two sisters, Aurelie and Diane Blainville, I loved the latter. My aunt had just died, leaving me her fortune on condition that I should marry the former. A deathbed wedding took place, and I lost the legacy by taking Diane for my wife; but after all I did not die. I recovered my health almost entirely—everything but my sight, and even that was thought not to be hopelessly lost—and I reassumed the direction of affairs in my household. My wife and I lived very happily together, and a child was born to us. But all the while, I knew this, doctor," continues St. Lambert, his voice rising, "that there was some mystery!"

"Mystery!" echoes the physician, grave—and could it be also a little frightened?

"I repeat—a mystery! I felt it round me in the atmosphere; I heard it in the voice of every one who spoke to me; I perceived it in the touch of every hand that met mine. I was silent, but I still wondered. The days passed on, and then suddenly, without warning, my wife and her sister left me. I knew nothing of their departure until it had taken place. You were the first to apprise me. I demanded explanation."

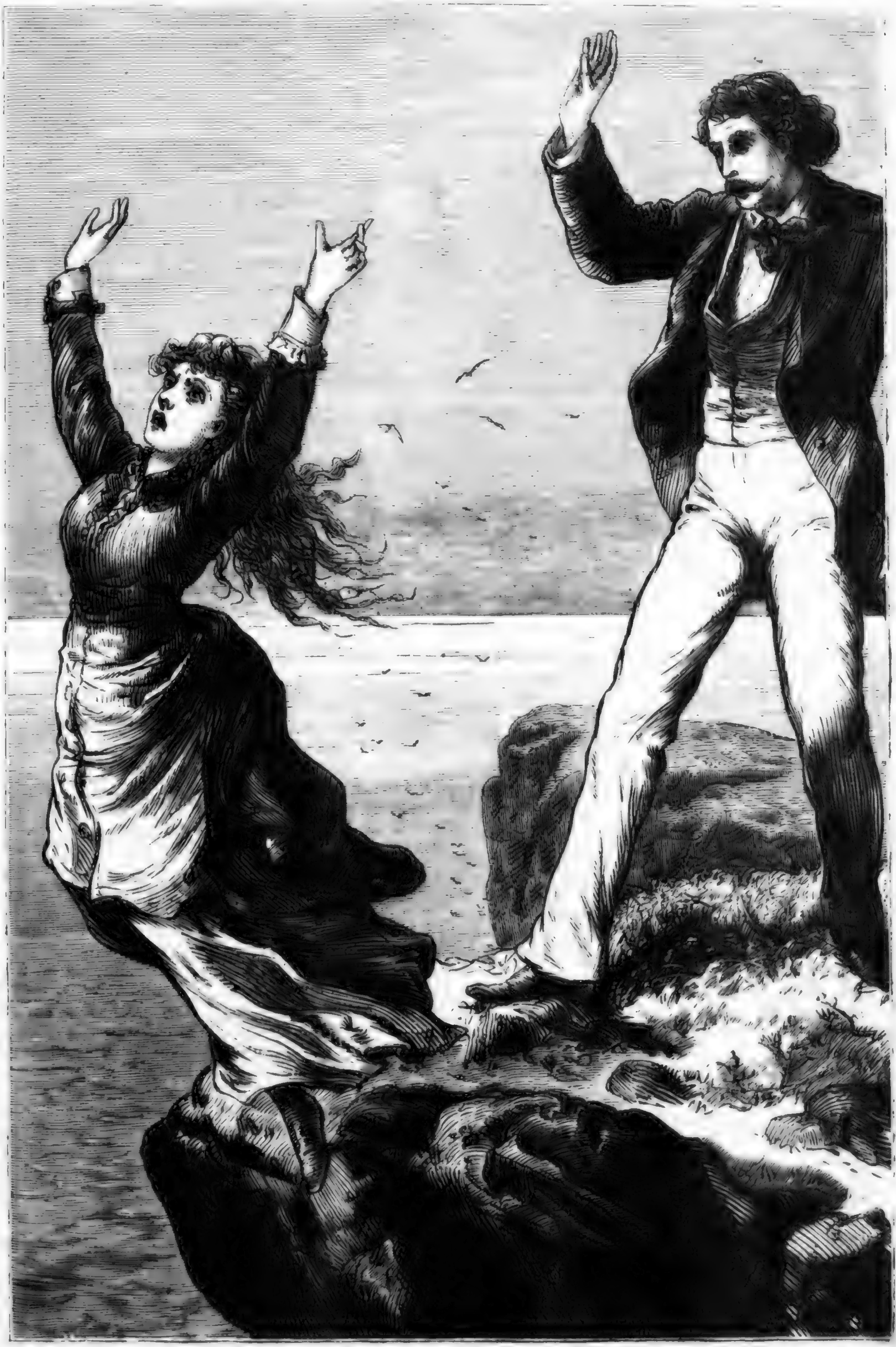

ANCIENT PERUVIAN JEWELRY.

The doctor is very uneasy, but he continues to hide his emotion, and replies:

"I gave you sufficient, my friend. When one's relations die, one is expected to attend the funeral."

He takes snuff, perhaps as a way out.

"But so many have died," says St. Lambert. "They have been constantly dying. My wife has duties at home that are nearer. How many times a



THE DOCTOR'S DEVICE.—"THEY STAND ON THE BRINK OF THE HIDEOUS PRECIPICE. THE MANIAC DESIGNS THAT THEY SHALL BOTH GO OVER IT TOGETHER. WITH A WILD EFFORT HE FREES HIMSELF."

XUM

day does that little child ask me where is his mamma?"

"He loves her, truly, St. Lambert."

"But how can I believe that she loves him, or me? It is impossible. I had always heard that Diane was gay and volatile, but true-hearted, and that is one of the reasons why I loved her. Perhaps, after all, it had been better for me to have married Aurelie."

Dr. Buzenval drops his gold snuffbox, and the strong powder flies up like a brown mist.

"Ah, what a misfortune!" he cries. "It will take a fortnight to get more snuff like this!" and he proceeds to gather again, by little pinches, what he can, after sweeping a quantity up with a sheet of paper, which he takes from his pocket.

This is all done so deliberately, that can it be possible any subterfuge is covered by it?

"In nothing," resumes St. Lambert, plainly, "have I felt so keenly what a terrible sorrow it is to be blind. But beware of the blind, Dr. Buzenval, as you would beware of fools—for both are sometimes dangerous. I am convinced that in something you have deceived me."

"My friend!" cries Buzenval, reproachfully.

"Not intentionally, perhaps; but even, so to speak, against your will. Such incoherencies are sometimes possible. Remember what I now say, that I am not so powerless as you perchance suppose."

All this has been uttered very passionately; and now the physician rises to his feet, grave and calm.

"My friend, your reproaches are unjust! I should be the last man to wish to separate you and your wife. Was I not the first to bring about the union between you? Well, when you have recovered your temper, St. Lambert, you will regret this wrong."

And, with a low bow, he goes away.

St. Lambert is touched, but, feeling himself in the wrong, he resents that as if it were some fresh injury. He continues to sit moody and silent, and in a sort of aimless, irritated reverie.

The shouts of a child and the barking of a little dog rouse him.

Victor and Tipsey return at full speed, and the father calls his son to him. The boy comes breathless and wondering, and stands between his father's knees.

"Victor, you know that your papa is blind, and cannot see all the beautiful things around us—God's wonderful creation—as you do. All is darkness to papa, is it not?"

A tear steals down the child's cheek, and his little lip quivers as he says:

"God will give papa his sight again some day, will he not?"

St. Lambert pulls the boy to his breast suddenly, and cries:

"God *has* given me my sight for more than a week, Victor. I can see as well as you."

The child utters a shriek in the intensity of his surprise and joy, and the two are clasped. When they separate again, the boy, with a sudden doubt, says:

"But are you sure, papa? You are not deceiving Victor to please him, are you? Look, papa, here is a paper with writing on it. Read it."

Victor hands his father the paper left by Dr. Buzenval.

St. Lambert has, indeed, recovered his sight, and slowly to himself he reads as follows:

"*Dr. Aubry's Private Insane Asylum.*

"MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Diane is worse instead of better, and her constant attempts to escape render necessary the most rigid watchfulness. The malady still retains the same features as before, but they are intensified. The intervals of sanity are not longer than two days, and they are succeeded by the most violent outbreaks imaginable. She has conceived a most unaccountable hatred toward St. Lambert. This, you will understand, is one of those peculiarities of her disease which baffle even those who have most experience in its treatment. Oh, how fortunate it is that St. Lambert has never suspected our frightful secret! He would then understand the conduct of his aunt in the making of her will; but at what a cost! Adieu! I will write every day.

"AURELIE."

St. Lambert sits stupefied. The world seems reeling under his feet. He is drunk with amazement.

This, then, is the mystery—Diane has always been subject to fits of insanity recurring at intervals, and that was why his aunt, who knew the secret, did not wish him to marry her. But he had married her, and Victor is their son. The mother of his child is now confined in a private lunatic asylum.

"Oh, papa, you have deceived me!" cried Victor. "You cannot read."

"Oh, my God!" cries the stricken father, "would I had still been blind!"

And he hides his agonized face within his hands.

The child stares in wonder.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRUGGLE ON THE CLIFF.

ST. LAMBERT toils slowly up St. Winifred's Cliff to the very top, and there stands, indifferent to the magnificent scene below.

Between himself and the sea the birds fly, croaking hoarsely or with a shrill scream, and far down shines the tawny beach and foams the cloudy surf.

But the roar of the water's voice has sunk into a murmur here, and there is a delicious melody in its plaintive swelling and receding—delicate as the music of a harp.

Nothing of this he notes, though it is such a little while since he recovered his sight. He is thinking of the letter he has just read, telling him his wife is a hopeless maniac.

"How cruel they were to deceive me!" he muses. "The end never, in reality, is a justification of the means, let casuists assert what they please! A lie is a lie and a sin always. I understand, now, the entire scheme. Dr. Buzenval was sure I could not live. What did it matter whom I married—whether she were to become insane afterward or not? But see how it has turned out, and how horrible is the awakening to the fatal truth! Such things no man expects, and when they come they turn the heart to stone!"

He walks on a little further, and, finding a great round stone, he sits upon it, his reverie still unbroken.

But he is far calmer than before. To analyze any grief is to, in some measure, conquer it. To be able to analyze the good and ill is to at length find somewhere that drop of consolation which is hidden in even the bitterest cup.

"I shall not go to see her—it would afflict me too much. I prefer always to think of her as she was; and though these eyes never looked upon that fair face, they had their dream of how lovely it must be! But poor Victor! what shall I say—what *can* I say—to him? Now I must tell him, instead of the old excuse, that his mamma will *never* come back. He will in time come to believe that she is dead."

He hides his face in his hand for an instant at this thought; but suddenly he looks up, a frightful dread written there.

"Insanity is a curse that descends from generation to generation," he says, sharply. "In time it will fall upon my boy. Oh, heaven! what can avert this?"

There is a light step behind him.

He slowly turns his head, and sees a woman there. She is slight, which gives her the effect of being tall, and her face is very pretty, but how strange-looking!

The look is sharp and peaked, the cheeks haggard and thin, and the eyes large and wild.

Her hair hangs carelessly across her pretty shoulders, and her dress is stained and disordered, as if from long travel.

The two stand staring at each other for a moment, and she is the first to speak.

"St. Lambert, I have returned," she says, in a weird, mufled voice. "I know you very well. I am not so mad as to——"

"Diane!" he gasps.

"And I perceive that you know me. Ah! this is very fine," she laughs. "It could not be better."

"Diane, you have escaped!"

"Yes. They could not keep me, although they tried very hard. I felt that I must come back to The Hermitage, and see you once more."

"My poor girl, you are very ill. Let us go down from this place. You need rest."

He has advanced, but she motions him back.

"Stay where you are. I have something to say to you!"

She speaks as if suppressing some emotion that struggles violently to break out, and he observes a curious manner she has of rubbing her hands together incessantly.

"How did you get away from them, Diane?"

"They were cunning," she answers, with sudden joy; "but I was cunning, too, you know. I waited and watched patiently, and the chance came at last. I had determined to risk everything to meet *you* again, St. Lambert. I can fancy their surprise and chagrin."

"But they were kind to you. Aurelie was there."

"Kind! Yes, it was very kind to keep me in that cell where the walls were molten fire, and the people who served me demons. But my brain did not dry up, for all that. I had plenty of invention left, and I thought of a way, as you see, to escape."

"Well, you are safe here, dear Diane. They shall never take you back."

She bursts into shrill laughter.

"No, no, St. Lambert," she says. "I am not so easily deceived. Your plot is at fault."

"I would not harm you, Diane. Do I not love you?"

"Not harm me! As if I did not know it was you who contrived to send me to the asylum, in the first place!"

"I!" he exclaims.

"You! That is why I was resolved to come back and meet you again, and *make you answer for it!*"

Something chill and ominous—a dread, a presentiment—seizes upon him.

"Nay, we will talk of this presently. You are very tired; let us go down."

"Why did you send me there, St. Lambert?"

He is bewildered, not knowing how to deal with her

She looks at him steadily for a moment or two, still rubbing her hands restlessly together, and then repeats her question.

He shudders. There is something terrible in madness when we meet it face to face and alone.

"Diane, your imagination has deceived you," he says, in a very calm voice, and casting about for some stratagem by which she may be led away. "I always loved you, and would have been the last person in the world to do you harm. Listen to me, dear. Don't you remember before you went away that I was blind?"

"Blind!"

"Yes. Well, God has returned me my sight. Are you not glad?"

"Blind!"

It is clear that she has forgotten this. There is one expedient more—Victor. He resolves to try that.

"Let us go to The Hermitage, and see our little boy. Victor is always asking for you."

A dull gaze meets his own. She has forgotten even her own child!

"Don't you remember little Victor?" he pleads. "Come, give me your hand, and let us go."

"Traitor, you cannot deceive me again!" she cries, suddenly. "You must answer for the past!"

She suddenly springs upon him like a tigress, and, with the strength which madness gives even to the weakest, she seizes his throat and pushes him backward toward the edge of the cliff.

The attack is so sudden and startling, that he is at first unable to make any resistance.

But he comes to himself, and they struggle there.

He begs her to desist, but his words are unheeded, and then he cries aloud for help with all his might.

The contest is frightful. They stand on the very brink of the hideous precipice. The maniac designs that they shall both go over it together.

With a wild effort he shakes himself from her desperate clutch; she throws up her hands, and then totters.

He sees her no more. The place where she had stood is vacant.

There is silence, except that the sea-birds croak as before, and the hoarse murmur of the sea mingles with their sinister voices.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRUTH.

Half an hour afterward he knows the body has been found, by the faces he meets as he enters the study of the gloomy Hermitage.

Aurelie and Dr. Buzenval are there.

"How did she escape?" asks St. Lambert, after a silence.

"In spite of all our vigilance," answers Aurelie; "I followed after as speedily as possible, but came——"

"Too late!" he finished, sadly. "Well, Dr. Buzenval, I have killed my wife, the mother of my child. It was not a deliberate murder, but it is none the less true that she died by my hand. I threw her from me, and she fell."

"She died by the will of heaven, neither by your hand nor her own," answers the physician, reverently.

"Well," continues the other, "my poor boy is, indeed, without a mother now."

"No," answers Aurelie; "not while I live."

St. Lambert does not seem to attend to this speech. Dr. Buzenval advances.

"My friend, by the letter which I dropped in the grounds to-day you discovered a secret," he says. "You have blamed me for the deception. The time has arrived, St. Lambert, when you must learn the full truth."

The young man looks at them both, puzzled. Is this all some fantastic dream?

Dr. Buzenval proceeds:

"You are not a widower, St. Lambert; your son is not without a mother."

St. Lambert makes a gesture of impatience.

"This is not the time for riddles; besides, they are amusement for children," he rejoins.

"You were, as we deemed, on your death-bed when that marriage took place," continues the physician, more rapidly, and passing by preliminaries. "By the will, you must marry Aurelie to obtain the legacy of your aunt; but you loved Diane. It was thought you would die, and what mattered it whom you wedded, so far as you yourself were concerned? You were blind, and could not tell one sister from the other. Forgive me, St. Lambert, but you married Aurelie."

St. Lambert turns pale, and staggers.

He sees in a dim corner of the room the old housekeeper, Madame Formey, and the valet Bordeau, who have come in.

"There are the witnesses to the truth of my words," says the physician, pointing them out.

"Aurelie, my wife!"

"You recovered, but never knew the difference. With Aurelie, you were as perfectly happy as you would have been with Diane had Diane not been afflicted. What atonement, then, was it for my deception when I was aware that poor Diane was mad!"

"I suspected something, but not the truth," murmurs St. Lambert, like a man dreaming.

"The legacy was also still yours. You see, my friend, if you had died it could not have passed from the family, and those two girls, so incapable of making a subsistence for themselves, would always be sure of a competence. That, you will admit, was worldly prudence."

"It was wise and friendly to think of it," the young man returns.

"The child was born. There was another comfort—no danger of his inheriting a mother's madness."

"Thank God!" whispers St. Lambert.

"And, finally, poor Diane is no more—she is, by the mercy of Heaven, at peace. You have still a true wife who loves you, and your son has still his mother." St. Lambert seizes Aurelie and presses her to his bosom, and her tears are falling fast.

Then he steps away, and is about to offer his hand to Dr. Buzenval, when a thought strikes him.

He starts back.

"You have deceived me once—how can I know that this is not deception? How am I to be assured, sir, that this lady is my wife, and the mother of my child?"

The doctor signs to Madame Formey.

She opens the door, and a boy enters. It is little Victor.

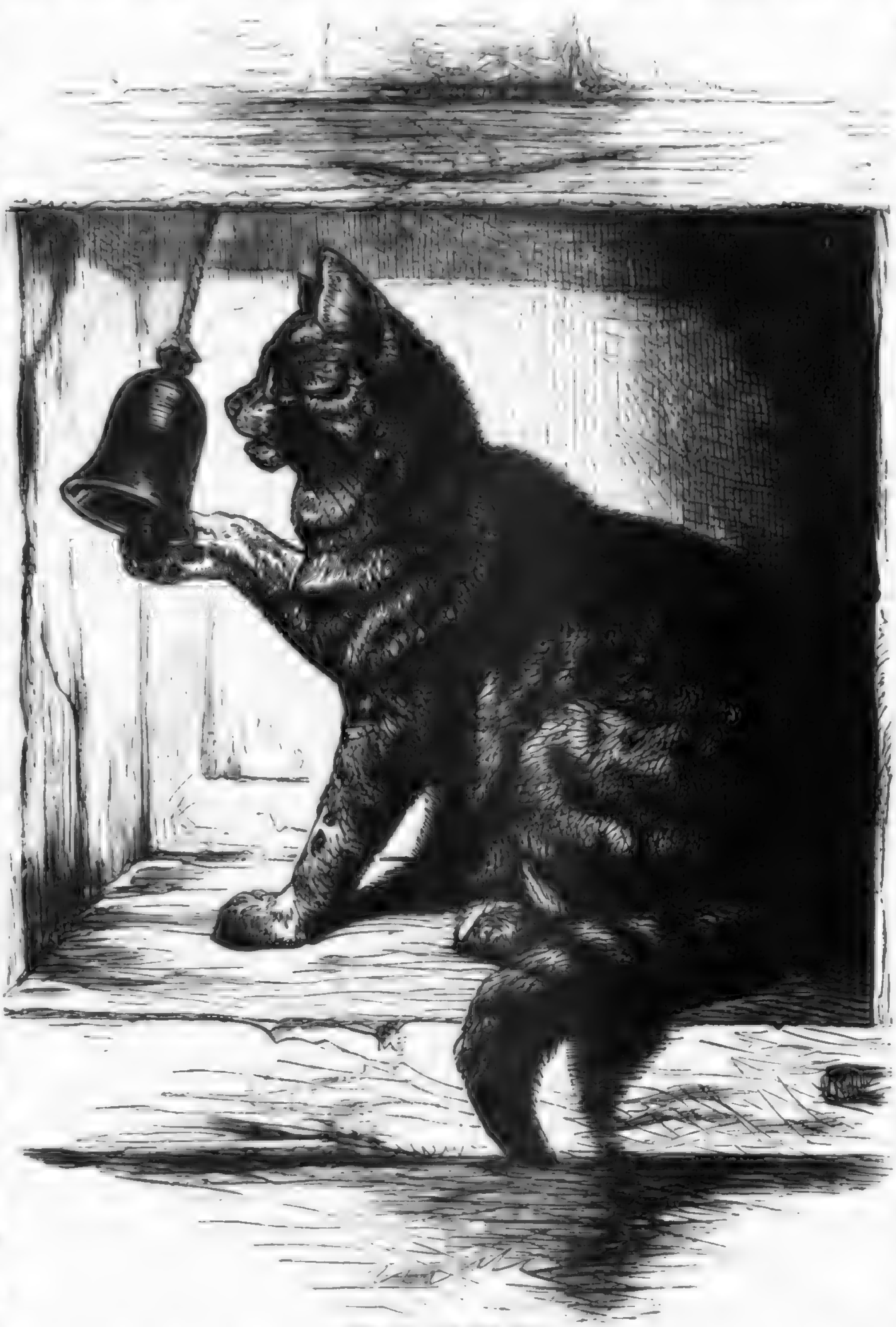
He catches sight of Aurelie, and cries:

"Mamma, mamma! you have come back at last!"

A sob, a step, and they are clasped together.

Then it is that St. Lambert shakes the honest hand of his old friend.

"Forgive my doubts, doctor. The child's heart speaks a truth that none can gainsay, and God has known best!"

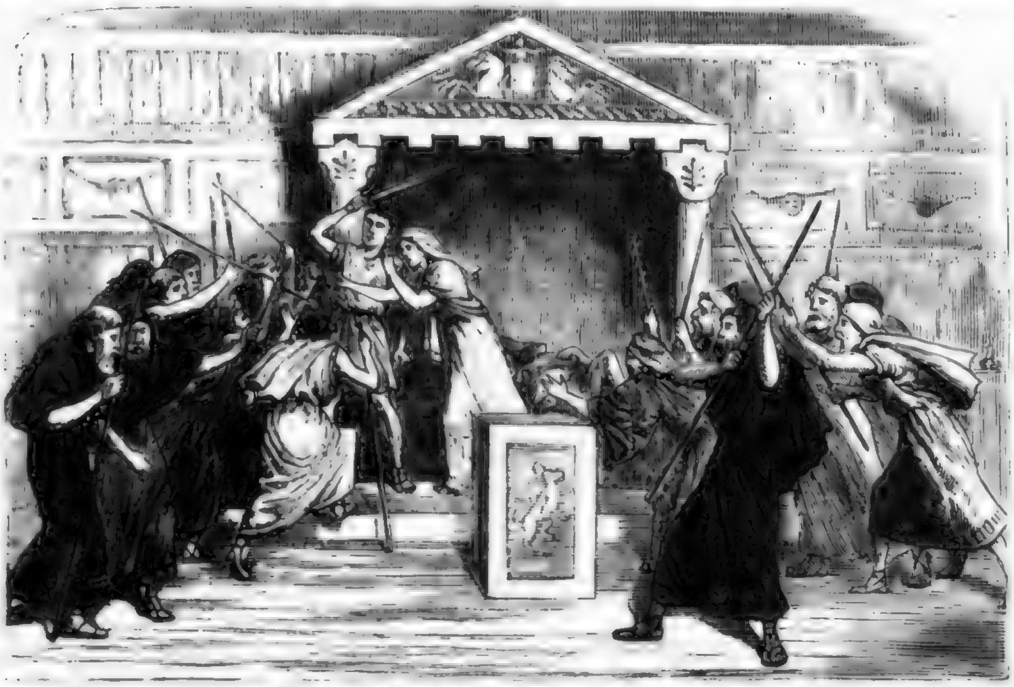


THE CAT AND THE BELL.

THE CAT AND THE BELL.

In a cloister in France, where the hours of meals were announced by the ringing of a bell, a cat was always in attendance as soon as it was heard—that she, too, according to custom, might be fed. One day it happened that pussy was shut up in a room by herself when the bell rang, so she was not able to avail herself of the summons. Some hours after, she was let out, and instantly ran to the spot where dinner was always left for her, but no dinner was to be found.

Pussy did not like the idea of going without her meal, so, fancying if she could ring the bell it would be served up, she ran to the bell, and set it ringing. The inmates of the cloister, hearing the bell at an unusual hour, came to see what was the cause of it. How great was their sur-



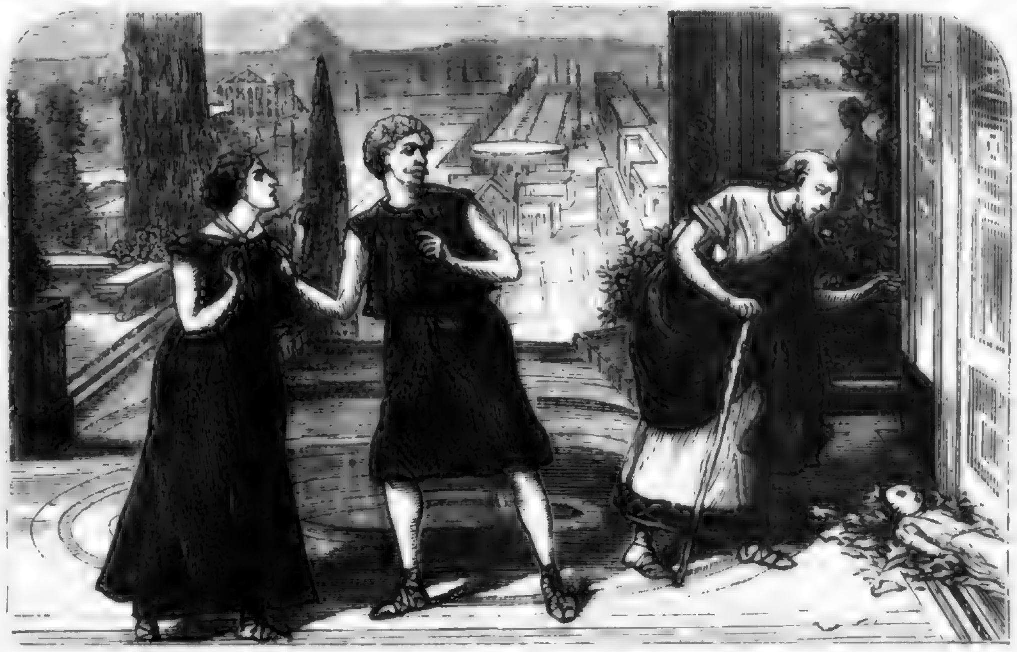
SCENE FROM THE "AGAMEMNON," BY ÆSCHYLUS.

prise when they found the cat striking the bell with her paw, and making known her want as well as she was able!

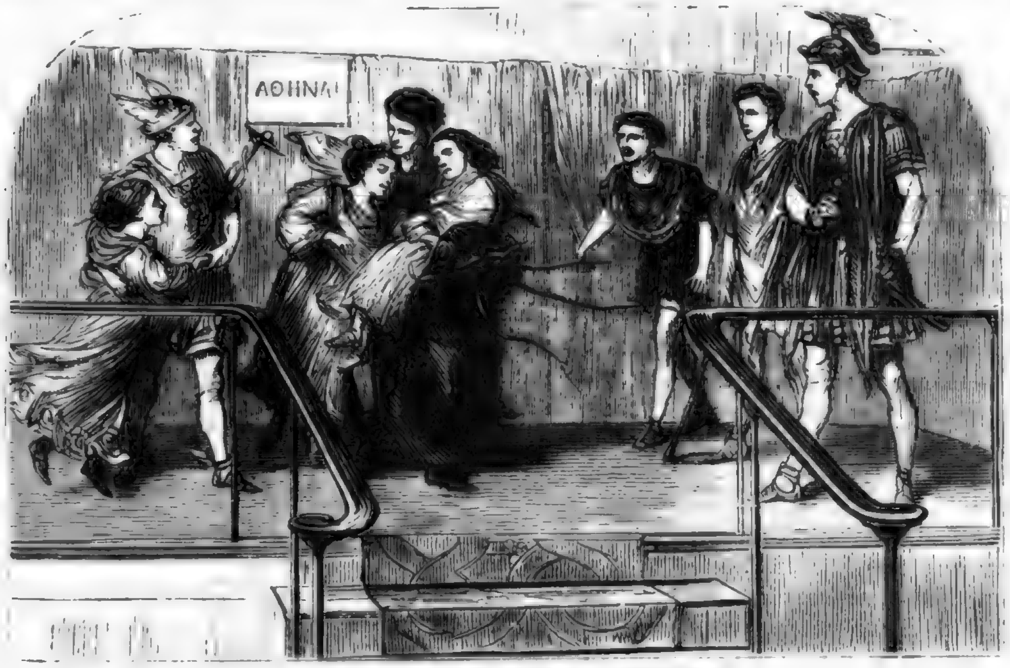
THE CLASSICAL DRAMA.

The recent triumph at Harvard, where the "boys" performed the Œdipus of Sophocles in the Greek, has drawn a good deal of attention to the classical drama, and as the subject is ever ancient, yet always new, I propose to speak of the plays as done in "colleges of renown" on both sides of the Atlantic.

The form of the drama which is accepted and followed in Europe, divided chiefly into tragedy and comedy, was the creation of the ancient Greeks. The religious festivities of Bacchus were believed to have been introduced into Greece by Melampus. In the Bacchic ritual an ode in honor of the god was recited; to produce the best ode, which should be selected by the priests to be inserted into their ceremony, became a favorite contest among the poets. A goat was either the principal sacrifice at the altar, or the prize awarded to the successful competitor; thus, from the two words, *tragos*, a goat, and *ode*, song, came a fresh word, *tragodia*, tragedy (literally, goat and song).



SCENE FROM THE "ANDRIA," BY TERENCE.



SCENE FROM THE "PAX," BY ARISTOPHANES.

The Greek drama sprang from the ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. Sophocles, whom the Harvard boys have so successfully wooed, made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity, not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance, but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the reform further. but it was a task far beyond his power—perhaps beyond any power. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He, as Macaulay has so happily hit it, substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Susarion, 750 B.C., recited an ode at Athens. In 535 Thespis recited an ode, with responses by a dithyrambic chorus, and in this we have the first germs of dialogue.

Out of these rude elements Æschylus, about 500, created the drama as we beheld it at Harvard. Nothing essential has since been added to its structure. He removed the chorus into the background, and used it only as an auxiliary. He brought a second actor upon the scene, and introduced a dialogue; thus the drama became an action instead of a narrative. From Æschylus we have the dramatic rules known as the "unities." Thirty years later Sophocles introduced a third actor, and thus diffused the dialogue and fertilized the action. As a dramatic poet he surpassed Æschylus by a noble grace and a sweet majesty. Fifteen years afterward, Euripides enabled Greece to behold as contemporaries the three greatest purely tragic poets the world has produced.

The dramas of Æschylus are dark, gloomy and terrible; thunder and lightning are their atmosphere, and demigods their *dramatis personæ;* his human beings are gigantic in moral stature, and removed above our sympathies. Sophocles drew human nature as it ought to be; Euripides depicted men and women as they were. The origin of the drama is popularly but erroneously ascribed to Thespis. This *improvisatore* did no more than improve upon the dithyrambics; he first organized a regular chorus, and invented dances of peculiar energy and grace; but his performances were a kind of ballet-farce. The tragedy of the Greeks was a fable, or a series of events begotten of each other in a natural sequence. It began with a simple position, so selected that the auditors required no explanation to understand the present condition of affairs. The development of the characters was required to be simultaneous with the action, the one being involved in the other. The action should not stray from the one place beyond such a limit as the time employed in the performance might naturally permit; nor should a lapse of time take place during the piece longer than a day. These unities of action, time and place, so strenuously insisted upon by the French dramatists, were not always strictly observed by the Greeks. The Greek tragedy was often composed in "trilogies," or three distinct plays, all connected—such, for example, was the trilogy of Æschylus, formed of the "Agamemnon," the "Chöephori," and the "Eumenides." In the first, Agamemnon, returning from the siege of Troy, is murdered by his wife Clytemnestra; in the second, Orestes, Agamemnon's son, avenges his father by the slaughter of his mother; in the third, Orestes is pursued by the Furies for the unnatural deed—the gods cannot agree upon his case, until Minerva decides in his favor, and releases him from the torture of the avenging divinities. These three conjoined formed a complete action.

The early history of comedy is more obscure than that of tragedy. The earliest comic poet of whom we have remains is Aristophanes, who flourished nearly a century after Æschylus. He was the last of what was called the old school. Comedy was divided into three forms—the old, the middle, and the new. In the first or old comedy, the characters were real living personages, who were freely satirized under their real names. This license was soon so abused that a law was passed, forbidding the names of real personages to be used in comedy. This impediment produced the second or middle comedy, where the prohibition was evaded by giving fictitious names to the real characters, and distinguished the individual intended to be satirized by a mask, or by some unmistakable inference. The middle comedy lasted about fifty years, when it was superseded by the third or new comedy; in this form the characters and the subject were fictitious; and as the old satirized and ridiculed statesmen, orators, and generals under their real names, so the new was aimed at abstract vice, and not at the individual offender.

The Romans derived their drama from the Greeks. Terence, Plautus and Seneca are the only Latin dramatists worthy of mention, and these are but translators and imitators of the Greek. The only element introduced by the Romans into the drama was farce, an invention of the Tuscans; buffoonery became more popular than wit. In truth, the Roman people took little pleasure in pure intellectual amusement; they preferred to watch the agonies of the body suffered in the circus, rather than sympathize with the woes of the soul simulated in the theatre. Thus ended the first or classic age of the drama.

As the Westminster Play has come to be regarded as the classical drama at its very best, I propose to say something about it ere I come to the Harvard triumph of this year. The fine old, original, legitimate, classical drama was invented more than two thousand years ago, and nightly performed before an admiring Roman audience, under the distinguished patronage of Scipio Africanus and C. Lælius, esquires, who were mightily taken with a clever young playwright of the day, say, for example, one Publius Afer, a born slave in the service of Mr. Senator Terentius Lucanus. That worthy magistrate, perceiving his *protégé* to be a youth of promise, gave him his freedom and his own name at the same time; and he did wisely, for the name has lived for twenty centuries, and will live as long as mortal lips can speak—as long as ink and paper can be found to print it.

Well, the theatre has nothing much to boast of in its external aspect. It was built by the great Lord Burlington, it is true, in an era of architectural magnificence, but it has undergone much alteration since that day, and from the side which we approach it looks, it must be confessed, rather dingy. There is a battered old door at the entrance, and young ladies who arrive there as visitors to the play look around them with a curious air, and wonder what manner of place this may be, which looks so much like a hospital, a guard-room, a union-house—anything but that College of St. Peter about which they have heard their brothers talk so much. Yet, St. Peter's College it is; and here it stands, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, close to that venerable school where statesmen, poets, soldiers—hundreds who have won a name in the world's history—began their race in life. From this threshold young Warren Hastings stepped out on his brilliant career; so brilliant, indeed, that the first dark cloud which gathered round his fame was lost in the splendor of its sunshine. There was a puny, spirit-broken schoolfellow of his, who, after shaking hands with his boy-friend, and wishing him God-speed, I dare say turned away to muse alone in some dark corner of the cloister. It was William Cowper, whose delicate frame and sensitive disposition ill fitted him for the trials of a public school. Years afterward, when half Europe cried shame upon the Governor-general of Bengal, the pure, good, gentle boy had grown to manhood, and become a poet—a poet whose rhymes breathed nothing but of innocence and virtue, and who refused to believe that his old comrade, Warren Hastings, was anything but virtuous and innocent.

A century before this day, Master John Dryden was cutting his name on the school-benches, with no doubt a well-thumbed "Virgil" at his side. Had he heard, I wonder, of the bricklayer's 'prentice who, thirty years before, turned up his nose at his stepfather's honest calling, and ran off to fight with the army in Holland? You may see that graceless truant's name in the Abbey over the way. He was brought up at Westminster—"O Rare Ben Jonson!" Lord Raglan, who died before Sebastopol, and Lord John Russell, were Westminster boys.

Let us ascend the grim stone staircase to the dormitory, over 170 feet long, the walls scribbled over with ten thousand names. We pass on to the end of the room, and underneath a huge scaffolding, where we are arrested by a barrier. Uttering the open sesame, "Old Westminster" —meaning thereby a man who has been educated at the school—we get in front of the proscenium. Dreary masses of black coats rise in tiers one behind the other, terminating in a nine-inch plank some dozen feet below the ceiling; and all along the narrow foot-board, packed as close as herrings in a barrel, three score of little gentlemen, whose ages vary from ten to fourteen, take up their positions and smile benignantly. These are "the gods," that nine-inch plank "Olympus."

And who is that superior but youthful deity of seventeen, in a college cap and white choker, who wields a cane with such an air of authority, as he casts a watchful glance up and down the celestial ranks? That is the god-keeper, Saturnian Jove himself, *regnator Olympi.* Have we not all heard of his awful nod? I tell you, the "gods" themselves tremble before him and his pliant sceptre. When that dread weapon is upraised during the performance their divine majesties must applaud—ay, and continue the approbation until the Thunderer bids them cease.

Black coats at the foot of Olympus—those are the visitors; black coats in the body of the hall—those are the "Old Westminsters"; black coats on the seats to the right of the stage—those are the old Westminsters of a younger sort; black coats to the left of the stage—those are old Westminsters of an *older* sort. Black coats, in short, everywhere. What! no crimson, and blue, and white, and yellow opera-cloaks? no *frou-frou* of silks and satins, no gorgeous headdresses, nor golden wavy hair, or auburn, or chestnut, or raven, to enliven the scene?

Yes, a few, very few, ladies, about twenty-five in all, sitting together, according to a venerable tradition, on the right of the stage. These are relatives of the dramatic company, and I question whether any other fair visitors would care to sit three hours on not the most comfortable bench, and listen to a Latin play.

The head master enters and takes his seat, surrounded by the under masters and his friends and guests, and a minute or two afterward the tinkling of a bell is heard, the curtain is raised, and a young man, dressed in full academical, with knee-breeches and black silk stockings, steps upon the stage. It is the captain, or head Queen's scholar of the school. He bows toward the centre of the auditorium, then he takes a few steps to the right and bows again, then he goes to the left and repeats that ceremony; all this time the little *claqueurs* above have been hard at work, until one would think their hands must be quite sore. At last a signal is given, and silence is established. *In cœlo quies;* the gods are hushed, and the captain begins his prologue.

The prologue delivered, the curtain rises again; this time upon the play itself—let us say the fine old classical comedy of the "Adelphi." How shall I describe the plot, recount the various incidents of the piece, and help you to imagine the humorous "situations" which constitute the chief excellence of the Terentian Drama?

Two thousand years have passed away since Afer wrote. Two thousand years! What are your associations with that remote and eminently classical age?

Pshaw! the great comedy of life was then what it is now—full of intrigue, of plot and passion, of love and hate, of injured innocence and roguery. Old heads wagged in counsel, and young hearts throbbed with ardor, over the pallium and beneath the tunic, just as ours do to-day in modern dress. *Davus* and *Geta* played their tricks with somewhat more impudence than New York servants; but *Pamphilus* and *Antipho* sighing over their mistresses, *Captain Thraso* joking with *Miss Thais,* poor *Nausistrata* bewailing her wrongs—are not these parts acted over and over again in our own times? But let the boys begin the play. Here is its story:

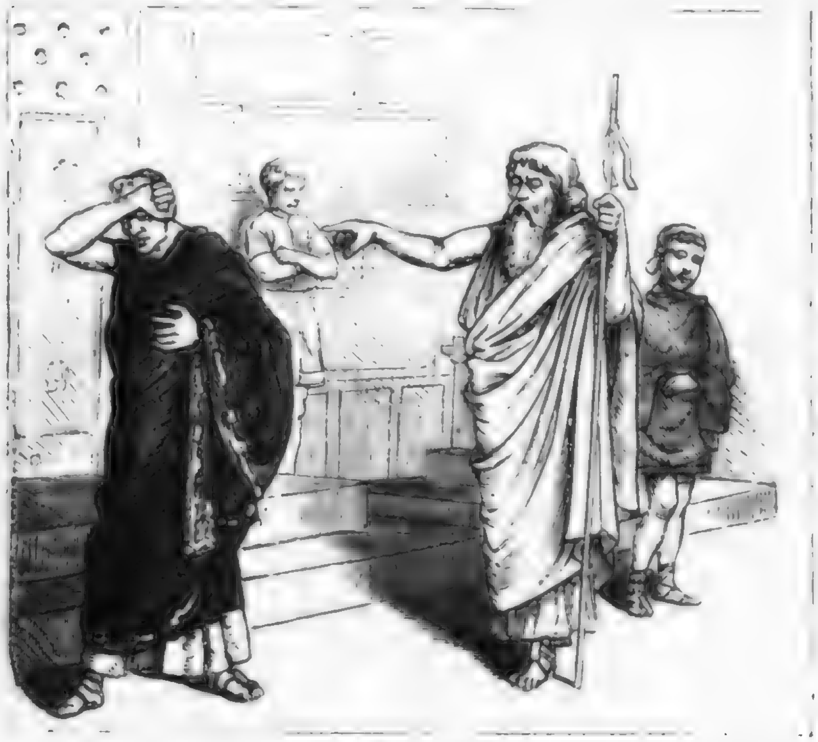
Demea and *Micio* are two old Grecian brothers of different pursuits, philosophy, and temperament. *Demea* is a country gentleman and widower, with old-fashioned notions of discipline, and a somewhat choleric disposition, who has two sons, *Æschinus* and *Ctesipho. Micio,* on the contrary, who lives at Athens, is an easy-going bachelor, indulgent to youth, but with enough worldly wisdom to win the respect of *Æschinus,* his nephew—a sad scapegrace of the *Charles Surface* type—whom he has adopted. The escapades of this young gentleman are a source of anxiety to his father, who is continually taking *Micio* to task for over-lenience to his son. He contrasts the young reprobate with the sober, thrifty and prudent *Ctesipho,* whom he looks upon as a model young farmer, and whom he has brought up on his own place.

Micio—who reasons like Colonel Pendennis in a toga—defends himself by saying that young men will be young men, preach as you will, and reminds his brother that he might have been no better himself forty years ago if his purse had not been too slender then for a fast life. He argues, moreover, that by avoiding severity he has secured the confidence of his nephew; which, by the way, is more than *Demea* can say of his other son.

Indeed, if *Æschinus* may be compared to *Charles Surface,* the resemblance between *Ctesipho* as Mr. *Joseph Surface* is not less striking. While appearing in his father's eyes a miracle of propriety, he has secretly meditated an intrigue with a music girl, whom he persuades his brother to carry off for him. This flagrant act becomes the town-talk of Athens, and poor *Æschinus* has not only to bear all the blame of his father and uncle, but incur the high displeasure of Miss *Pamphila,* a young lady whom he ought to have married long ago.

While all this is going on there is a good deal of comic business introduced by one *Syrus,* a faithful servant of the family, who has but one weakness, which, being one of a bacchanalian character, only serves to sustain his character as a wit, and certainly makes him no less a favorite in the eyes of his audience. In fact, *Syrus* plays a very important part in the piece. He cudgels *Sannio,* a gentleman of doubtful character, who tries to interfere with his plans. With the utmost good nature he helps the young men through their difficulties, and with not more lies than are absolutely necessary to the plot. He sends old *Demea* half over the town on a fool's errand in search of his brother, and makes himself generally amusing.

However, in the fourth act, he is overtaken in his cups, and the rustic father, who comes back furious, pounces upon Master *Ctesipho* unawares. Then, of course, ensues a tremendous *dénouement.* The young farmer appears in his true light, and *Demea,* enraged at finding that his favorite son has deceived him, forgets that this is due to his own severity, and lays the whole blame on *Micio,* who defends himself and the boys.

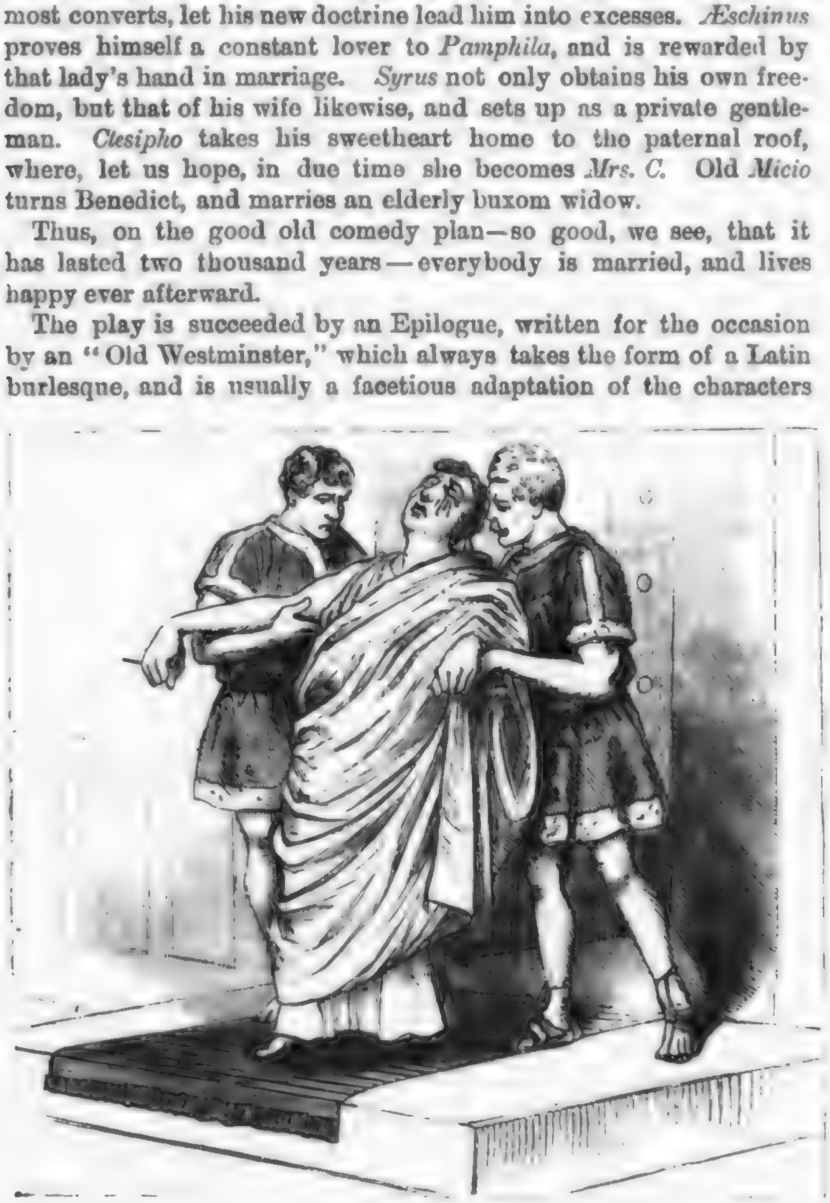


TIRESIAS' PROPHECY.

The play concludes with the reconciliation of *Demea* to his sons, after a long soliloquy, in which he proves himself so much a convert to his brother's teaching that we begin to fear he may, like most converts, let his new doctrine lead him into excesses. *Æschinus* proves himself a constant lover to *Pamphila*, and is rewarded by that lady's hand in marriage. *Syrus* not only obtains his own freedom, but that of his wife likewise, and sets up as a private gentleman. *Ctesipho* takes his sweetheart home to the paternal roof, where, let us hope, in due time she becomes *Mrs. C.* Old *Micio* turns Benedict, and marries an elderly buxom widow.

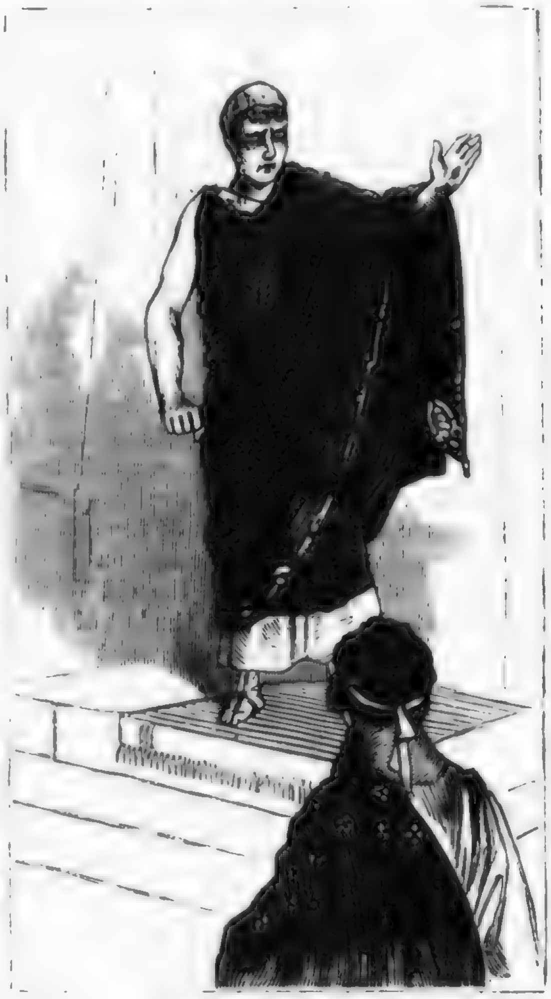
Thus, on the good old comedy plan—so good, we see, that it has lasted two thousand years—everybody is married, and lives happy ever afterward.

The play is succeeded by an Epilogue, written for the occasion by an "Old Westminster," which always takes the form of a Latin burlesque, and is usually a facetious adaptation of the characters of the piece to some popular topic of the day. And now arises a cry of "Cap! cap!" from the body of the auditorium. A brand-new college "trencher" passes round from hand to hand among the "Old Westminsters," and the chinking of gold on all sides shows at once their appreciation of the performance, and a well-cherished memory of bygone days.



ŒDIPUS BLINDED.

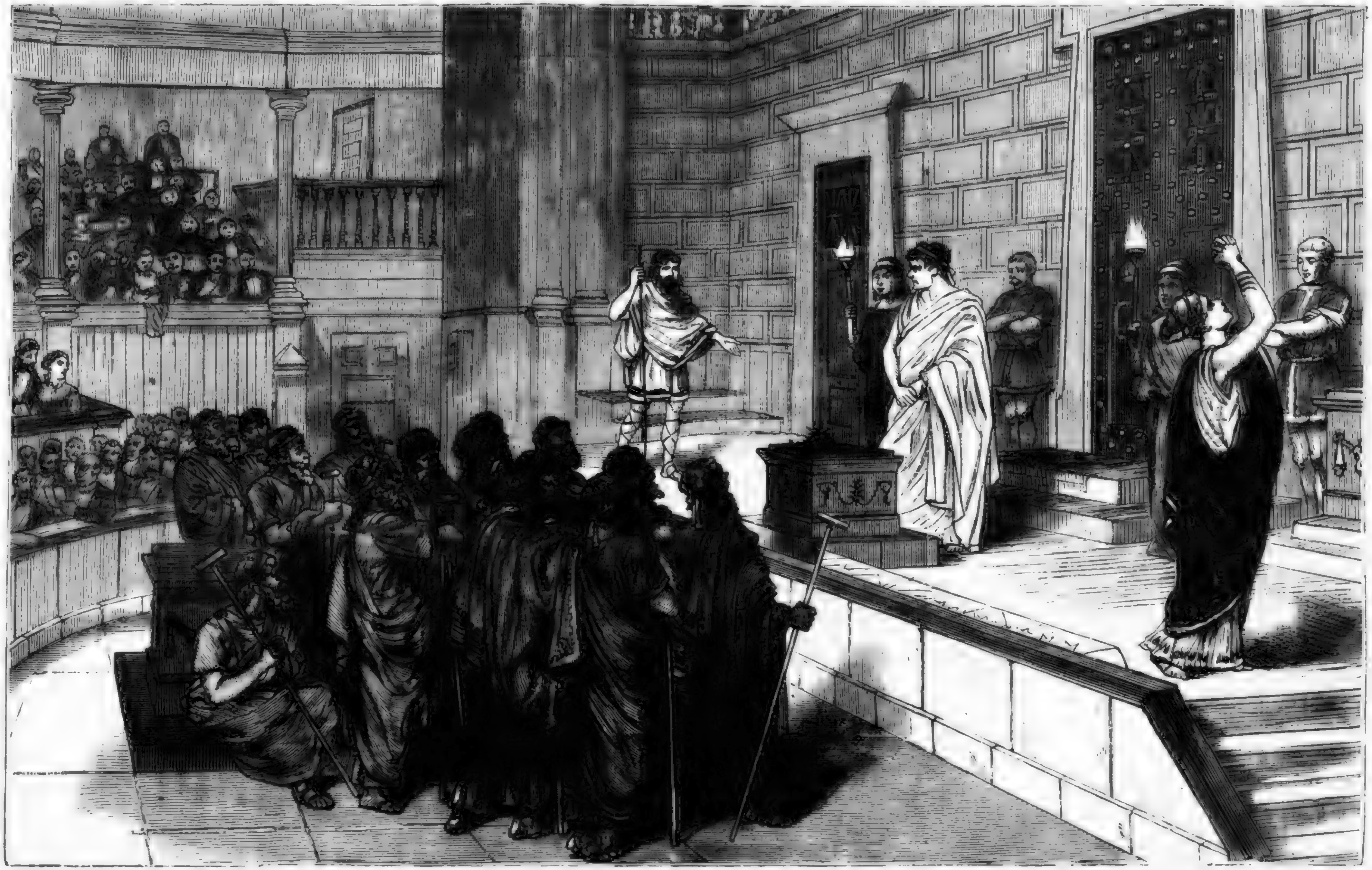
Between the acts, in accordance with a time-honored custom, the ladies are supplied with ices and negus, by one of the Queen's scholars, selected for that graceful office; and when the curtain finally falls there is a rush of "Old Westminsters" behind the scenes, where sack whey, a traditional, delightful, and highly unwholesome beverage, is ladled out for their consumption. After the play, and when the *corps dramatique* have changed their buskins and togas for caps and gowns, a gorgeous supper takes place in the college, to which the boys' friends are bidden.



ŒDIPUS AND CREON.

Now for a leap from Athens to Boston on the night of the 17th of May, 1881.

The Harvard boys resolved upon doing a Greek play. Why not? The Greek play was an institution in English universities, and, assuredly, Harvard was not one whit behind the schools in Merrie England. The various Greek dramatists were brought under discussion, from Æschylus to Aristophanes, for the broad buffoonery of the latter is more in keeping with the spirit of the period; but Sophocles won on his "Œdipus Tyrannus," and the selection was a wise one.



SCENE FROM THE "ŒDIPUS" OF SOPHOCLES, AS PERFORMED AT HARVARD COLLEGE ON MAY 17TH, 1881.

Sanders' Theatre, which forms one wing of the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, is a semi-circular amphitheatre, facing a very shallow stage. The scenery was not shifted throughout the performance, and represented the kingly palace at Thebes. A wall of huge blocks of stone supported a frieze representing a series of graceful bas-reliefs, the figures being white on a dark-red background. Upon this frieze stood sixteen columns of the Ionic order, which again supported an architrave. The great height of the façade thus obtained, in comparison to the scenery of most theatres, was very effective, especially as there was no curtain, and the roof of the theatre was of dark wood—so that the palace seemed to stand out in its massive outlines against an unlimited background. There were three doors in the front, the middle one being larger than the other two. They were of the ancient type found in Egypt and lately in Mycenæ—three blocks of stone, two of them inclined inward and the third laid across the top. Immediately in front of the palace was the shallow stage, from which two steps led up to the middle door, the side-doors not being used in the performance. Upon this stage were three altars, and here the principal action took place. In front of this acting stage, and about five feet lower was the open space where the chorus moved, as did the *Choragus* in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, for a full description of which see the August number of this magazine of last year. It was semi-circular, so as to form the centre of the amphitheatre. There was an altar in the middle, and a broad way leading right and left off the stage. The orchestra and supplementary chorus sat in a semi-circle round this lower stage, separated from it by a wooden barrier as high as a table, and from the audience by a height of about six feet. The footlights were placed along the front of the upper or acting stage.

All the costumes were those of the Athenians of the age of Pericles, for, as the personages in the play are mythical, they could not be represented with strict historical accuracy. It was the Dorian style of costume, as the wearing of clasp-pins, for example, indicated, the Athenian women having been forbidden to wear such pins, because on one occasion they used them to put out the eyes of unsuccessful warriors returning home from an important expedition. In this play, *Œdipus*, in the agony and despair of his misfortune, puts out his own eyes with the clasp-pin which he takes from the wedding garment of his mother, wife and queen, *Jocasta.*

Mr. F. D. Millet, of Harvard, 1869, undertook the very difficult and æsthetic task of designing and turning out all the costumes. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* He did his work to perfection. The costume, modified according to the individual characters, consisted, in general terms, of two garments: a *chiton*, or tunic, and an *himation*, or mantle. The *chiton* is a simple, straight sack of thin cloth, without sleeves, gathered at the shoulders; the *himation* is a square piece of cloth twice the height of the wearer in length, and once his height in width. The tunic is gathered at the waist. The mantle is thrown much the same way as the Roman toga. The sandals, in various styles, are generally simple soles with lacework covering the heels, and bound to the ankles by strings. The traveling personages wore the *chlamys*, or short cloak. With this is worn a short tunic and sandals of a peculiar shape, lacing up to the knee. The *petasos*, a strange-looking broad-brimmed hat, was also worn with this costume. The shepherds wore rough skins. Whatever the care given to the ornamentation and choice of colors, nothing proved so charming as the simple cream-white garments of the priests. All these costumes were modeled on the exact pattern of their date, as nearly as could be ascertained, and the picture made by the characters as they stood in front of the Greek palace was unique and exceedingly interesting. The actors wore their garments just as the Greeks did, with no artificial contrivances for looping or holding the folds (except the simple clasp-pins used then), and with nothing under the costumes that could in any way interfere with the hanging and action of the drapery.

The tragedy is founded upon this story: *Œdipus*, a mythological King of Thebes, was the son of *Laïus* and *Jocasta.* An oracle having informed *Laïus* that he should be killed by his son, the infant was exposed on Mount Citheron, with his feet pierced and bound together. He was found by a shepherd and brought to *King Polybus*, of Corinth, who, being childless, adopted him, and called him *Œdipus*, from his swollen feet. He grew up in ignorance of his birth, and once, being taunted with not being the son of the King, he consulted the oracle at Delphi, which answered: "Avoid the soil of thy country, or thou wilt be the murderer of thy father, and the husband of thy mother." Supposing Corinth was meant, he determined not to return. On the road between Delphi and Daulis he met *Laïus*, and was ordered by the charioteer to make way; an affray ensued, in which he killed both his father and the charioteer. At this time the Sphinx was laying waste the territory of Thebes, proposing a riddle to any passer-by, and devouring all who were unable to solve it. The Thebans offered the crown and the hand of *Queen Jocasta* in marriage to him who should free the country from the monster. *Œdipus* undertook the task, and the following riddle was given to him: "A being with four feet has two feet and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most it is weakest." *Œdipus* announced that it was a man, who in infancy crawls upon all-fours, in manhood walks erect, and in old age supports himself by a staff. The Sphinx hereupon destroyed herself, and *Œdipus* obtained the crown and married his mother, who bore him two sons, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, and two daughters, *Antigone* and *Ismene.*

A pestilence desolating the land on account of this incestuous alliance, the oracle ordered the expulsion of the murderer of *Laïus*, and a proclamation was issued announcing a curse upon the unknown criminal, and declaring him to be an exile. *Œdipus* is informed by the prophet *Tiresias* that he himself is the parricide, and the husband of his mother. *Jocasta* hanged herself, and *Œdipus* put out his eyes.

The acting was admirable, Mr. Riddle's performance in the *rôle* of *Œdipus* portraying close study and a thorough perception of the character. The orchestra and chorus were flawless. The Harvards have won their laurels.

We illustrate a scene from the performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, at Balliol College, Oxford, produced last season, and which was considered a bold experiment—one that has seldom been attempted. In the prologue two of the actors disclaimed any intention of producing a *fac simile* of a Greek drama, but stated that they had been guided throughout by the one desire of giving the work the best dramatic expression in their power. Thus, there were no masks, and the drama was curtailed, Hermann's text being adopted. Our illustration shows the last scene, when, after the murder of *Agamemnon* by *Clytemnestra*, she turns to *Ægisthus*, and speaks the final words:

> "Heed not their idle barking; thou and I,
> Ruling the palace, fitly will ordain."

We also illustrate scenes from Terence's "Andrea" and from the "Pax" of Aristophanes, where *Trygæus*, on his horse-beetle, mounts to Olympus, in order to seek peace amongst the gods.

HYAS—A CLASSIC LEGEND.

Rapt up to the heavens amid the Constellation, Fridolin, a little student, guided by the Moon, heard the Hyades thus bewailing their brother. If you listen you will hear his whole story:

"Fair amongst lands wast thou, O Mauritania! rich were the fruits and flowers that sprang from thy fertile soil, and tall and spreading were thy broad-leaved trees, land of our childhood! wherein we lived a happy life, unshaded by a single care, until we lost thee, Hyas. Then was there joy no more when thou wert gone: dark grew the sunny skies, the trees bowed down their heads, the flowers we gathered withered away, and the fruit grew bitter to our taste. Thou didst take our happiness with thee, O Hyas, and there is no joy since thou art gone!

"Great, too, wast thou, O Atlas, King of Mauritania! Thy thousand flocks fed amidst emerald pastures. Who was so rich, who like unto thee, O Atlas, our father? Fair wert thou, O Pleione, daughter of Oceanis, mother of twelve fair daughters and of one fair son—our mother, and the mother of Hyas!"

Then Phaola broke off, and the wailing chorus rose:

"O Hyas! beautiful Hyas! there is no peace since thou art gone!"

Then the next sister spoke:

"A lofty mountain rises in Mauritania; widespread are its foundations, and its summit reaches to heaven. Majestic it stands, and with a kingly mien looks down on the desert land around. For thou art still a king in nature, O Atlas, our father!

"When the victorious Perseus, returning from his conquest, strewed the land with serpents, he, with the Gorgon's head, turned thee into a mountain, and from the skies he looks upon thee as a monument of his glory, and thou, raising thy head, dost say:

"'I thank thee, Perseus, that thou hast rendered me immortal in my own loved land. Now shall I never leave the spot where rests the dust of Hyas.'"

And then the wail was heard again:

"There is no joy since Hyas is gone!"

Then Fridolin said to the Moon:

"Why do not the Pleiades weep also for Hyas?"

And the Moon answered:

"They had other cares that weighed more heavily upon them. But listen! another is taking up the song."

Then Eudora struck a melancholy chord upon the harp, and sang:

"O Hyas! beautiful Hyas! there was none like thee in the land—fair as Adonis, swift as Mercury, graceful as Apollo, who could compare with thee? Foremost in the chase, thine arrow with unerring aim brought down the prey. No fatigue could daunt thee, no danger move thee. Ever the woods rang with the notes of thy joyous horn, and the dogs greeted with a delight the sound of thy voice. Eager they awaited thy commands, and pursued the game as none other but Actæon's hounds could have done. No beast of the forest was fiercer than thou wert in the battle; thy spear dealt death to many a savage foe."

There was a pause; the Hyades played no more upon their harps, but in a sort of recitative chanted:

"The day broke, and the black night-clouds fled away. The sun sent slanting rays through the dark forest boughs, and cast a thousand flickering shadows on the tangled brake, and lighted up the dew-drops till the leaves seemed gemmed with diamonds. The birds woke up and made the thicket ring with their clear, thrilling notes. And Hyas rose and girded himself for the chase.

"We saw him depart in the pride of youth and beauty, so full of life and vigor that he seemed to us immortal. He took his bow, he took his quiver, he took his long gleaming spear.

"Fair was Hyas when he went forth that morning, fairer still when the evening sun shone upon him. He went forth in life, he returned in death! The wild boar turned upon him, and Hyas fell. The savage beast gored him, and the crimson blood dripped over his white skin—it trickled in ruby streams over his ivory body; and they bore him home, cold and dead.

"Whiter than marble, fairer than any chiseled statue, more beautiful in death than even he had been in life, Hyas came home to us.

"We looked upon him, and we wept. We gazed upon him till his image was engraven on our hearts, and nothing can take it away.

"Hyas! Hyas, there is no joy since thou art gone!"

MIST AT MORN.

By Hugh W. Griffith.

Belts of woodland circling around
Luxuriant masses of green,
Zone after zone of rolling mist
Wavering up between.

Zephyrs dancing down through its depths,
While the sweep of their dresses whirl
The rolling mist in a thousand
Eddies of graceful curl.

Like him who dipt in the Lydian stream,
The morning beams bathe in the mist;
Like him, turning to molten gold
The vapory amethyst.

Marshaled in many columns, the mist
Resists the attack of the sun;
Down he comes with his golden lance,
Driving them one by one;

Backward they glide, upward they roll—
Dissolve in the ambient air;
The sun is victor—holds the world-
His beams are everywhere.

Only belts of woodland circling round
Luxuriant masses of green;
Gone are the zones of rolling mist
That wavered up between.

A TILT WITH THE TIDE.

Although scarce a dozen miles from the stirring seaport, a wilder or more desolate sweep of coast I had never met in any land. I had been skirting it all day, a solitary voyager in an open boat, but so rocky and sterile was it, that no human habitation cheered its solitude, save, at long intervals, the hut of some fisherman that served but to sentinel its loneliness. For miles together the beetling rocks hung frowning over the sea, and notwithstanding that I had gained a point almost within sight of the cloud of smoke that brooded over the busy mart that I was approaching, no more signs of life or civilization obtained than I had witnessed at early dawn, further away from the noisy haunts of men.

The sun had set, and as threatening piles of clouds began to climb the western sky, I ran my bark ashore, furled my light sail, and stretched myself beneath the sheltering cliffs of a picturesque promontory, to await the return of the tide, debating with myself whether I should pitch my snug little tent and light my wonted fire, or,

MIST AT MORN.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 235.

dark as the night promised to be, endeavor to reach my destination, where my favorite sister and some near relatives, whom I had not seen for five long years, had, as I well knew, been anxiously expecting me for days.

Since we last met I had wandered on many a foreign shore; and always remembering her with the deepest affection, I had picked up, here and there, such little tokens of my love for her as I thought would be most acceptable, and gratify her romantic disposition. Amongst other things in this relation, I managed to obtain the toilet-case of an Eastern lady, together with one of her gorgeous costumes, to the minutest particular. These, I was well aware, would delight my dear Clara; and these, with various other valuables, now formed a portion of my light freight.

It was calm and warm, as the slight breeze I had been taking advantage of for hours had died away, and I could have recourse to my oars; but then there were faint flashes of lightning and low mutterings of thunder in the distance, while an occasional heavy sigh came over the fading waters, as though the winds slept uneasily in their mystic caves. Being slightly fatigued, my eyes closed involuntarily while in this state of uncertainty, and before I had arrived at any conclusions as to the course I should pursue I was lost in the most profound slumber.

How long I had remained in this state of unconsciousness I am unable to say; but when I awoke I was impressed with the idea that my repose had been broken by a cry for help from some point not far distant from where I lay. I was not mistaken, for no sooner had I bounded to my feet than I heard, with the utmost distinctness, a wild wail of distress from an inlet of the sea to my left, or rather from a treacherous waste of quicksand, alternately covered and deserted by the tide, that lay between the headland on which I stood and a small promontory, scarce a mile distant from it. Some one had evidently become entangled in the dangerous meshes of the place, and was now crying aloud, at intervals, for assistance, as that portion of the shore was being again steadily submerged beneath the returning waters. There was not a single moment to be lost; so, hurrying through the almost impenetrable gloom to where I had moored my boat, I leaped into it, seized the oars, and was soon out once more on the face of the viewless deep.

I had often heard voices of singular power and beauty, but no such one as that which now led me on through the darkness had ever reached my ears, or rather my soul, on any former occasion. So pure and silvery the appealing cry, it seemed as though it were the very anguish of music, or the lone agony of some angel shorn of its wings. It was evidently the voice of a woman, for that of a man never was possessed of such wondrous color, sweetness, and carrying power; and the nearer I approached it, the more impressed was I with this conviction.

Before I had gained the precise spot whence I was sure it proceeded, however, its struggling utterances, notwithstanding my cheering exclamations, grew fainter and fainter, until at last they died away within a few feet of me.

I became almost frantic, and made the gloomy waste of waters ring with my repeated cries, while searching the waves on each side of me, in the impenetrable darkness, with the blade of my oar. There was one heavy, convulsive sob right alongside the gunwale, and the next moment I dragged, by the long, silken tresses of her hair, the unconscious or lifeless form of a female into the boat.

On placing her head in such a position as I thought might best tend toward her restoration, if the vital spark had not already fled forever, I immediately grasped her small hand, and was thrilled with delight to find that her pulse had not yet ceased to beat. I now chafed her temples, and groping among my stores I caught up my spirit-flask, although I could not lay my hands on anything wherewith to strike a light. However, I managed to get a few drops of the liquid between her lips, which seemed so to antagonize with her feeble respiration that a shudder passed through her whole frame, as it were, and the next moment she returned to partial consciousness, with a long, deep-drawn sigh.

Scarcely had I seated myself again at the oars, when my eye caught a sullen twinkle of crimson light directly under the headland I had so recently left, and from which I was now about half a mile distant. For this point I was determined to steer at once, and had made some progress in its direction, when my helpless companion murmured sufficiently loud for me to comprehend her:

"Oh, God! where am I?"

It was the same sweet, silvery voice, but so tremulous and feeble that I rested on my oars so that I might be able to catch its faintest whisper, which I was unwilling to lose. From the extreme darkness that surrounded us I was unable to distinguish a single feature belonging to her; but, at last, in answer to her interrogatory, which she again repeated with more clearness, I replied:

"Don't be alarmed, lady, who ever you

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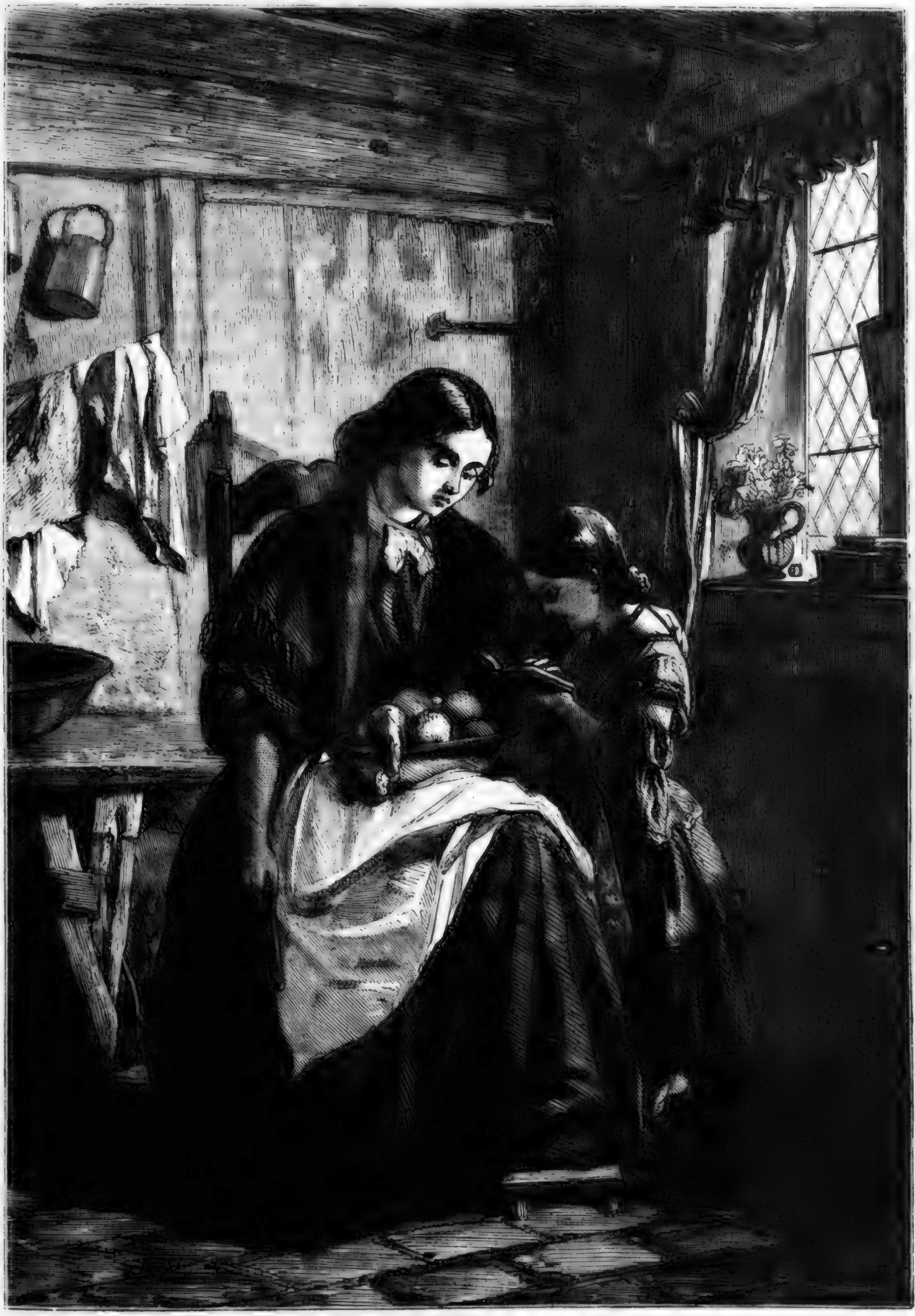


THE SPELLING-LESSON—A HARD WORD.

may be. You are in the boat of one who has always been ready to protect the weak, and who heard your cry for help from yonder invisible headland, and was fortunate enough to rescue you from a watery grave just as the returning tide had submerged your whole form. Toward that headland and the light beneath its rocks I am bearing you, where I trust you will meet that kindness and attention of which you stand so much in need."

She was silent for a moment as if endeavoring to collect her scattered senses, and appearing to comprehend the substance of my reply and the position in which she was placed, she rejoined, with all the energy she could command :

"Not toward that light ! Not toward that light ! Make for the opposite headland ! Not toward that light !"

She here became exhausted, or, perhaps, unconscious again ; but, believing she had powerful reasons for avoiding the point whence the sullen, smoky ray emanated, I altered my course, and pulled with all my might and main for the promontory opposite the one upon which I had so lately slept, and whose huge, black outlines I thought I could discover through the gloom.

Although a tourist of means and leisure, and no misanthropist, I was a veritable lover of solitude. Hence I traveled much alone, and in my own way, always carrying with me the necessaries for a bivouac on any solitary coast or waste. Not being very much pressed for time in the present case, I had purchased for a small sum a bit of a boat, for oars or a temporary mast, in which I started on a journey of many miles along the seaboard upon which I now was, and which I had already traced to within a short distance of the residence of my relatives.

This little craft I provisioned most amply in every respect ; and now, as I leaped ashore, after gaining, more by good luck than good guidance, the extreme point of the promontory for which I was bound, I instantly started in search of some brushwood, with a view to kindling a fire.

Looking across the treacherous inlet, however, I perceived that, for the purpose of avoiding the observation of the gentry of the blood-stained gleam, on the other side of the bay, whoever they might be, it was necessary to take the boat round the headland, and light the fagots completely out of their range, and at some point among the rocks walled in on every side.

This once decided upon, and as I now found the means of striking a light, without much difficulty, the brushwood was soon ablaze quite close by the shore, but so concealed by some overhanging cliffs as not to be discernible from the sea, or the promontory, at least.

On accomplishing this, I sped back to the boat, for the purpose of carrying, as best I could, my feeble charge to where light and warmth might serve to restore her, if she were still insensible. To my utmost surprise, she was sitting in an upright position ; and as I was about to lift her in my arms, she begged to be allowed to walk, as she thought she could do so, if permitted to move slowly.

It was pitch-dark still, and remembering that I had a pocket-lantern in my little locker, I procured it instantly, and, for the first time, gazed upon the features of the being I had snatched out of the very jaws of death.

I was entranced with her ineffable beauty, and saw that she was a lovely creature, in the first flush of womanhood, superbly formed and molded, and with eyes and hair as black as the night that walled us in.

On noticing how ardent was my gaze of silent admiration, she turned her angel face toward me, and placing her hand in mine, with great difficulty and diffidence she murmured, while a slight blush suffused her pallid cheek :

"Befriend me further, for I am now very helpless, and God will remember you in the hour of your necessity."

If ever an angel stirred within me, it was at that moment, for those few words and that appealing look seemed to have burned up, in an instant, the whole dross of my nature, and to have so purified my soul as to have given me a thorough love and appreciation of all that dignified humanity. I comprehended her at a glance, and a tear of gratitude gathered on her long, dark, silken lash, and the blood glowed deeper on her cheek as I exclaimed, with the most passionate emphasis :

"By the heaven that bends above us, no harm shall come to you through me, or others, so long as I have power to defend you. I shall stand between you and ill to the last drop of my life-blood, until you are restored to your friends, or natural protectors !"

New light came into her eyes and life into her being as she now rose slowly to her feet, and, extending both arms to me, I lifted her on the strand, where she now stood, leaning on my arm, and trembling like an aspen leaf. We turned slowly in among the rocks, where I at once placed her beside the cheerful blaze, while I returned to the boat, and brought up all my stores, including my camp-stool, tent, and the case containing the presents for my sister.

It took me but a few moments to pitch my tent, and seating her on the camp-stool, I perceived how dangerous it could not fail to be were she, in her present weak state, permitted to remain any longer in her cold and dripping garments. This could be remedied but in one way only, and as the manner of meeting it flashed across my brain, I speedily had the contents of the case destined for Clara spread at her feet. As she glanced at the costly combs, mirrors and brushes, so small but yet so rare, and saw the resplendent costume, and all the other articles worn by the ladies of India, a slight flush again passed over her exquisite features ; but purporting not to notice her embarrassment, I insisted on her taking a little wine ; and tossing all the silks and satins, etc., into the tent, I begged that she would divest herself of her dangerous garments, that clung to her beautiful limbs like cerements, while I returned to the beach and concealed my boat, lest it should attract the attention of some person or persons who might be prowling about the shore during the night.

As yet, I neither asked nor desired to know the particulars of her fearful adventure, nor did I even ask to be informed of her name. She was, as I well knew, a pure and lovely being, in distress, and that was enough for me. Handing her the lamp, then, I led her to the opening of the tent, where she paused for a moment, and thanked me with such a look of gratitude as set my heart all ablaze with pure though undefined feelings and aspirations, as I bent my steps once more toward the beach.

After secreting my faithful little craft, and indulging in a sweet reverie for nearly half an hour, seated on its gunwale, I again retraced my path to the point where my fair *protégée* had by this time, doubtless, completed her novel toilet, when, on turning an angle of the rock, an apparition burst upon me, of such surpassing loveliness as to completely beggar description.

There, full in the crimson glare of the flaming fagots, stood the beautiful creature, with her long dark tresses falling over a gorgeous robe of Indian silk, that half concealed the embroidered slippers that incased her tiny feet, and that was fastened about her waist with a dazzling zone of costly and curious workmanship. Never, even in my wildest imaginings, had I pictured a creature of such transcendent beauty, and I suddenly paused as I approached her, to drink in her supreme loveliness, heightened by the romance that surrounded her. She soon discovered me, however, and stepped forward, as if to greet me, even after so short an absence.

I was but five or six years her senior, and as we again stood by the fire, I felt that already my destiny was strangely entangled with hers, and that the chances of a certain young lady, who, as poor Clara declared repeatedly in her letters to me, was destined by heaven to be my wife, had become beautifully less within the last hour. But, then, Clara was a most romantic creature; and as it was not at all probable that this "Tuberose," as she fancifully called her—for she never vouchsafed to disclose her real name—was to be compared to the creature that now entranced me; it was not to be supposed that I could be expected to keep my heart in abeyance for a sweet maiden who was, to me at least, a myth, and who appeared to be just as silly as my dear sister, upon whom, as I learned, she conferred, in return for this absurd epithet, that of "Honeybee." The ridiculousness and, doubtless, inappropriateness of such names had, I must admit, never struck me so forcibly before; but now that my eyes had become suddenly open to all the follies of youth, I turned away from such trifling, to find truth and taste and judgment in the refined being who stood by my side, who was obviously above such nonsense, and who was evidently not the less a lady of the highest culture and refinement, as her manners and language evinced in a marked degree.

But, perhaps, I was standing on the brink of a volcano. How was I to know whether the heart I was beginning to appropriate to myself so leisurely did not belong to another? A pang, such as I had never felt previously, shot to my very soul, and I almost lost my coherence for a few moments.

Recovering myself rapidly, however, I indulged in a ghastly smile at my folly, and set about preparing some refreshments for my beautiful waif, experiencing the greatest satisfaction that the night, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the evening, was, with all its darkness, both warm and calm. In addition, it was a source of great pleasure to me that the case contained all that was necessary to her present comfort and immunity from cold, and, perhaps, sickness; and as I referred to the happiness I experienced at being so fortunate as to have it in the boat, she replied, with great sweetness, as she watched me moving about the fire, with, what I thought, some interest:

"I should regard this as the work of the genii were I not convinced that it has been directed by a Higher Power. I have, indeed, been sorely wronged and tried, and were it not for your timely and providential interference, a very wicked man would have triumphed to-night, and I should have been buried, with all the traces of his guilt, beneath the merciless waves. However, as the being to whom I now owe my life, you are entitled to a full disclosure of the circumstances which led me into the awful dilemma from which you have but just rescued me; and as I am now sufficiently restored, thanks to your brotherly care and affectionate humanity, I will, if you can only spare a short space to listen to it, relate to you all the particulars of my brief but eventful history."

I was greatly moved and interested through what now fell from the lips of my charming and confiding companion; but as I felt that she stood in need of more solid refreshments than a mouthful of wine afforded, I begged that she would gratify me in this relation before commencing the narration she so generously volunteered. To this request she readily acceded; and, on satisfying her appetite, fearing the night air might prove still further injurious to her if she had already suffered from it, I prevailed on her to withdraw within the opening of the tent; and seating myself at her feet on the outside, I awaited the promised disclosure, which she began as follows:

"I am an orphan in the fullest sense of the term. On the death of my parents, whose only child I was, which took place three years ago, when I was just fifteen, I was intrusted to the guardianship of a distant relative by marriage, whose family consisted of a maiden sister, and a son, who, like myself, was an only child, but many years my senior. This latter person I soon detected to be a hypocrite and a gambler, nor had I any reason to suppose that these characteristics were unknown to his father or to his aunt.

"On perceiving the large property that had come into my possession on the decease of my widowed mother, a deep plot was laid to entrap me into a marriage with this loathsome *roué*; but had I not detested him from the first moment I became thoroughly acquainted with him, I soon heard sufficient of his disreputable brawls and conduct to set an insuperable barrier between us for ever. Of this design upon me, I, of course, knew nothing for some time, although on one or two occasions I thought I discovered something in his manner toward me that pointed in the direction of an alliance with him; but then so utterly did I despise and loathe him, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that he would dare to make a proposition of his hand to me.

"Happily my property was so secured that not a dollar of it could be made available without my signature, and as this could never be obtained to meet what I felt to be the necessities of a scoundrel, he, after repeated attempts to procure it, came to a final understanding with me by declaring himself, and asking me to become his wife—with what success you may readily imagine.

"From the moment I had refused his hand, which he, notwithstanding my long residence beneath his father's roof, only had the boldness to offer to me formally a few months since, the whole family became intensified in their hatred toward me; but as I could not separate myself from them until I had attained my eighteenth year—upon the very threshold of which I now stand—unless some overt act of hostility had been manifested against me, for the sake of society I bore my discomforts in silence, assuring those who caused them, as the hour of redemption drew nigh, that when it arrived I should quit their roof for ever.

"To put this resolve into execution was but to terribly embarrass them all, as the sum arising from their guardianship was mostly what they had now to depend upon, as the gambler had long since exhausted both their credit and finances. As, then, this period approached, the *roué* became sullen and thoughtful, until one night, while I was returning unattended from a little mission of charity, and when I had made up my mind to relieve his father's necessities for the twentieth time, I was suddenly seized by a gang of ruffians, who pounced upon me in a lonely street, was borne off to the seashore, and hurried on board a vessel, which immediately weighed anchor for some point to me unknown.

"I could not but comprehend the source of all this villainy, and the more so as his father was the only person, so far as I am aware, who could lay claim to the property in case of my demise. However, I had been at sea several days before I became aware of the disposition intended to be made of me, and this I understood from an old negress, who soon became attached to me, and who stole one midnight to my miserable little cabin, and informed me that the gambler and his father had employed a desperate gang of cutthroats, who were pirates and smugglers by turn, to take me out to sea, knock me on the head, and throw me overboard, with a bag of sand tied to my feet.

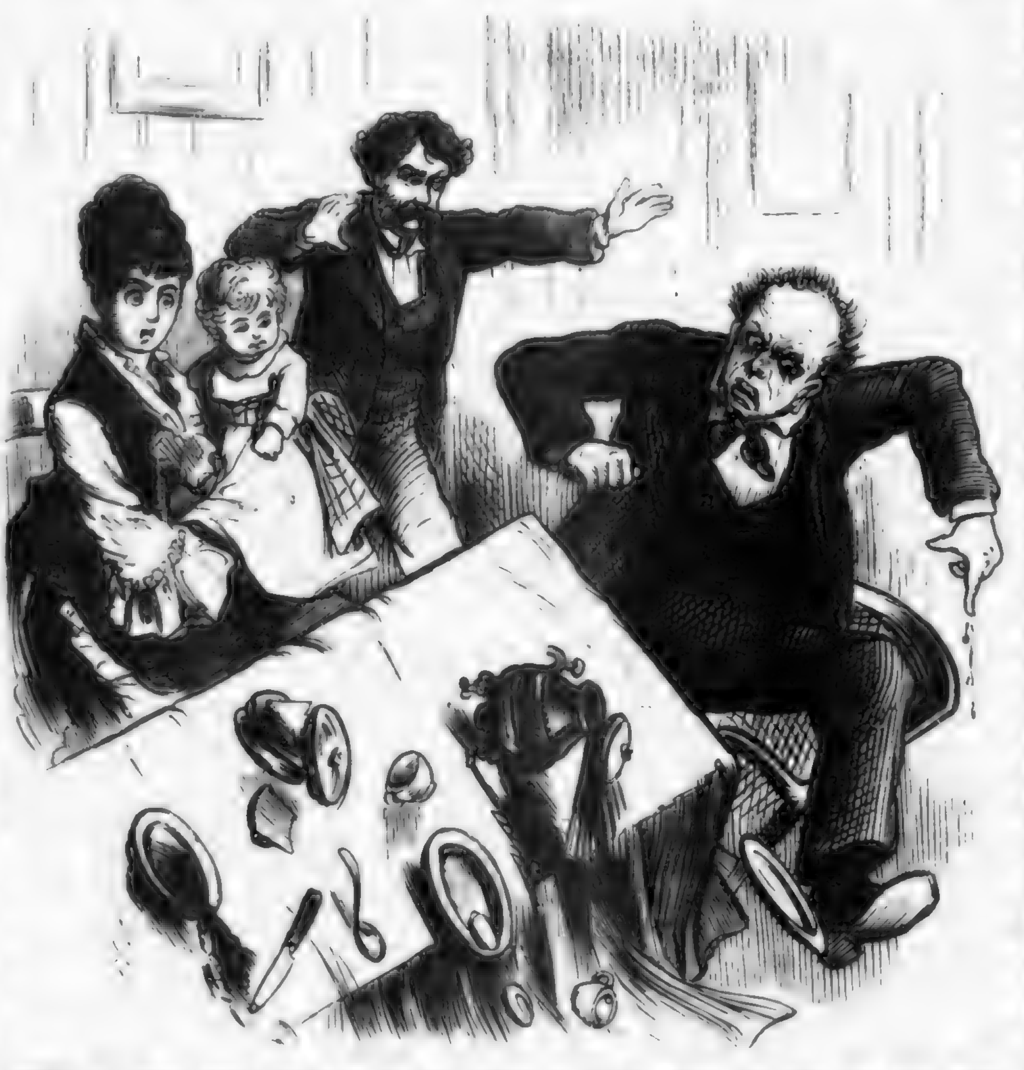
"I was horrified at this disclosure; but the poor black woman informed me that I might escape the fearful doom that awaited me, as 'Burly Dick' liked me, and wanted me for himself, and swore that 'Bloody Derrick' should not murder me, or hurt a hair of my head either. This intelligence was infinitely more horrible to me than the former, and I at once possessed myself of the means of terminating my existence instantly, should the necessities of the case require it.

"In this dreadful state of suspense I had remained for several days and nights, listening, at times, to the terrible brawls of my captors, in which I heard my name mentioned, when suddenly the night before last I heard the man at the helm cry out: 'A revenue-cutter on the starboard bow!'

"My heart leaped to my mouth, for I thought the hour of my release was at hand; but it died within me again when I learned that the vessel had lost sight of us, although we were constrained to give her a wide berth, and make for land, as it was feared she might get on our track again.

"Long before morning, then, we found ourselves under the lee of the promontory, where you recently noticed the crimson light, and soon I saw myself, with the negress and some of the crew, in a spacious cavern beneath the beetling cliffs on the shore. Here I perceived, in the light of some huge logs of wood that were burning on the solid rock, three or four women, who evidently had long forsaken the paths of virtue, and given themselves up to a life the most abandoned. When they perceived me, all but one of them received me with terrible taunts and jeers, until the poor negress, hurrying me away into a remote corner of the place, whispered to me to give her all the trinkets and money in my possession, so that she might distribute them among the unfortunate creatures.

"Anxious to conciliate even the most degraded of my race, so utterly horrified was I, all my jewels were instantly scattered among the women; while the men, on some sudden call or alarm, rushed from the cavern without having observed what had taken place. The effect was electric, and in one case inexplicable; for while three of the miserable wretches approached me with loathsome blandishments, the fourth stole up to me when they had retired, and placing her share of the spoils in my hand again, whispered in my ear:

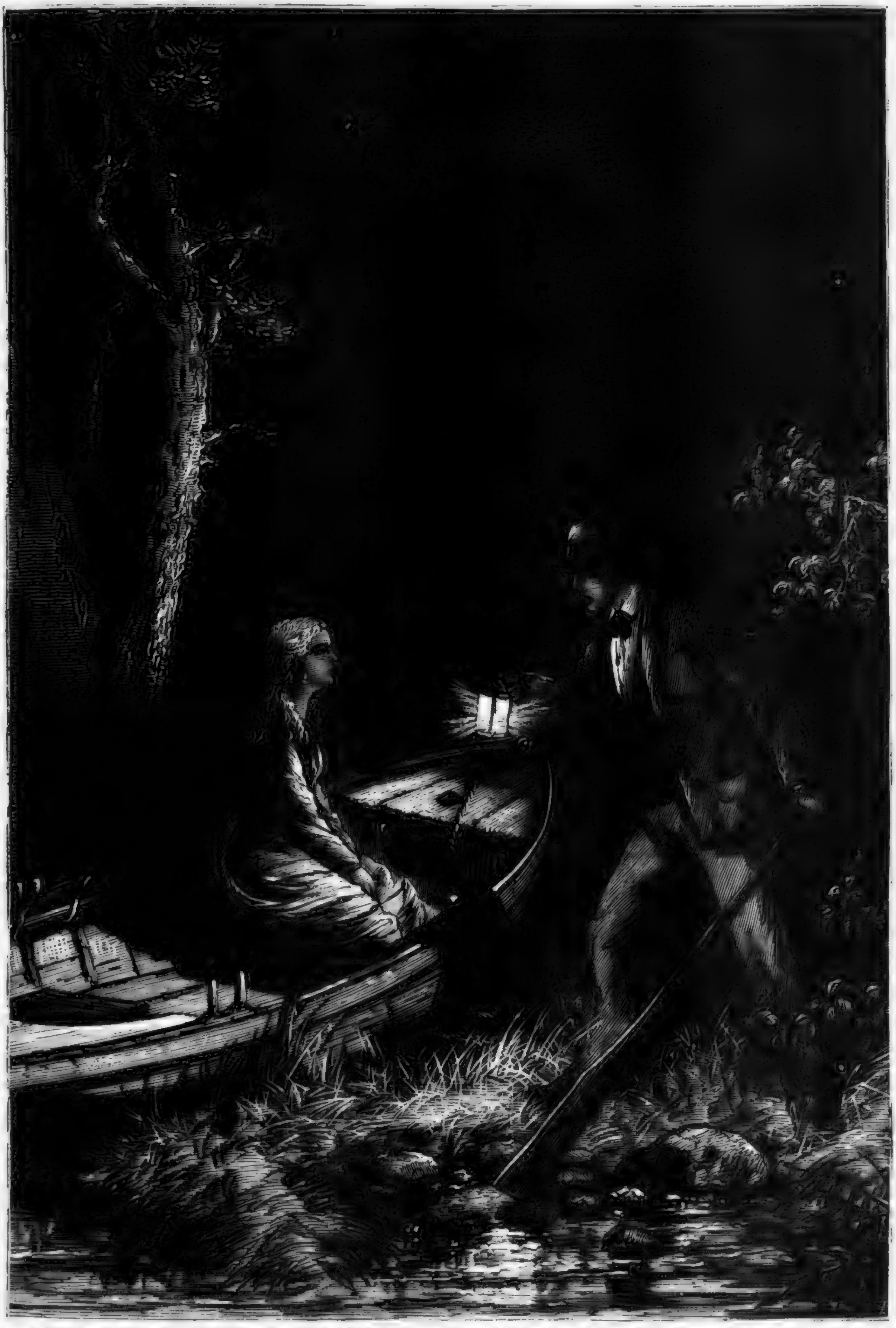

RESULT OF ASKING UNCLE JONAS TO PUT HIS FINGER IN BABY'S MOUTH, AND FEEL HER NEW TOOTH.

"'Bloody Derrick, Burly Dick and the rest of them are off again. They have to run out to sea before daylight, or the boats of the revenue-cutter will catch them and their vessel in a trap. We received this intelligence a few moments ago, and if they don't return before to-morrow night, you can make your escape across the inlet when the tide is out, if it be dark enough. You must, however, keep well out, for fear of the quicksand; for should you get entangled in that, you are lost, as you would be unable to extricate yourself from it before the return of the tide, which buries it fathoms under water. Don't attempt to fly along the shore, or at all, unless it is as dark as pitch; for there are those abroad, who never enter this cave, who will divine your purpose, and soon silence you before you go far.'

"I took the unfortunate by the hand, and thanked her with the silent pressure of mine as she returned to her companions, who were now admiring the trinkets and lauding my generosity; but being weary beyond measure, I longed to stretch my tired limbs in an out-of-the-way nook of the horrible den. I consequently, when opportunity served, requested the negress to lead me to some secluded nook; and soon had a sort of weird and fearful satisfaction to find myself stretched on a bed of branches, behind the *débris* of numerous old cases and casks that were piled up at some distance from the fire.

"It was late this morning, for you tell me it is not yet midnight, when I awoke from a sound, and, strange to say, dreamless sleep. On opening my eyes, my first thought was in relation to the state of the weather, for I perceived that the pirates had not yet returned. In relation to it, however, I found, to my utter dismay, that it was clear, bright and almost calm, and that the possibility was, this very night would be so filled with stars, as to reveal my flight to the sentinels on the headlands, should I attempt it.

"After a terrible and anxious day, nevertheless, I learned from the negress, who was apprised of my intention toward evening, that the west was being piled up with clouds, and that the probability was, the night would be as dark as the tomb.



A TILT WITH THE TIDE.—"REMEMBERING THAT I HAD A POCKET-LANTERN IN MY LITTLE LOCKER, I PROCURED IT INSTANTLY, AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, GAZED UPON THE FEATURES OF THE BEING I HAD SNATCHED OUT OF THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH."

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"This was blessed news, indeed, which was verified to the letter, for at eight o'clock a dense gloom covered land and sea. It was nearly or quite nine, nevertheless, before I ventured to glance even toward the mouth of the cavern; but perceiving my two friends already beckoning me to it, while the other women were engaged about the fire, I crept cautiously forth unobserved, and receiving a small bundle, which, I suppose, contained food, I shot forth in the direction in which they pointed, hearing only the low-whispered words:

"'The tide is out; run for your life!'

"As you may readily suppose, I needed no incentive to hasten my flight, and I did not stop to pick up the small bundle, which I dropped in endeavoring to preserve my balance when I once stumbled.

"On I dashed, with all the speed that my energies could command; but, alas! in my haste and anxiety I forgot all about the quicksand, and remembered it only when I got hopelessly entangled in it. Knowing that to be caught or to return was certain death, on I plowed in silence, but at such a snail's pace, that the tide began to return before I had half crossed the inlet. And now, so fully and with such power did the dread of a terrible fate come upon me, that the memory of my former imminent danger was lost sight of in the presence of my nearer destruction.

"Unable to move forward a single pace further then, so exhausted and alarmed had I become, I gave myself up for lost, until the cold tide, steadily submerging me, loosened my palsied tongue, and constrained me to cry aloud, in the hope that I might be heard and succored, for a single moment, by even my intending murderers. You know the rest, and more than I can inform you of; for I had become insensible or bewildered before I heard your voice more than twice or thrice. However, under heaven, you are my deliverer, and I am your debtor so long as a single pulse stirs within this throbbing heart of mine."

During this thrilling recital her loveliness grew on me like sunrise, and I began to hope that her heart was disengaged; for I felt that she was as pure and elevated in every relation as she was beautiful. How to arrive at any certainty in this direction, however, was the difficulty; but, notwithstanding all the embarrassments surrounding the attempt, I was determined to make it. So, commencing with all the adroitness at my command, I inquired whether she had not some trusty friend upon whom she could rely for assistance and advice in her present emergency.

"No," she replied; "not in this part of the country, I suppose, for I really don't know where I am; although I have some friends, and very dear ones, but they are traveling at present. They are expected to return immediately, when I shall pay them a visit, on being apprised of the point at which they may take up their abode. They have not been long absent, and will, I have somehow learned, on their arrival, reside on some new and valuable property of theirs, some distance from where I first had the happiness to make their acquaintance. However, as I unfortunately have no male friend in the world to whom I could apply properly in the present case, I fear I shall be obliged to tax you still further, and beg that you will place me in proper keeping until I can hear from my bankers, who are well known throughout the length and breadth of the land."

I closed my eyes for very happiness, as I inferred from her observation that she was still free, and assured her that not only would it be my greatest pleasure to meet her views in every relation, but that, on reaching the neighboring seaport, to which I had been wending my way, I should place her in charge of my dear and only sister, who, like myself, had a very ample fortune, and who was residing with some very wealthy and influential relatives that had quite recently taken up their abode there.

She thanked me with a grace and eloquence the most fascinating; but as it was now wearing late, I begged her to take some repose, as we should start for our destination long before it was day, so that we would be able to evade any of the pirates that might be on the lookout, with a desire to attack us at such a lonely point even in open daylight. Upon this she arose from her seat, and, presenting me her hand, referred with great delicacy and consideration to the still further inconvenience she was subjecting me to; but, raising her taper fingers to my lips, I would not hear another syllable on this head. So, with a low "good-night," in which her pure, silvery voice became more entrancing than ever, the curtain fell on her, and, with a prayer of gratitude and thanksgiving in her heart, she sank to repose on the bed of moss and leaves that I had already prepared for her.

I was regularly in for it, and felt that poor Clara might dispose of Miss Tuberose in some other direction, if she really had any serious intentions of bestowing her upon me. But then I loved Honeybee, and I was satisfied that any romantic project she might entertain in this relation could not fail to give way before the superior claims of the lovely being that fate had thrown in my way, if perchance she should look favorably upon a suit that I was determined to press, when I could do so without offending the laws of chivalry and every generous sentiment. Full of this latter resolve, I stretched my limbs upon "the cold, flinty rock," and began to review the past, as well as endeavor to raise a corner of the vail that hung between me and the future. Soon I was led in memory to the shores of the Mediterranean, where I, too, once had a narrow escape of my life, although the friend who threw himself between me and the dagger of the assassin lost his through his generous interposition.

The occurrence took place in the Greek Archipelago, where we once lay becalmed, and were boarded, in the middle of the noonday, by a pack of cutthroat pirates. We had fought the villains for a considerable period, and were getting the better of them, when their leader, who was called Paoli, rushed upon me as I missed my footing on the deck, and aimed a deadly blow at me, which would have ended my existence had not my poor friend leaped between us and received the fatal thrust that was intended for me. I saw him fall, and comprehending the magnitude of the sacrifice, I became absolutely blind with fury and a thirst for revenge, and, as I afterward learned, avenged him fully, although not on the person of his murderer, who, with all that was left of his crew, bounded overboard minus his right ear, and horribly disfigured by a cutlass-wound across the cheek and nose. The fellow was not a Greek, I was confident, nor were all his companions of that nation; for I heard him speak in excellent enough English to some of his men, and noticed, particularly, that all his oaths and imprecations were in that language, as he stood in the bow of his boat and was rowed off to a distant island.

I was cogitating upon this circumstance when my attention was arrested by some voices on the beach, quite convenient to where I lay. Fortunately the fire had failed; and as there was not a single gleam of light to disclose my person or attract the observation of whoever were speaking, I crept cautiously between two rocks, where I had perceived, at an earlier hour, that I could get, if necessary, a view of the shore, should there be any danger in that direction visible through any channel. Here, in the light of a dark-lantern that they occasionally flashed among the rocks, I perceived two men in angry discussion, every word of which reached my ear with the utmost distinctness.

"I tell you what, Burly Dick," said the taller of the two, "this is a bad job, and it is all your fault. If you had let me knock the girl on the head, and toss her overboard, all would have been right; although the old negress and the rest of them say that they heard her cries when she was caught in the quicksand, and that the tide had returned before she was half across the inlet. Still, she may have escaped; and if she has, rely upon it you will have done for the whole of us."

"I don't care, Derrick," replied the other; "I wanted that gal for myself. She was a nice un, and I took a fancy to her; and as to puttin' her out of the way, I could ha' kept her where she'd had no chance to peach durin' her nat'ral life; and you know, as well as I do, that the old man and the young cove as employed us to do for her are a-comin' in for all her fortin'; because as how I swore as I seed her fall off the cliffs near their house, and knew she was drowned long afore I could reach her with a boat, and that, besides, I staid rowin' about the spot until the tide went out and took her dead body to sea for ever."

"Didn't they ask you if you knew her personally?" returned Derrick; "for, I fancy, before they would think of disposing of her property they would be fully satisfied on that head."

"Bless 'ee," rejoined Dick; "they brought in a dozen pictures, with hers among the rest; but the young chap eddicated me with her portrait at home, and I picked it out at once, which satisfied 'em all, and set things in the way of bein' all right for him."

"Well, I wish we had the money," resumed the other; "and then we should quit this coast, for I am afraid it has become too hot for us, ever since we scuttled the schooner and made away with her crew."

"You are about right there," observed Dick; "and, besides, the revenue-cutter was near doin' for us last night, and now that she has got into our wake, she'll follow us up, you may depend on it."

"That's about the truth," replied Derrick; "but what are we to do with the women? They are dangerous goods to leave behind, and expensive to take along with us, and not over desirable, seeing there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. I think, therefore, as they allowed this girl to escape, and perhaps aided her, also, we'll just give them one jolly night of it, and send them to kingdom come when they have swigged enough of brandy not to know or care which world they are in."

"You are a hard un, Derrick," rejoined Dick, "if you would kill the young un that's the gentlest of them all, and that gave the gal back her trinkets when the rest of 'em stripped her as bare as a herrin'-bone."

"Well! well! you know they call me Bloody Derrick," retorted the villain; "and I may as well do credit to the name. Therefore I have made up my mind on the subject, and shall put my project into execution before they are many hours older, supposing even we have to put to sea without a penny for this last job, that has been so dreadfully bungled; although I incline to the belief that the girl will never trouble her kind and affectionate relations again."

I was within close range to the two scoundrels, and so dreadfully infuriated was I at all I had heard, that I determined, on the first gleam of light that revealed him, to drive a bullet through Derrick, and take my chances with his companion. My better reason, however, suggested a different course, and I permitted the villains to regain their boat and push off once more into the bay, without the slightest suspicion that they had been overheard or seen.

When I could no longer hear the sound of their oars I groped my way back to the smoldering fire, of which but a few sparks beneath the ashes now remained, and, replenishing it, I again stretched myself beside it to watch the first glimpse of dawn, for I felt that sleep was now totally out of the question. It came at last, and, bounding to my feet, I began to prepare a hasty breakfast, so that my fair companion should not proceed on her journey fasting. She was awake, and, perceiving me moving about the fire, she came forth much refreshed and radiant in all her beauty, and insisted on aiding me to prepare our repast. Her occupation and her costume scarcely harmonized; but then there was that about the whole which savored so strongly of romance that the absurdity of its details never obtruded itself upon us. I did not relate to her what I had heard and witnessed during her slumbers; but as soon as we had disposed of our pleasant meal I prepared to launch my little boat once more; but this time, in reality, with "Cæsar and his fortunes."

In the gray light of dawn, and while the sea was as calm as a mirror, I wrapped my charming young *protégée* in a huge although light traveling-cloak, which enveloped her figure from head to foot; and, striking my tent, I gathered up my traps and stores, and soon had them all snugly stowed away in my craft. I was now obliged to have recourse to my oars, and being desirous of placing as wide a strip of blue water between me and the pirates' den as possible, I made my craft spin through the deep at a racehorse pace, until I felt myself secure from pursuit, and in the midst of passing and repassing vessels.

Opportunely, as I lay on my oars to enjoy the rising day and the conversation of my sweet companion, a revenue-cutter passed close alongside. I hailed her, and begged that she should lower a boat, as I had something of great importance to communicate to the captain. In a few moments that officer himself was informed by me of all that had occurred, as well as of the further murderous intentions of the pirates, and of the precise point of their rendezvous. He thanked me, and told me that he was already on the lookout for them, and that he should at once make preparations for a descent on them both by land and by sea.

Strange as it may appear, in the hurry and excitement that had been crowded into the last few hours, neither I nor my fair *protégée* ever thought of mentioning our names one to the other, or of making any inquiry whatever regarding them. So absorbed were we in the contemplation of the fearful events that had but just occurred, and in providing for our future safety, this completely escaped our notice; and now, as we approached the end of our journey, the inquiry involved such awkwardness, that we both, I presume, had determined to leave its being answered to chance.

As we neared a dock on the outskirts of the town, however, she intimated, with great consideration and delicacy, that she, a stranger, and appearing under circumstances so singular, might not be acceptable to my friends, until some inquiry had been made as to her respectability and family.

"However," she observed, in continuation, "the difficulty can be at once removed, for I perceive that, in this very town we are now about to enter, and whose name I have only caught this moment, one of my bankers, and a very old friend of our family, resides."

This was pleasant enough for her, although it had no weight whatever with me, for I was well assured that both my sister and all my relatives would receive, with open

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"COME HOME."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 247.

arms, one so lovely, and whose misfortune must have already reached the public ear, in so far, at least, as her alleged sudden death was concerned. On this head I reassured her fully, and was repaid by one of her sweet smiles, and a sudden glimpse of her showy costume. I comprehended her, and helped her to land at a point where we should not attract any notice, and where I ordered a carriage, after placing my little craft in safe keeping.

Soon we were whirling along toward Blenheim Manor, the new residence of my uncle, and now the abode of my dear sister, whom I had not seen for so many years, and whose long-spoken-of presents I was conveying to her under most novel circumstances. Before reaching the gate, my companion begged that I should alight when we entered the grounds, and proceed to the house, and prepare my relatives for her reception, while the carriage made a circuit of a beautiful drive, which terminated before the hall. To this request, I, of course, acceded at once, and was quickly beneath the portico, thundering at the bell.

It was yet early when I found myself in the arms of my uncle, who wept for very joy on seeing me. Hard on his footsteps came Clara, now a beautiful girl of nineteen; but so completely overcome was she, that, with a loud cry, she swooned away in my embrace. In an instant I was nearly devoured; but feeling that I had no time to lose, when my sister became conscious again, and had kissed me a thousand times, as I really supposed she had, I begged her to accompany me to her own private apartments, as I had something of importance to say to her, which must be said at once. I was, however, surprised to find that she was in mourning, and when we were alone I referred to the circumstance, but she avoided the subject, and simply said it involved a sad story, of the particulars of which she would inform me at another time. I then related briefly the history of my last night's adventure, and asked her to receive my sweet waif as a dear friend, as she was a lady of both wealth and education, who had been sorely wronged, and who would, with her own lips, tell the story I had now no time to relate fully. To all my suggestions she replied:

"Bring her to me instantly, dear Henry, and see whether I shall not indorse your good opinion of her, by taking her to my heart as if she were my own sister."

I kissed her again and again, and rushing down-stairs, I reached the hall-door as the carriage drove up to it. I had motioned the servants to quit the hall, and handing my lovely guest from her seat, I whispered in her ear:

"You are now at home, for my dear sister awaits you in her room with outstretched arms, and is quite prepared for the novelty of your costume," although, in reality, so full was I of the love of romance and adventure, I had not said a single word about the latter.

Clara's maid was waiting at the foot of the stairs, to show the fair stranger to her mistress, and I, anxious to let the introduction take care of itself, followed slowly, with a view to learning, from any exclamation or outburst of admiration, what effect the beautiful apparition would have upon the romantic Honeybee.

The door of the apartment opened and closed, and the next instant I was startled by a cry so wild that I bounded, in dire dismay and alarm, into the presence of the two fair girls, whom, to my utter bewilderment, I found locked in each other's arms, and sobbing, alternately: "Oh, Tuberose! oh, Honeybee! oh, Honeybee! oh, Tuberose!"

On the following morning, I learned that Derrick and all his gang had been captured, and that there was no necessity for Mr. Henry Blenheim or Miss Florence Somerville to give evidence against them, as there was sufficient already on record to insure the capital punishment of many, if not all of them. I attended their trial, however, and when Derrick was placed in the dock, I recognized in him at a glance the pirate of the Mediterranean, whose ear I had lopped off after he had murdered my friend. He was, of course, condemned to death, as were all his crew, Burly Dick excepted, as well as the women—two of whom I had placed in houses proper to their condition, for reasons that may be divined by the reader. Burly Dick, although he escaped the gallows, was imprisoned for life; while the instigators of all Miss Somerville's misery, on learning of her miraculous escape, and the capture of the gang, instantly fled the country, and never were heard from afterward.

There is, I suppose, not much necessity for going into the particulars of my own case, or for relating, very circumstantially, how I speedily indorsed the good taste and judgment of my sister, and came ultimately to sit, as I now do, in the midst of a whole cluster of "Tuberoses."

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.

"Hush-a-bye, baby
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall—
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

Once upon a time there was a countess whose husband was killed in the wars, and her own house burnt over her head by the enemy, so that she had to run away by night with her baby in her arms. She fled away, not knowing where she went, until she came to a deserted hut, hidden in some trees by the side of a stream; and here she determined to stay until the enemy should leave the country. She had saved nothing from her burning house except her baby, and a little silver cross which she hung round the baby's neck. So she tried to get her living by weaving baskets of rushes and filling them with the wild strawberries that grew on the river-bank. These she sold in a town that was near her hiding-place.

She had made a cradle of rushes for her baby, and while she wove her baskets, or gathered her strawberries, she hung the baby in its cradle to the branch of a young ash-tree that grew near the stream. And the wind rocked it to and fro, and rocked the baby to sleep, while the mother sang to it:

"Hush-a-bye baby
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall—
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

But she never thought that this would really happen, for the branch was tough and strong, and waved gently over the child as though it liked its burden.

One day the countess had wandered further than usual in search of wild strawberries, when she heard in the distance a sound of drums beating and people shouting. She called out to a woodman who was running past:

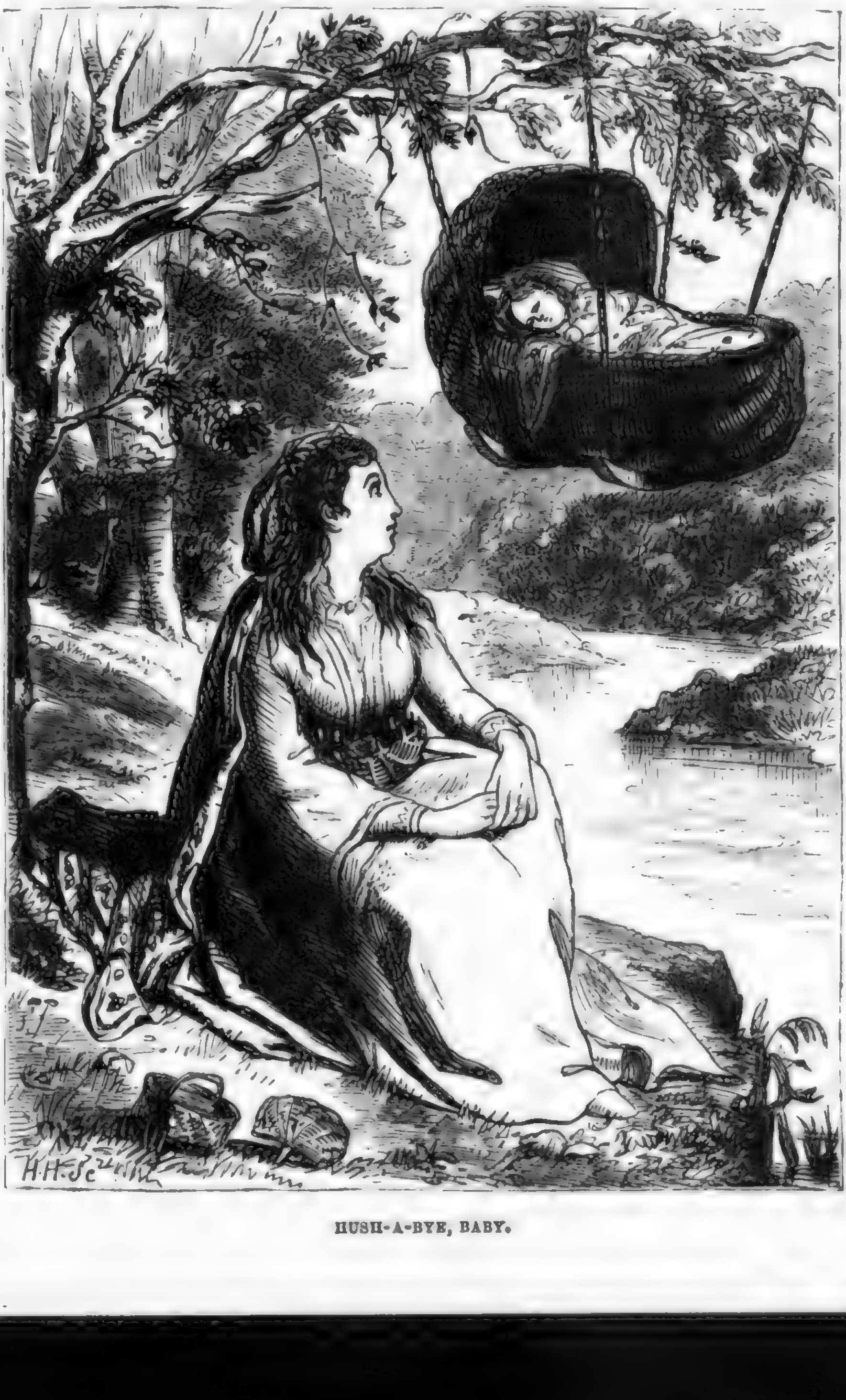
"What is this noise of drums and shouting that I hear?"

"It is the Earl of Castello Marino's army," replied the woodman. "He has driven away the enemy who killed his sister, and is now marching home again."

"Oh, it is my brother!" cried the countess. "Which way is he gone?"

"Out yonder," said the woodman; "but make haste if you want to see him, for the army is already gone by." And then he ran on.

The countess looked back. She was already some way from where her baby was sleeping. If she ran back to fetch it, she should never be able to catch her brother



HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.

before he passed out of reach; and she must make the long journey to his castle on foot, and perhaps her baby might die of cold and hunger on the way. The shouts were already dying away in the distance. She looked back once more, and cried:

"O waving trees, O rushing water,
Guard from harm my little daughter!"

And then she ran as fast as she could after the army. But when she reached it they told her that the earl was being carried on in front in a litter, badly wounded. So she ran on again, but it was hard work, and it took her a longer time than she had thought to get to him.

The wounded earl was very glad to see his sister, whom he had believed to be dead, and he made his army halt, and sent back ten of his body-guard with the countess to fetch her little daughter. But as they were going back the wind rose and a storm came on, and the mother was sadly alarmed for her baby. And when they got to the place where she had left it, behold, the bough was broken with the wind, and cradle and baby and all were gone. Not a trace of it was left, only one of the soldiers, after searching down the stream, brought back a bit of the broken cradle, which he had found caught in the hanging branch of a willow. The poor mother sat down and wept, and wrung her hands and said:

O faithless trees, O cruel water,
To guard so ill my little daughter!"

And the trees sighed and tossed their arms, and the waters sobbed and murmured. But if the countess could have understood what they said, they would have told her that they had done all they could for the baby. For when the strong wind came and broke the bough, the ash-tree tossed the cradle out toward the stream, which raised its white arms and caught the child, and carried it safely over rock and stone as it rushed foaming on.

But the baby must soon have been drowned, for the stream could hold it up no longer, if it had not chanced that a water-nymph wandered that morning up from the sea to gather some water-lilies that bloomed in a still, shady bend of the stream. She saw the little baby just as it was sinking, and caught it gently in her arms and bore it down to the sea, and into a cave which no one knew of but herself. She knew that the little human baby could not live under water as sea-nymphs can, so she made it a bed of cotton-rush, and brought it the daintiest food she could prepare, and nursed and tended it in the secret cave. And the little girl throve and grew until she could run about with her little bare feet on the white, sandy shore of the cave, and play with the crimson seaweed and many-colored shells which her kind foster-mother brought her.

The sea-nymph called her little charge Rivula, because she had found her in the river. Little Rivula could not remember her own mother, or the time when she rocked on the tree-top, and she lived very happily in the cave with the kind friend who had saved her. Often on a fine moonlight night the sea-nymph would take Rivula in her arms and float with her far out to sea, while she sang to her of shining gems and coral caves, far beneath the dark blue waves. And the phosphorus-light parted round them and closed again, and the cliffs looked dim and dreamlike, and Rivula thought that there never was anything more beautiful or more enchanting.

When the tide was low Rivula would come out and wander among the rocks or along the wooded banks of the stream, but she always went back to her cave again before the tide came in.

As years went on a report was spread abroad that the coast was haunted, for now and then sailor boys wandering along the shore had caught sight of Rivula's white dress in the distance; or fishermen sailing home at night had heard snatches of the sea-nymph's song. So the country people did not like to go near the place, and Rivula wandered undisturbed.

Not far from Rivula's secret cave there stood a castle in which a young earl lived. When he was quite a boy his father had died of a wound that he received in war, and his mother died of grief soon after. He was brought up by a widowed countess, who was his aunt; but though she was very kind, she was always sad. People said that she had never got over the death of her only child, whom she had lost in some sad way. And the young earl, having no other companion, felt lonely in his grand castle and splendid gardens, and he took to wandering for hours about the country. In one of his rambles he met an old fisherman, who warned him not to go any further along the coast, because it was haunted by an old witch, who was so much feared that nobody dared go near her.

The young earl immediately made up his mind to go and find the witch, and went straight to the haunted coast. He looked for her all that day and for many other days, in vain. Once he thought he saw something flutter behind a rock, but when he reached the place it was gone. At last one Springtide he clambered round into a little bay that he had never been able to reach before, and there he beheld, not the wrinkled old witch that he expected to find, but a beautiful bare-footed maiden. She was bending over a clear, rocky pool which she had made into a little ocean-garden by planting it with bright-colored seaweeds and fernlike coralline. So busy was she with it that she did not see the young earl until he came quite close to her.

Rivula had never seen a man before, but he looked so kind and spoke so gently that she was not at all afraid, and before they parted she had shown him all her treasures—the sandpiper's nest with its five round eggs; the little silver-scaled fish that she had found nearly dead on the shore, and had nursed in her garden-pool until he was well and merry again; and the queer old hermit crab who lived in a little cave of his own, and never came out except to mow the green, grass-like seaweed with his strong, hooked claw.

Rivula never was lonely, for she made friends with all the birds and fishes round her, and gave them names and fed them, until they were so tame they would come at her call.

The young earl was delighted with her, and promised to come again the next day, and bring her rare fruits and flowers from his hot-houses.

"Dear mother," said Rivula to the sea-nymph that evening, "you told me to beware of men because they were often rude and rough; but one came to me to-day, and he is so kind and beautiful I should like him to be always with me."

And the sea-nymph, who had watched them from a creek close by, smiled as she combed Rivula's shining hair, and sang her a song that she had never heard before, of a merman who had found her lost amid the drifting foam, and had thrown his arms around her, loved, and made for her a home. Some days after this Rivula told the sea-nymph that the young earl had asked her to go and live with him in his castle.

"Did you say you would go?" asked the sea-nymph.

"And leave my dear ocean-mother?" said Rivula. "Oh, no. I told him that I could never leave you. And yet I did not like saying No, because it made him sorry."

"You need not say No, my child," said the kind sea-nymph. "You know that all my kindred live far away in warm seas, where feathery palm-trees wave above their coral reefs. They have long wanted me home, and only yesterday a porpoise brought me a pressing message from them to come. So you shall marry the earl, and I will go back to my kindred, and every Summer I will come and visit my child in her grand castle by the sea."

The young earl was rejoiced when Rivula told him the next morning that she would come to him, and he hastened to make ready the castle for his bride.

When the wedding morning came he went down to the shore to meet her; but he would scarcely have known his barefooted damsel in the beautiful maiden who came toward him. She wore a wonderful lace vail, woven by the sea-fairies of the finest and whitest corallines; her shoes were of the most delicate mother-of-pearl, her robe was trimmed with petrified foam-flakes, and on her shining hair was placed a coronet of pearls. She wore no ornaments but pearls, except that beneath the splendid pearl necklace there hung the little silver cross that her mother had tied round her neck when she was a baby, cradled on the tree-top.

All the earl's vassals shouted for joy when he led in his lovely bride. The widowed countess was waiting on the steps to welcome her. But when she saw the little silver cross she threw her arms round Rivula's neck, crying: "Oh, my child, my little daughter whom I lost!"

She was, indeed, Rivula's mother. After searching in vain for the baby that the wind had tossed from the broken tree-top, the soldiers who were with the countess had brought her to the castle of her brother, the wounded earl. When he died, she had stayed to take care of his little boy, now the young earl who had married her daughter. So Rivula was comforted for the loss of her kind sea-nymph friend by the love of her own dear mother.

And every year, when Summer seas grew warm, there came a sound of sweet and wondrous singing across the starlit waves, and Rivula flew down the terrace steps to greet her ocean-mother once again.

In course of time the earl and his fair wife were blessed with several children. The widowed countess loved them so dearly that they were scarcely ever away from her. Every evening she lulled them to sleep with the song that she had sung to their mother years ago:

"Hush-a-bye baby
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall—
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

And thus it is that the countess's song became a nursery lullaby.

THE OLDEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.—In Mr. Loftie's "Ride in Egypt" is a woodcut of what is called "the oldest picture in the world," a fresco from a tomb at Maydoom, now in the museum at Boolak, wherein are represented six "pasturing geese." Two of these are undoubtedly *Anser Albifrons*, two probably *A. ferus* or *A. Segetum*, and the other two seem to be the rare *A. ruficollis*, from Northern Asia.

THE better a man becomes, the stronger does the hope of "the glory of going on" take hold of his nature. The instinctive expectation of life beyond the grave strengthens with the increase of virtue in the soul. The man who lives best most keenly feels that life is worth living, most resolutely turns away from the thought of its extinction.

"COME HOME."

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

IT was a golden Summer world, and birds and bees were gay;
How merrily the children played amid the new-mown hay!
But one ran onward through the field, and up the ferny lane,
While all his blithe companions bade him linger there in vain;
A mother's heart was waiting, and the schoolboy would not roam
Afar from that beloved voice, that said, "My child, come home."

Years passed, and on her grave the grass was green for many a day,
And strangers crossed the fragrant field and trod the ferny way;
The little lad had grown a man, and comrades gay and bold
Called back the eager feet that sought the truthful paths of old;
They told him of their higher dreams, they flattered and beguiled,
But still the mother seemed to say, "Come home, come home, my child."

And we who bear the Christian's cross, and strive with doubts and fears,
What tone shall tempt us from the path we loved in early years?
Oh, by the true and "living way" access to God is found,
And angels warn the pilgrim feet from life's enchanted ground;
The strife is hard when earth and sin are luring us to roam,
But clearly speaks the Father's voice, "Come home, my child, come home."

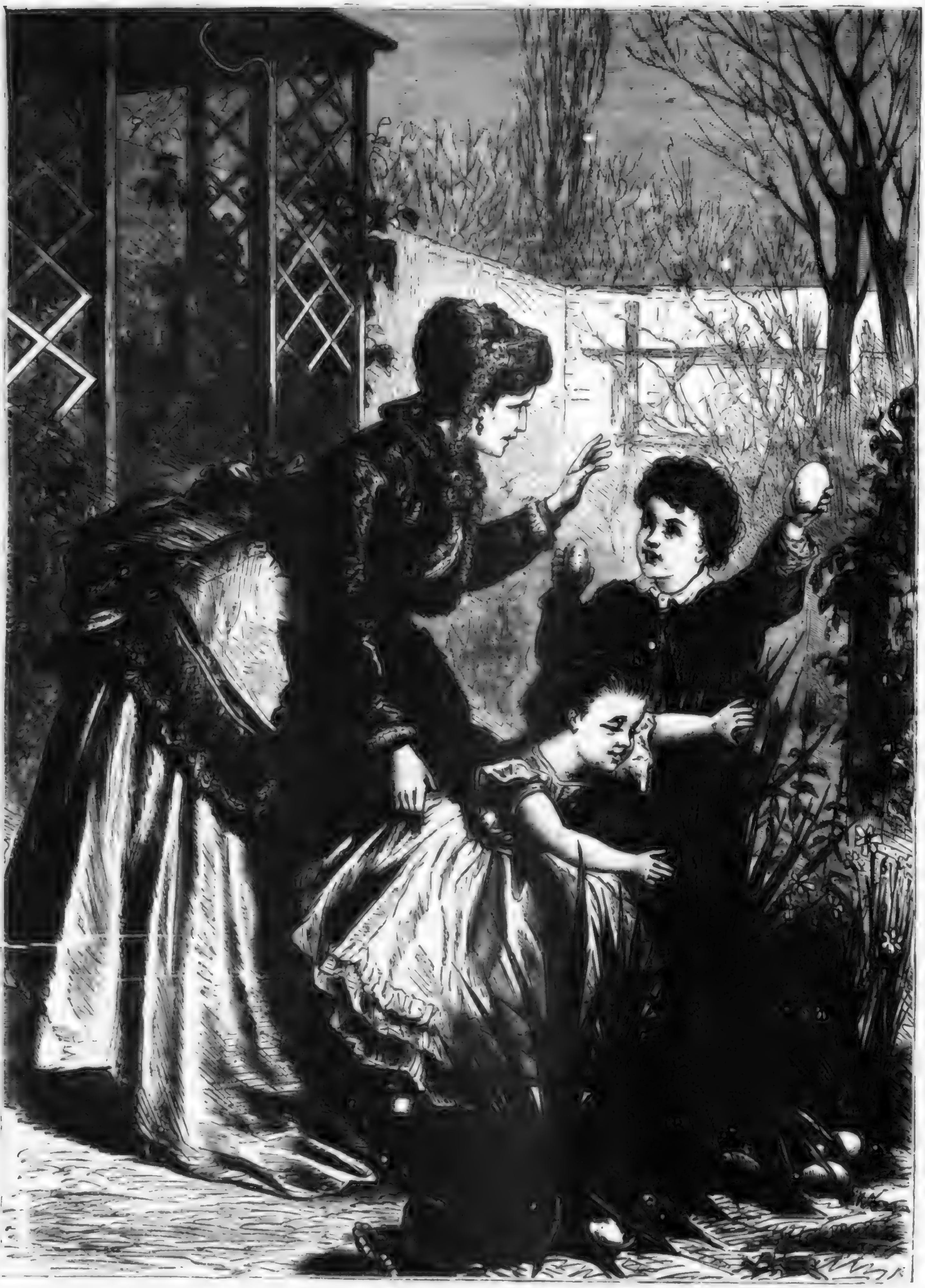
ESQUIMAUX WOMEN.

THE Esquimaux women are exceedingly expert in the use of the needle, and make many ornamental pieces of clothing, as well as bags for various purposes. They have not yet reached that degree of civilization that makes pockets a necessity, and so each man carries a bag—more or less ornamental, according to the taste or skill of his wife. Some are very pretty, indeed, exhibiting agreeable contrasts of color by using skins from different parts of the same animal. Since the advent of the whalers in the northern waters cloth can occasionally be obtained for the purpose of bag-making; and some made of that material show excellent taste and judgment in the choice of beads of various colors with which they are often profusely adorned. Reindeer's teeth are also used for ornament, and dangle from the fringe that decorates the hunter's pouch or adorns the beadwork breastplate upon his wife's coat; as may be imagined, these present a ghastly appearance, owing to their resemblance to human teeth. The hunter does not usually wear the pouch or bag hanging in front of him, by passing the string over the back of his neck, but passes the string around the front of his neck, and lets the bag dangle behind. In this receptacle he carries his pipe and tobacco, his matches or flint and steel, his box of caps, and the little box containing *et-tu-mo-yer*—the leaves of a small vine dried and chopped fine to mix with his tobacco.

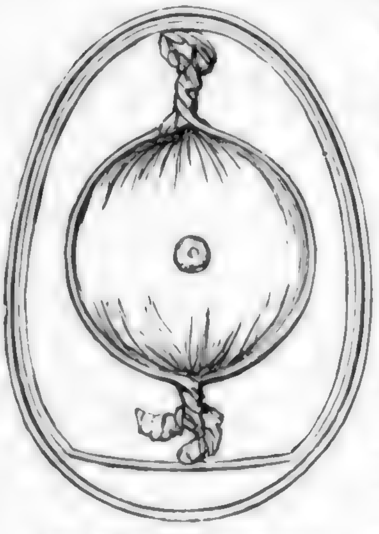
It is only when hunting or traveling alone that he carries the bag at all. When his wife is with him she must carry whatever is necessary, and for this purpose she uses her hood, which is unnecessarily long, or puts the articles in her loose stocking. When the lord and master wants his pipe he turns to his obedient slave, and says: "*Pay-u-let-e-now?*" (Where is the pipe?)—whereupon she cuts the tobacco, fills and lights the pipe, and after a few puffs as reward, hands it to her majestic ruler. He would, perhaps, find the cold wind disagreeable to his hands should he remove his mittens to prepare the pipe, so the wife must suffer.

When building their snow huts the men wear long mittens of reindeer fur, made like gauntlets, to cover the end of the coat-sleeve, where they are tied down to keep out the snow while they are cutting and handling the blocks. These are carried on the sled during a march, and, of

XUM



HUNTING FOR HENS' EGGS.



EGG READY FOR INCUBATION.

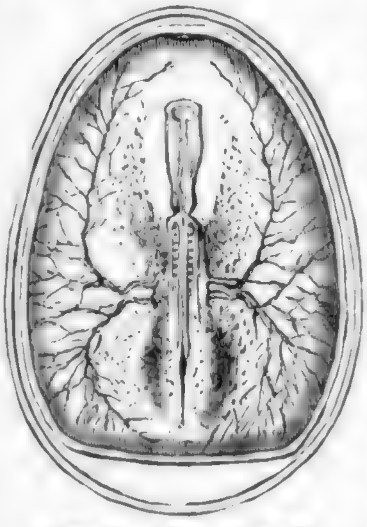
course, through the day are frozen stiff. Shortly before halting the humble wife has to put these frozen mittens inside the bosom of her dress, and next to her bare skin, that they may be thawed out and warm by the time her husband wants to wear them. Or, if this precaution be neglected, she must put them upon her own hands first, and thaw them in that way. While the men cut the snow blocks and build the house the women chink the cracks, and if it is very cold or windy weather, cover the building with snow by means of a wooden snow-shovel. When it is completed the women arrange the beds, light the lamps and make the habitation as comfortable as possible. The husband's frozen shoes and stockings are passed over to the wife to beat off the snow and ice, and to place them over the lamp to dry. This duty often keeps the weary woman awake nearly all night, while the husband sleeps away his fatigue, and arises to put on dry stockings in the morning. No wonder that the Esquimaux seldom travel without their women!

THE HISTORY OF A HEN'S EGG.

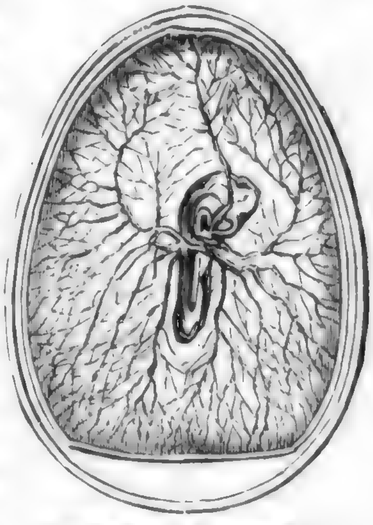
By Thomas Dunman.

Amongst the numerous natural objects with which we are daily brought into contact, none is, perhaps, more generally familiar than the egg of the common fowl; nor can there well be found a study more replete with interest and instruction than the history of its origin and of the wonderful changes by which, during the process of hatching, it becomes converted into a chick. To place our readers in possession of a few of the more important stages in this wonderful history, is our object in the present paper.

Before considering the manner in which the egg is first formed in the body of the hen, it will be well to notice briefly the structure of the egg as we ordinarily find it when just laid. First, then, we have to notice in the new-laid egg that it is invested by an outer porous covering, the *shell*, composed of salts of lime deposited in an organic basis. Upon examination, the shell will be found to be lined with a toughish, opaque membrane—the *shell-membrane.* In perfectly fresh eggs, this shell-membrane appears to consist of only a single layer, but close examination shows that it is really composed of two—a fact which is easily ascertained in an egg that has been kept for a few days, as the two layers of membrane tend to separate from each other at the broad end of the egg, and to develop between them a small cavity, into which air passes, and which is termed the *air-chamber* (*a ch*, Fig. 1). As this air-chamber, when present, is easily visible when an egg is held up to the light, it forms a ready means by which the careful housewife may test the freshness of the eggs with which she is supplied. The development of this air-chamber is due to the shrinkage of the albumen or white of the egg, consequent upon its evaporation through the porous shell.



EGG AFTER THREE HOURS' INCUBATION.

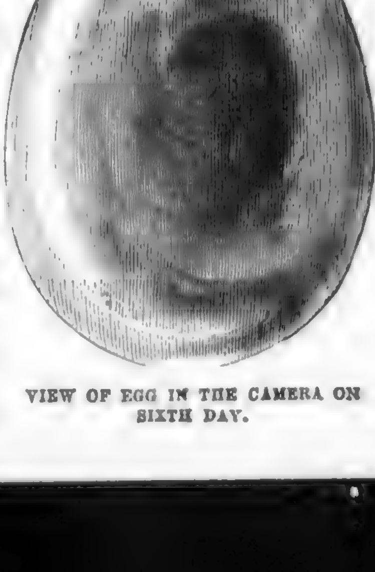


APPEARANCE ON THIRD DAY.

Next to the shell-membrane we come upon the white of the egg, or, as it is technically termed, the *albumen*. This material is of two kinds, one rather more fluid than the other. A layer of the more fluid kind lies next to the shell-membrane, and a similar layer invests the yelk. Between these two layers, the albumen is made up of the less fluid material, which consists of a kind of fibrous net-work, the meshes of which contain fluid.

Extending from the yelk on either side nearly to the shell-membrane, are to be seen, in the albumen, two opaque, somewhat woolly-looking twisted cords. These, when examined with a lens, appear to consist of opaque white knots banded together, and have consequently received the somewhat fanciful name of *chalazæ*, or hailstones. The use of these chalazæ is probably to act as elastic pads to keep the yelk in position.

Turning to the yelk, we find it consists of a mass of yellow material inclosed in a very thin and delicate membrane, which is easily creased, and which is termed the *vitelline*, or *yelk-membrane.* The yelk itself is made up entirely of cells, of which there are two kinds, one lighter in color than the other. These lighter-colored cells constitute the so-called *white yelk*, while the others form the *yellow yelk*. By far the larger portion of the yelk is composed of the latter, through which the white yelk is disposed in the manner shown in our diagram (Fig. 1). First, immediately beneath the yelk-membrane there is a thin layer of white yelk, and this is connected with a somewhat flask-shaped mass of the same material occupying the centre of the general body of the yelk, while several thin layers of white yelk are arranged through the mass concentric with the external layer. Resting on the yelk, immediately beneath the yelk-membrane, will be seen a small, whitish, disk-like body, about one-eighth of an inch across. If this be examined with a lens, it will be seen to exhibit two more or less well-defined parts—an outer



VIEW OF EGG IN THE CAMERA ON SIXTH DAY.

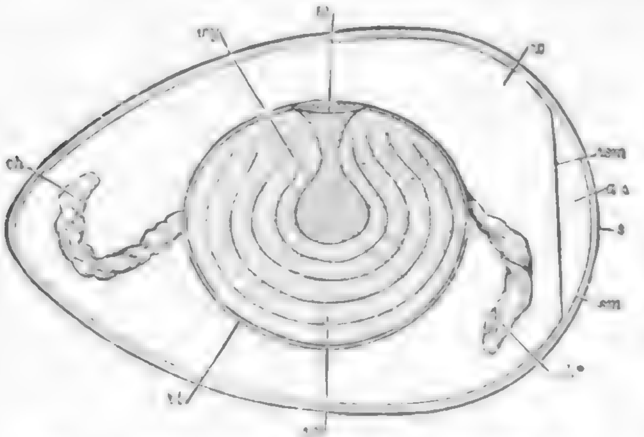


FIG. 1.—DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION OF A FOWL'S EGG.

(*bl*) Blastoderm; (*wy*) White Yelk; (*yy*) Yellow Yelk; (*vt*) Vitelline Membrane; (*w*) Albumen; (*ch*) Chalazæ; (*a ch*) Air-chamber; (*ism*) Internal Layer of Shell Membrane; (*sm*) External Layer of Shell Membrane; (*s*) Shell.

white ring, and an inner transparent circular space, in which dots of white are usually seen (Fig. 2). This disk is the so-called *blastoderm*. From it, and *from it alone*, the future chick will be developed, the remainder of the yelk serving only as nutriment for the chick until hatched. The central clear space is called the *pellucid area*, the outer white ring the *opaque area*. It is in the pellucid area that the chick is developed, the opaque area giving rise to certain temporary structures, which serve a purpose ending with the hatching of the egg. As shown in the diagram (Fig. 1), the blastoderm rests upon the top of the flask-shaped mass of white yelk, between which and its lower side is a small cavity filled with clear fluid, in which a few cells may be seen floating. The blastoderm itself consists at this period of two layers of cells, and the upper layer, extending beyond the edges of the lower one, rests directly upon the white yelk, and gives rise to the opaque area.

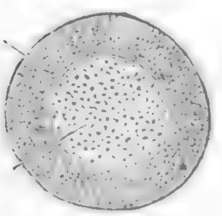


FIG. 2.—BLASTODERM AS SEEN FROM ABOVE.

(*oa*) Opaque Area; (*pa*) Pellucid Area.

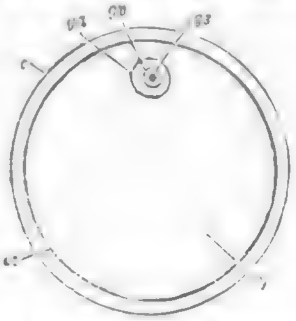


FIG. 3.—OVUM IN CAPSULE OF OVARY.

(*c*) Capsule; (*vt*) Vitelline Membrane, (*y*) Yelk; (*gd*) Germinal Disk; (*gv*) Germinal Vesicle; (*gs*) Germinal Spot.

These are the structures present in the hen's egg when laid; but in order to thoroughly comprehend their history and relative importance we must go back to a much earlier stage, and trace their formation in the body of the hen.

As every one knows who has ever prepared a fowl for cooking, there is always found in the body of a laying hen a structure commonly known as the "egg-bag," which contains several small yellow spherical bodies, inclosed in delicate capsules. Each of these yellow spheres resembles the yelk of an egg in being composed of yellow and white yelk-cells, and also in being inclosed in a delicate yelk-membrane. Each of these spheres is a so-called *ovum*, or egg proper, and is found to contain a small disk, the *germinal disk*, inside which is a small bladder-like body, which is the *germinal vesicle*, while inside this again is a small spot, the *germinal spot* (Fig. 3).

When the ovum is quite ripe the capsule bursts, and it is discharged into a long tube with muscular walls, which is termed the *oviduct*. In this tube the accessory structures are added to the ovum, so as to convert it into the egg ready for laying. In the upper portion of the oviduct the white of the egg is deposited round the yelk; next the chalazæ are formed. A little lower down the shell-membrane is deposited, and lower still the shell is formed by the pouring out of a thick white fluid, in which mineral matter is deposited. After this last process, which takes some twelve or eighteen hours, the egg is passed with its narrow end downward to the exterior, and is, as we say, *laid*.

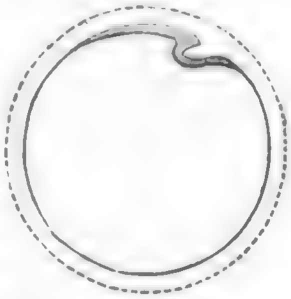


FIG. 5.—THE HEAD-FOLD.

These are, however, by no means the only changes which take place in the ovum during its passage down the oviduct. As soon as the ovum enters the oviduct the germinal vesicle and germinal spot disappear. At the same time, remarkable changes take place in the germinal disk. First a furrow makes its appearance, crossing the disk and dividing it into two; this is followed by a second furrow at right angles to the first, and so the disk becomes divided into four segments. These primary furrows are very speedily followed by others, some passing like radii from the centre to the circumference, others crossing these, and so cutting the germinal disk into a number of small segments, each of which constitutes a *cell* (Fig. 4, A B C). A somewhat similar process goes on beneath the surface of the disk, and eventually there is produced from it the blastoderm, with its two layers, such as we find it in the laid egg.

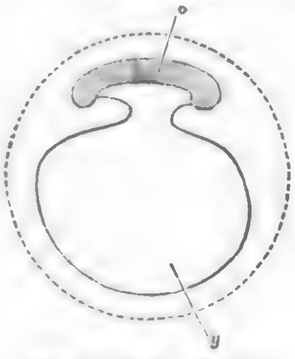


FIG. 6.—HEAD AND TAIL FOLDS.

(*e*) Embryo; (*y*) Yelk-Sac.

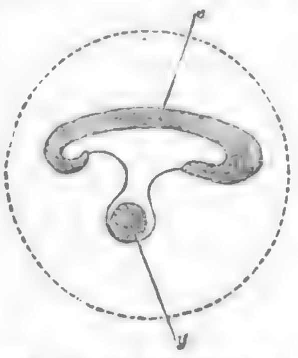


FIG. 7.—DISAPPEARANCE OF YELK-SAC.

(*e*) Embryo; (*y*) Yelk-Sac.

It will be observed that the blastoderm, which, as we have already said, is the only part of the egg which is developed into the chick, is produced by the method just described from a single cell. This cell, like all other cells, is composed of that substance known as *protoplasm*, which is present as an essential constituent in

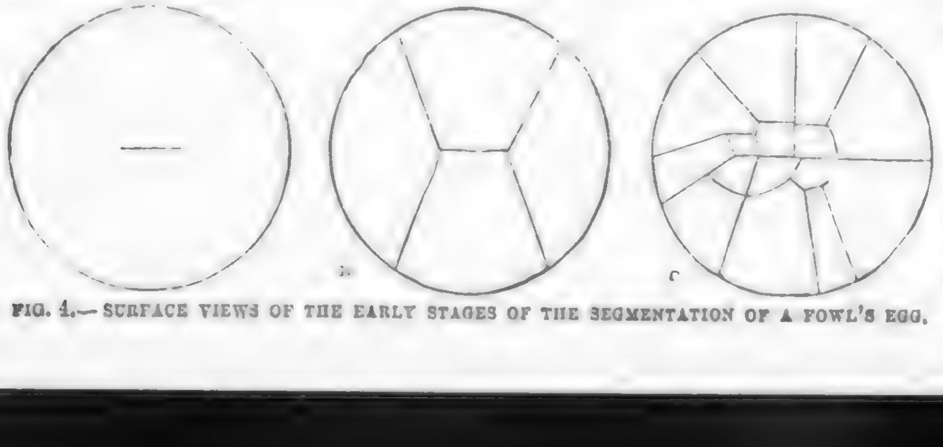


FIG. 4.—SURFACE VIEWS OF THE EARLY STAGES OF THE SEGMENTATION OF A FOWL'S EGG.

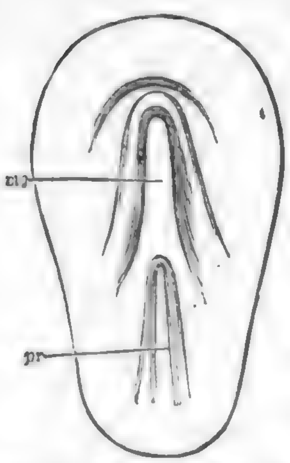


FIG. 8.—PRIMITIVE (*pr*) AND MEDULLARY (*mg*) GROOVES.

all living beings. The process of splitting up, by which the germinal disk becomes converted into a blastoderm, with its upper and lower cellular layers, is known as *segmentation*.

We have thus traced the history of the hen's egg from its earliest appearance in the body of the hen down to the time of its being laid; we have next to see what happens in the course of its development into the perfect chick.

When the egg is laid, the processes which we have been describing cease, unless the egg be submitted to an amount of warmth similar to that in the body of the hen; this may be brought about either in the natural way, by the hen sitting upon the egg, or by some artificial method of incubation. Whichever method be adopted, the subsequent changes are the same.

As soon as incubation commences, the pellucid area gets much more strongly marked off from the opaque area; it, moreover, gets first oval and then pear-shaped, the long axis of the pear lying across the long axis of the egg, at right angles to it. The broad end of the pear-shaped pellucid area will be developed into the head, and the narrow extremity into the tail, of the future chick. At the same time, the blastoderm, which, as will be remembered, consisted at starting of only two layers, acquires a third layer, which becomes interposed between the other two. To the three layers of which the blastoderm is now composed special names have been given. The outer layer is termed the *epiblast*; the middle layer is termed the *mesoblast*; the lower layer is termed the *hypoblast*. As will be seen, these names, however formidable they may appear at first sight, simply signify respectively the layer which is on top, the layer which is in the middle, the layer which is underneath.

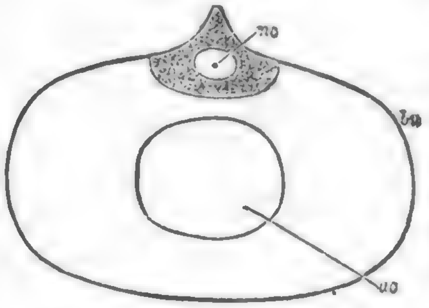


FIG. 9.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF BODY OF CHICK.

(*nc*) Neural Canal; (*ac*) Alimentary Canal; (*bw*) Body-Wall.

From the upper layer will be formed the outer layer of the skin, with the feathers, claws, etc., the brain and spinal cord, and the principal parts of the eyes, ears, and nostrils. From the middle layer will be formed the bones, muscles, tendons, nerves, true-skin, blood, blood-vessels, and the outer coats of the gullet, stomach, and intestines. From the lower layer will be formed the lining membrane of the gullet, stomach and intestines, and of the lungs. We see, therefore, that each layer has a definite and distinct function to perform in the process of development.

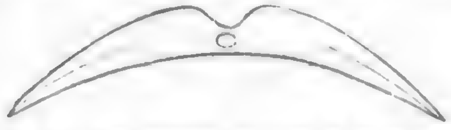


FIG. 10.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF EMBRYO, SHOWING CLEAVAGE OF THE MESOBLAST.

As soon as these three layers of the blastoderm are established, a very important process takes place, by which the embryo becomes folded off from the rest of the blastoderm. The manner in which this is effected will be made clear by Fig. 5, which is intended to represent a section taken in a vertical direction from head to tail through the future embryo. The pellucid area, which is at first quite flat, soon becomes marked off from the rest of the blastoderm by a groove, which is represented in section in the diagram, and is roughly in the form of the letter S. This is known as the *head-fold*, and is speedily followed by the appearance of a similar fold at the opposite side of the blastoderm; this latter is known as the *tail-fold*. These two folds grow gradually toward each other, the head-fold backward, the tail-fold forward, and thus tend to divide the yolk into two portions, as seen in Fig. 6. Lateral folds also grow inward from each side. The upper sac, which is something like an inverted boat, is the *embryonic sac*, the lower is the *yelk sac*; these two sacs being connected by a gradually narrowing stalk, the cavity of which speedily becomes obliterated. The embryonic sac grows at the expense of the yelk sac, the latter supplying nutriment to the former; and a day or two before the chick is hatched the yelk sac, which by this time has become very small, is slipped into the body of the embryo—that is, the very young chick (Fig. 7).

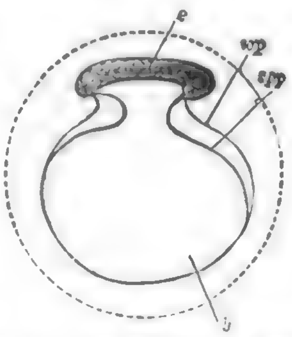


FIG. 11.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF EMBRYO, SHOWING CLEAVAGE OF THE MESOBLAST.

(*e*) Embryo; (*y*) Yelk-Sac; (*sop*) Somatopleure; (*spp*) Splanchnopleure.

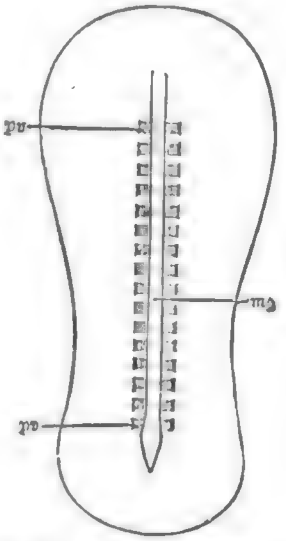


FIG. 12.—THE PROTOVERTEBRÆ.

(*mg*) Medullary Groove; (*pv*) Protovertebræ.

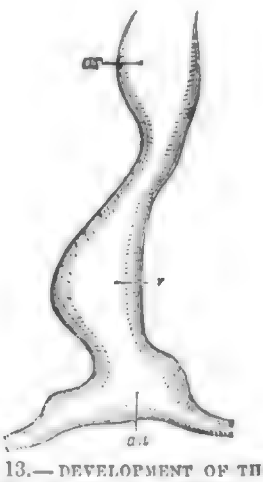


FIG. 13.—DEVELOPMENT OF THE HEART OF THE EMBRYO.

(*ar*) Arterial Bulb; (*v*) Ventricle; (*au*) Auricle.

While all this is going on, important changes are taking place in the pellucid area itself. First there appears a narrow groove near its hinder (narrower) end—this is the primitive groove (Fig. 8, *pr*). This groove, however, soon disappears, and serves no apparent purpose. In front of it another grove, destined to be permanent, subsequently appears—this is the *medullary groove*, and by the side of it

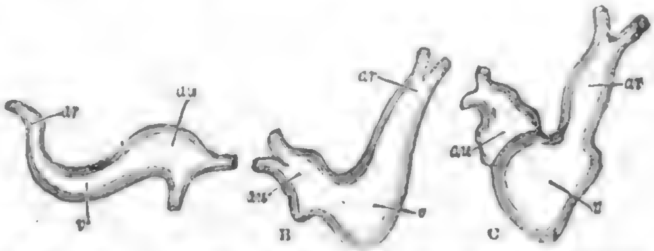
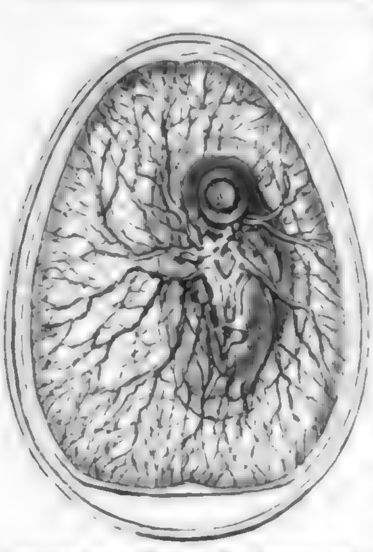


FIG. 14.—FINAL CHANGES (A B C) IN THE HEART OF THE EMBRYO.
(*ar*) Arterial Bulb; (*v*) Ventricle; (*au*) Auricle.

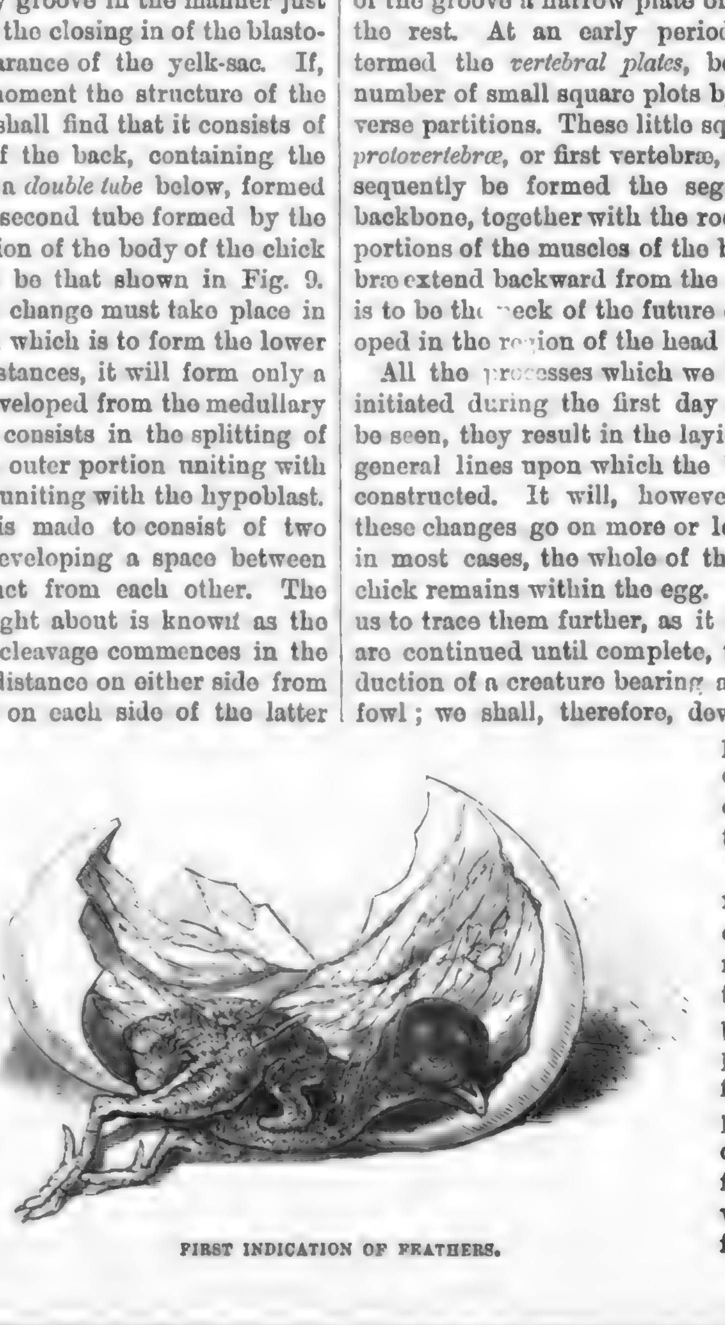


INNER APPEARANCE ON SIXTEENTH DAY.

the blastoderm is raised up into two folds, known as the *medullary folds.*

Immediately beneath the bottom of the groove is formed a small, flattened, elliptical rod, which is known as the *notochord.* This forms the axis round which the future segments of the backbone will be developed. The medullary folds, rising up by the side of the medullary groove, gradually bend over toward each other, and, meeting in the middle line, convert the medullary *groove* into a *canal.* In the front part of this canal, which subsequently becomes closed at both ends, is developed the brain, while in the hinder portion the spinal marrow is formed.

Contemporaneously with these changes the blastoderm commences to grow, and gradually extends itself, immediately beneath the yelk-membrane, over the whole of the yelk. This process, combined with those just described, will tend to produce a structure consisting of two tubes—one formed from the medullary groove in the manner just described, the other formed by the closing in of the blastoderm, and the gradual disappearance of the yelk-sac. If, however, we consider for a moment the structure of the body of the perfect chick, we shall find that it consists of a single tube in the region of the back, containing the brain and spinal cord, and of a *double tube* below, formed by the body-walls inclosing a second tube formed by the digestive canal. If a cross-section of the body of the chick be taken, the appearance will be that shown in Fig. 9. Evidently, then, some further change must take place in that portion of the blastoderm which is to form the lower tube, as, under present circumstances, it will form only a single tube beneath the one developed from the medullary groove. This further change consists in the splitting of the middle layer into two, the outer portion uniting with the epiblast, the inner portion uniting with the hypoblast. In this way the blastoderm is made to consist of two leaves, which, by gradually developing a space between them, become perfectly distinct from each other. The process by which this is brought about is known as the *cleavage of the mesoblast.* This cleavage commences in the region of the back, at a little distance on either side from the medullary groove, so that on each side of the latter there remains a narrow plate of the blastoderm which is not split. In the same way the blastoderm in the region of the head remains uncleft. A reference to Figs. 10 and 11 will make this clear. Fig. 10 represents the embryo cut across, showing the primitive groove, notochord, and the points where the cleavage of the mesoblast commences. Fig. 11 represents a section cut lengthwise through the axis of the embryo.



FIRST INDICATION OF FEATHERS.

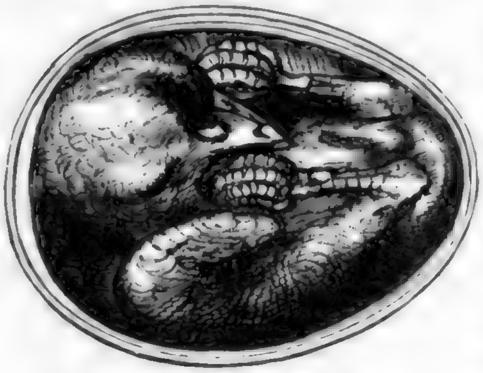
OUTER APPEARANCE ON SIXTEENTH DAY.

When these two definite sheets of the blastoderm are established, the latter continues to grow over the yelk-sac and to be folded in as before; but the inner sheet is folded in more quickly than the outer, consequently the space between the two sheets gradually increases. The inner sheet will eventually form the walls of the digestive tube, and the outer sheet will form the body-walls; consequently the former is known as the *visceral* sheet, or *splanchnopleure,* while the latter is termed the *body-layer* or *somatopleure.* It will be clear that the space between these two layers will represent the space existing between the body-walls and the viscera in the perfect chick (Fig. 11).

We must now return to the back or *dorsal* region of the embryo. It will be remembered that on either side of the medullary groove, the blastoderm remains unsplit for some little distance. Consequently there is on each side of the groove a narrow plate of blastoderm differing from the rest. At an early period these plates, which are termed the *vertebral plates,* become marked out into a number of small square plots by the development of transverse partitions. These little square plots are the so-called *protovertebræ,* or first vertebræ, and out of them will subsequently be formed the segments, or "joints" of the backbone, together with the roots of the spinal nerves and portions of the muscles of the back, etc. The protovertebræ extend backward from the region of the embryo which is to be the neck of the future chick, but are never developed in the region of the head (Fig. 12).

All the processes which we have as yet described are initiated during the first day of incubation, and, as will be seen, they result in the laying down, as it were, of the general lines upon which the body of the chick is to be constructed. It will, however, be understood that all these changes go on more or less contemporaneously for, in most cases, the whole of the period during which the chick remains within the egg. There is no necessity for us to trace them further, as it is easily seen that if they are continued until complete, they will result in the production of a creature bearing a general resemblance to a fowl; we shall, therefore, devote the remainder of this paper to a brief description of the manner in which certain special organs of the chick are developed.

One of the most obvious requirements for the production of the perfect animal is the development of the limbs, for which, at present, we have seen no provision made. These first become distinctly apparent about the fourth day of incubation, as small, flattened, conical buds, which project outward from that portion of the

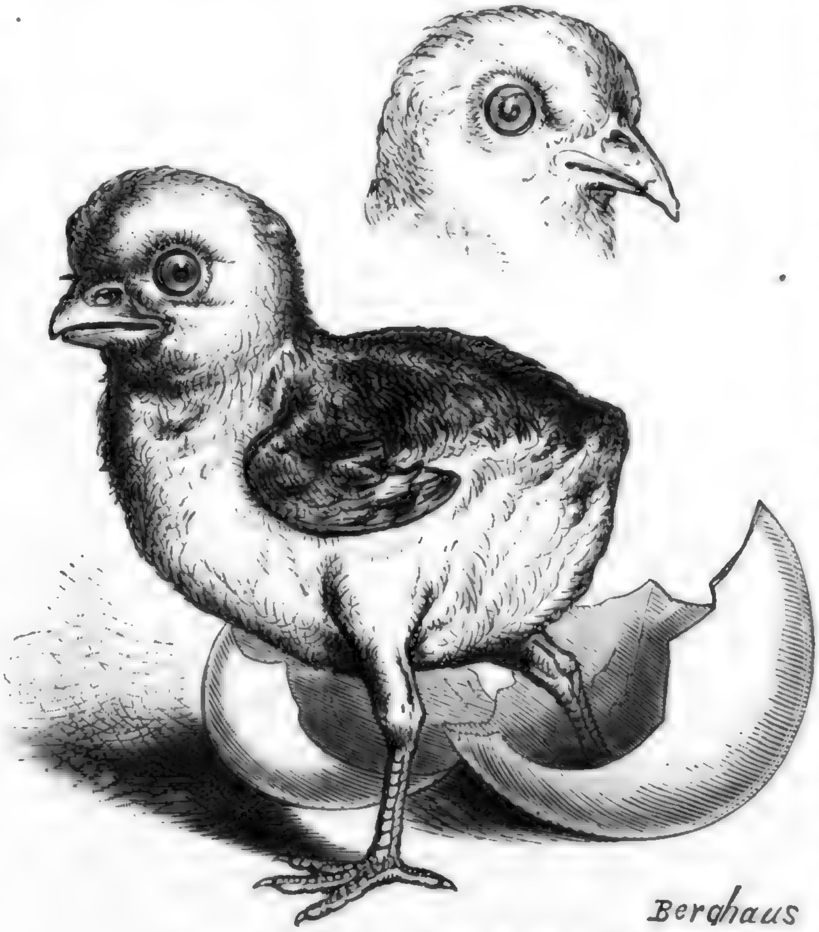


CHICKEN ON TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

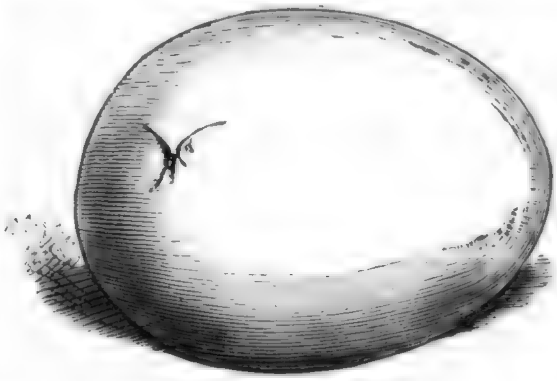
blastoderm where the cleavage of the mesoblast commences. The front limbs or wings are the first to appear, and for some time their development keeps in advance of that of the hind limbs. About the tenth day both limbs are, so far as mere shape is concerned, perfect, but are destitute of feathers and nails, which do not appear till the thirteenth day.

One of the most interesting features of the development of the chick is the formation of the heart and blood-vessels. It must be borne in mind that at the close of the first day, the embryo is nothing but a mass of cells which have all been produced from the single cell of the ovum, as found in the ovary of the hen; at this stage, therefore, the embryo chick is precisely comparable with the cellular embryo contained in the seed of a plant. One of the most interesting and important results of the study of embryology has been the tracing of the formation of the various tissues of the body from these purely cellular elements.

About the thirty-sixth hour of incubation there appears just beneath the region of the neck a small mass of cells, which is the rudimentary heart. The cells are formed entirely from those of the middle layer of the blastoderm, and are collected in the space between the body-layer (*Somatopleure*) and the visceral layer (*Splanchnopleure*) of the embryo. At first this mass of cells is solid, but it speedily acquires the form of a hollow tube, containing a small quantity of imperfectly formed blood. Considerable doubt for a long time existed as to the manner in which the rudimentary heart became hollow, but it seems now to be certain that its cavity is formed by the central cells of the mass becoming liquefied and forming blood, while the outer cells become gradually developed into its muscular walls. Almost as soon as the heart is thus laid down it begins to pulsate, slowly at first, but with the increasing development of the walls, the pulsations soon become more regular and more rapid.



FORMATION OF BILL—LEAVING THE SHELL.



FIRST PICK ON SHELL.

To thoroughly understand the further steps in the development of the heart, we must remind our readers of its structure in the perfect fowl. The heart consists of a hollow muscular (fleshy) organ, somewhat in the shape of a blunt cone. Internally, the heart is divided into halves by a muscular partition, and these two halves are known respectively as the right and left sides of the heart; and they do not in any way directly communicate with each other. Each half of the heart is again divided into an upper and a lower chamber, which communicate with each other by an opening guarded with a valve so constructed as to allow of the blood passing from the upper chamber to the lower, but not in the opposite direction. The heart of the fowl will thus be seen to consist of four chambers, two upper and two lower; the former are the receiving chambers, and are termed *auricles;* the latter are discharging chambers, and are termed *ventricles.* Into the auricles the blood is poured by the great veins, from the auricles it passes into the ventricles, and from the ventricles into the arteries. The right side of the heart receives blood which has been all over the body and has become impoverished and impure; by the right ventricle this blood is driven into the *pulmonary artery,* which conveys it to the lungs (*pulmona,* a lung). In the lungs the blood becomes purified, and is returned from thence by the four *pulmonary veins* to the left side of the heart. Finally, from the left ventricle it is driven into the large artery, the *aorta,* by the various branches of which it is conveyed over the system generally.

Having seen the structure of the heart and its connection with the principal blood-vessels in the fowl, let us return to the heart of the embryo, which, it will be remembered, we left as a simple tube. The first step in its further development is the marking off of the tube into three parts by constrictions, as shown in Fig. 13. The lower part will become the future auricles, the middle part will form the ventricles, while the upper part will form the roots of the great arteries (pulmonary artery and aorta). As development proceeds, the tube gets bent, so that eventually the ventricular portion comes to occupy the lower position and to be pointed toward the left side of the embryo. At the same time, the auricular portion is made to occupy the upper part of the heart, carrying with it the great veins, while the arterial portion occupies the front upper aspect. These changes are shown in Fig. 14.

Meanwhile partitions are developed in all three portions of the heart, whereby the ventricular and auricular portions are formed, each into two distinct chambers, and the arterial portion into two distinct vessels—the aorta and pulmonary artery. It is worthy of notice that the partition between the auricles remains for some time incomplete, so that before the chick is hatched there is a direct communication between the right and left auricles. At the time of hatching, this opening is closed up.

The formation of the blood-vessels is brought about, according to the observations of Messrs. Foster and Balfour, in the following manner: In the middle layer of the blastoderm a number of cells at different points are seen to send out long "processes" (protuberances), which, uniting together, form a rudimentary network, the cells answering to the knots of the network. These cells speedily multiply by dividing, and eventually the innermost cells become liquefied, and the outer cells are aggregated and modified, so as to form the walls of the blood-vessels at these points. In the same way, the "processes" between the cells become modified so as to give rise to blood inside and to the walls of the blood-vessels on the exterior. In this way that wonderful system of blood-vessels which permeates every part of the system is gradually developed.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon the development of the blood system, because it affords one of the most perfect and most easily comprehended instances of the formation of a series of highly complex structures from simple cellular elements. The development of the other organs of the chick we can only briefly refer to. We have already seen that the gullet, stomach, and intestines (forming the so-called alimentary canal) are formed by the folding in of the visceral leaf (Splanchnopleure) of the blastoderm. As outgrowths of this canal, are formed the liver and other glands connected with the digestion. The lungs are also formed as outgrowths of the gullet, from which they subsequently become detached. The brain and spinal cord are formed in the medullary canal, as already stated, from the epiblast, the nerves being derived mainly from the mesoblast.

The ear and eye are formed partly by the folding inward of the integument, and partly by outgrowths from the brain, while between these two elements cells from the mesoblast are interposed.

We have here briefly summarized the principal facts connected with and explanatory of the history of the hen's egg, from its earliest formation to its complete conversion into a perfect fowl, and our readers will, we are sure, agree that it is a history as interesting as it is wonderful. But, however interesting it may be when considered merely as an isolated instance of development, it gains ten-fold in interest when we consider it in connection with the rest of the animal world; for it is one of the greatest triumphs of modern science that it has shown the development of the chick to be the type of the development of all the higher animals, including man himself. With some slight modification of details, all that has been said with regard to the developmental history of the chick would be equally true if applied to the development of the human subject.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EOZOÖN CANADENSE.

Is IT a fossil, or only a stone?
A difficult question to answer, I own;
First found by Logan—the subject of strife—
Dawson and Carpenter brought it to life.
Was it, oh, was it the chambered abode
Of animal jelly, or living sarcode?
Protruding itself through shell nummuline
In young pseudopodia? Oh, it was fine!
In form so perfect it filled with surprise—
This foraminifer of wonderful size!
'Twas no use to doubt, they cut up so rough,
And air'd their authorities—this was enough,
Though you felt in your secret heart it was stuff.

Carpenter, F.R.S.—not a mechanic—
Stuck to his guns—it was surely organic.
Two Galway professors, King and Rowney,
Held just as stoutly 'twas merely stony,
And under the microscope could divine
Nothing but calcite and green serpentine.
Vitruvius "ophite"—a very good name!
Oh! fighting it was for truth or for fame!
Cracks meant "canals," the "nummuline layer"
These pundits thought was not at all clear;
"Asbestiform," or something or other,
It was—one word 's as good as another
To the unlearned public, who thought it odd
Such strife should be stirred by extinct Rhizopod.

At last, as some thought not one whit too soon,
The world scientific killed Eozoön,
So sing those savans who can see by us
Or through the eyes of Monsieur Mœbius.
The creature of Dawn got its quietus
When he to the last discourse did treat us.
So geologists now will merely just mention
This fossil *extinct* found in the Laurentian.

A. Conifer.

IMPROVEMENT IN SILVERING MIRRORS.—Our readers are aware that the old method of "silvering" mirror-plates by covering them with an amalgam made of tin and mercury has been to a great extent superseded by the process of depositing a coating of real silver upon the glass, the metal being thrown down in a smooth film by adding oil of cloves or other organic substances to a solution of ammonio-nitrate of silver, retained upon the surface of the plate by a raised rim of wax or similar material. These silvered plates, although cheaper than those made by the old process, are inferior in lustre, the latter having the "black" color which silversmiths regard as indicating perfection of polish, while the others are yellowish in cast; and a process has long been sought by which the brilliancy of the mercurial coating could be imparted to the cheap and durable silver film. This has at last been accomplished by chemical reaction. After the silver plating is complete, the film is flooded with a weak aqueous solution of the double cyanide of mercury and potassium; slow decomposition takes place, and the mercury is precipitated, which immediately amalgamates with the silver film. The result is said to be very satisfactory, the amalgam of silver being quite as brilliant as that of tin, and less subject to change; while the new process has the advantage of being readily applicable to the largest plates, which, by the ancient method of manipulation, could be treated only with great difficulty, if at all.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—The following happened not long ago at Shiveloung, in the Mongwa district of this province. Major G., the deputy commissioner, Mr. M., the assistant commissioner, and Mr. P. H., the director of public instruction, were strolling along the river-bank, when a pariah dog ran up to Mr. H.'s Newfoundland dog, and both began to growl at each other. The pariah being disposed to show fight, the Newfoundland gradually and in the most calm and deliberate manner edged the pariah down the bank and into the water. He then swam round the pariah, whose head he "ducked" under the water every time the drowning dog came to the surface. And this the Newfoundland continued to do until the poor pariah was drowned. The above was told to me by Mr. M., the assistant commissioner, who saw the whole process.—*Arthur Hough, Prome, British Burmah.*

A NEW PRODUCT FROM BIRCH BARK.—A French inventor has patented a method of improving india-rubber and gutta-percha by the addition of a distillate of birch bark. By distilling the outer layers of the bark, he obtains a dense black gummy matter which possesses the properties of ordinary gutta-percha with the additional quality of resisting both the action of the air and the strongest corrosive acids. He claims also that by adding a small proportion of the birch bark gum to gutta-percha or to india-rubber (one-twentieth part will suffice), the durability of the rubber or the gutta-percha will be greatly increased, the new mixture not being acted upon by the air or by acids.

PURE alumina chemically prepared has very strong phosphorescence. Sulphate of alumina is dissolved in water, and to it is added an excess of solution of ammonia. The precipitated hydrate of alumina is filtered, washed, ignited, and tested in the molecular stream. It phosphoresces of the same crimson color and gives the same spectrum as the ruby. Alumina in the form of ruby glows with a full rich red color, and when examined with the spectroscope the emitted light is seen to be discontinuous. Besides the ruby, other native forms of crystallized alumina phosphoresce. Thus, corundum glows with a pink color. The sapphire appears to be made up of the red-glow and the green-glow alumina. Some fine crystals of sapphire shine with alternate bands of red and green, arranged in layers perpendicular to the axis. Unfortunately, it is impossible to prepare a tube for exhibition containing this variety of sapphire, as it is constantly evolving gas from the numerous fissures and cavities which abound in this mineral.

SUNLIGHT FOR CHILDREN.—The *London Medical Times and Gazette* remarks: "Sir James Paget, in his address at Cambridge last August, suggested as a good subject for a scientific thesis the analogies between a green rose and a rickety child. In our opinion this is the direction in which inquiries must be made if we would solve the difficulties of this really important social question. Bearing in mind the effect of sunlight upon the nutrition and growth of plants, let us ask ourselves whether its privation may not be a most powerful factor in the growth and development of infants. Is it not very probable that an infant under the influence of air and ample sunlight may be able to develop and grow on a diet which, without sunlight, would be insufficient ?"

AN IRON RAIN.—It is reported from Catania, in Sicily, that on the morning of March 27th last, a light rain of ferruginous sand began to fall there, and continued for twenty-four hours. The sky was covered with clouds, and the barometer rose sensibly under a strong northeast wind. A thunderstorm was anticipated, but only a few drops fell, leaving on objects small spots of a reddish-yellow color. All day a kind of fog hung in the air, causing pain to the eyes. Next day the leaves of the trees were covered with a fine powder, like brick-dust. S. Ercole found this substance composed of fine fragments of carbonate of iron, of irregular angular or spherical form. Very strong southwest winds had blown for several days previously.

GLOBULAR LIGHTNING.—A remarkable phenomenon of the nature of globular lightning was observed in August last by M. Trécul during a thunderstorm. A very bright, somewhat elongated ball passed out of a dark cloud, and into it again at another place; but just before disappearing it gave off a little of its substance, which fell vertically, like a body having weight. The falling body, which left a luminous track, divided, and was extinguished a little above the tops of the houses. Another phenomenon, which M. Trécul has observed frequently, but which does not seem to have been before described, is that of a weakly luminous band or sheet appearing momentarily in a street during a thunderstorm.

NEW VARNISH.—Fr. Theis, of Bissendorf, prepares a varnish consisting of 100 parts of resin, 20 parts of crystallized carbonate of soda, and 50 parts of water, by heating these substances together and mixing them with a solution of 24 parts of strong liquor ammoniæ in 250 parts of water. With the mass thus obtained, the pigments are levigated without the addition of linseed oil or turpentine; the paint dries readily without the aid of a drier, and looks very well, especially when varnished. The paint keeps well, even under water, and becomes very hard. The cost is said to be about one-third that of ordinary oil paints.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

TWO FRESHMEN in the library discussing English literature: *1st. F.:* "Do you like Dickens's stories?" *2d. F.:* "Oh, yes." those I've read. Especially 'Pickwick' and 'Oliver Optic'." *1st. F.:* "Yes; 'Oliver Optic' is a good book."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR (to teacher): "Did you say that the hairs of my head were all numbered ?" *Teacher :* "Yes, my dear." *Sunday-school Scholar :* "Well, then"—pulling out a hair, and presenting it—"what's the number of that one ?"

"WHAT," exclaimed Demosthenes, as he looked around upon his hearers, "can be more valuable to a great people than a free ballot, a full vote and a fair count ?" "A bar'l!" growled Diogenes, as he put his tub on his head and moved on.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "as people get old does their hair grow quarrelsome ?" "Why, no, my child. Whatever put such a notion in your head ?" "I thought it must be so, ma, because I heard that old people's hair is constantly falling out."

A SCOTCH nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which, at the time, there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim: "Mr. X., your office is as hot as an oven!" "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer—"it is here I make my bread."

A BASHFUL young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha, I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware the Good Book says—er—that it is not g-g-good that a m-man should be alone ?" "Then, hadn't you better run home to your mother ?" coolly suggested Martha.

"THE land, my friends," said an Irish orator the other day at a meeting, "has belonged to the people from the days of Adam. "Adam, indeed!" replied a voice in the crowd; "do not speak of him. He was evicted from the Garden of Eden without compensation."

UNCOMPROMISING.—*Young lady* (to an orthodox old lady): "I declare, you are a dreadful fanatic, Mrs. McCizzon. I do believe you think that nobody will be saved but you and your minister!" *Old Lady :* "Aweel, my dear, ah whiles hae my doots about the meenister."

THERE was an old maiden of Rome,
Who very much wanted a home;
  So she asked her friend Harry
  If he would not marry:
He blushed, and said, solemnly, "No'm!"

THE FORCE OF HABIT. Scene, ladies' boarding-school; sergeant drilling class. *Sergeant :* "Heads erect, shoulders square, eyes looking straight to the front; lean well forward on the fore-part of the feet, thumbs touching the seams of the trou—— Ahem! As you were!" General titter.

WHEN the old gentleman fell on the sidewalk they asked him: "Did you slip ?" as they picked him up. "No," he growled; "I was trying to see if I could sit down on that coal-hole top hard enough to break it. I did it just for fun," and he glared savagely, while the spectator somehow felt foolish.

A GIRL asked a druggist friend to tell her an easy way to take castor-oil. He invited her to take a glass of soda-water, exclaiming, after she had drunk it: "There! you have taken the oil in that glass of soda-water!" "Oh, dear," she replied, "I am so sorry; for it was for my mother I wanted it."

A LADY, after correcting her little girl's pronunciation, said: "My dear, try not to talk so flat." That night the little one was found propped upright against the head of her bed, preparing to go to sleep. "Why is that, daughter ?" asks the mother. "Mamma, I thought if I didn't lie flat I wouldn't talk flat."

AMONG the replies to the advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music-teacher," etc., was the following one: "Gentlemen: I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

A CLERGYMAN once, while reading the burial service, came to the place where he must say "our deceased brother" (or sister). He did not know which; so, turning to a mourner, he asked whether it was a "brother" or a "sister." The mourner innocently said, "No relation at all, sir—only an acquaintance."

(STELLA BASBLEU, Vassar, '81, has just been relating some astounding astronomical facts and figures.) *A. Dullson Sloeman:* ("Never went in for that sort of thing, you know"): "I see how one can find out how large and how far away the stars are, but, by Jove! I don't quite see how they ever found out their names!"

SEVERAL young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approach the vicinity. One "real sweet" young fellow, seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, remarked, playfully and with a becoming simper: "Well, miss, you needn't look at me as though you wanted to eat me." "Oh, no," replied the young lady, "I never eat greens."

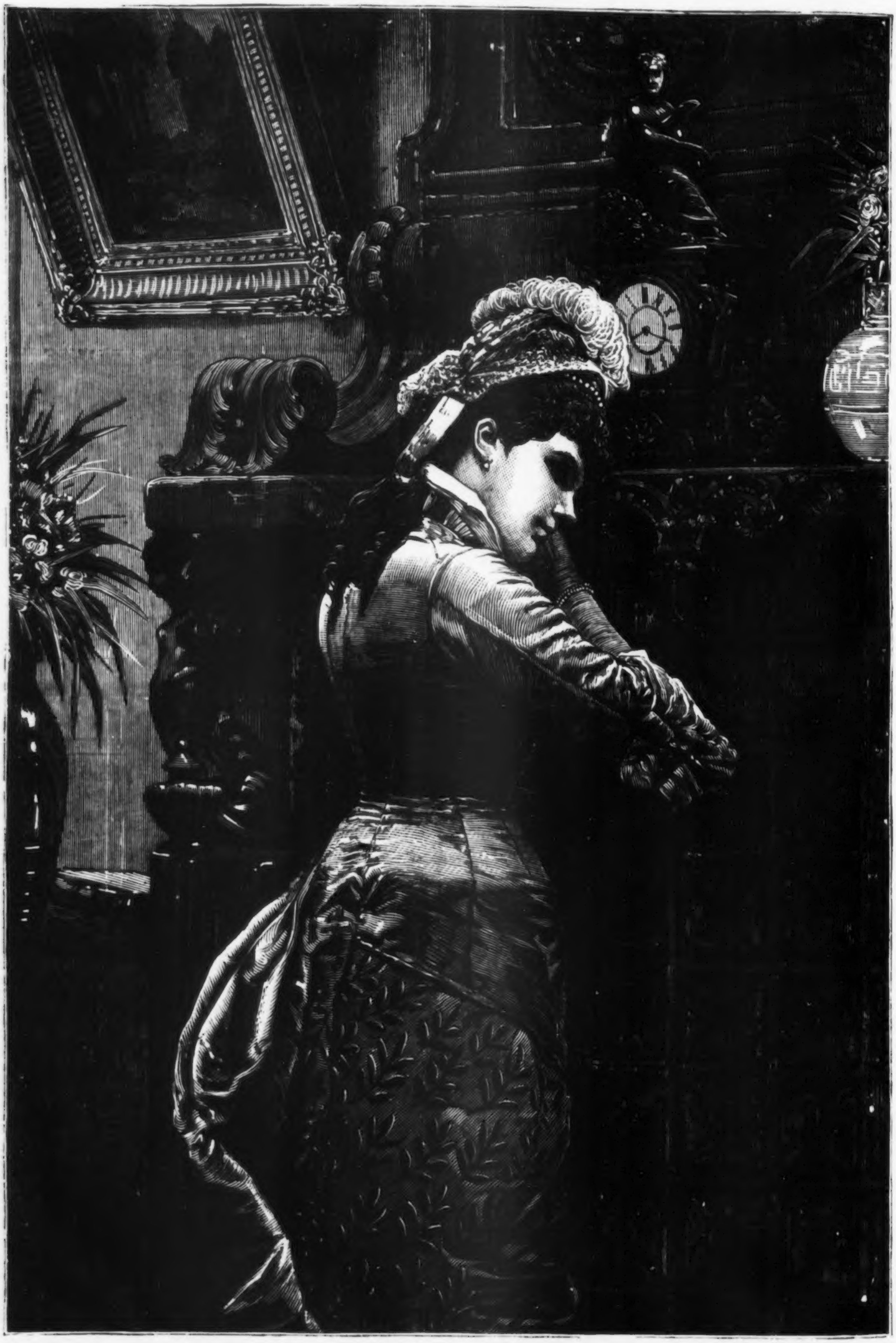
THE recent sentence on the man Perry—the Underground Railway robber—got somewhat "mixed" in its translation into the Russian papers. Instead of announcing that he had received twenty years' penal servitude and thirty strokes with the cat, the provincial journals of Russia stated that he had been sentenced to "twenty years' imprisonment with thirty cats."

"DEAREST HAROLD: I love you with all the deep devotion of my sex. Your image is ineffaceably engraven on the tablets of my memory, and in my heart the love I bear for you can never, never die. But I am extravagant, wildly ambitious to shine in society, to sit beside the jeweled queens of fashion, to dazzle all eyes with priceless gems—and so, dear, dear Harold, I must marry the plumber."

A GENTLEMAN traveling in a railway-carriage was endeavoring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some argument upon a fellow-passenger who was seated opposite to him, and who appeared rather dull of comprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed, in a louder tone: "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C!" "That may be," replied the other, with unexpected alacrity, "but I am D E F!"

THE WONDERS OF TELEPHONY.—*Punch* has the following, which is good enough to be true: *The Principal* (from the city, through the telephone, to the foreman at the "works"): "How do you get on, Pat ?" *Irish Foreman* (in great awe of the instrument): "Very well, sir; the goods is sent off." *The Principal* (knowing Pat's failing): "What have you got to drink there ?" *Pat* (startled): "Och, look at that, now! It's me breath that done it!"

TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE.—A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned. "Noo, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate ?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."



FOND MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS.